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THE PROBLEM OF AMERICAN JUDAISM

BY RALPH PHILIP BOAS

DESPITE the fact that we are ceasing to persecute people who disagree with us in religion or politics, we only dimly realize that one of the greatest evils of persecution is the fact that it saves its victims the trouble of justifying themselves. Persecution begets martyrdom, a glory as lacking in reason as its progenitor. Whether Sir Roger Casement was right or not is now only an academic question; his execution, by enshrining him forever in the Pantheon of Irish martyrs, makes the heart rather than the mind his judge. So it is with the Jews. Jews have not troubled themselves to justify, on any rational ground, the tenacious fight of their race against the storms of nineteen centuries of persecution. The fight has been its own justification. Obviously, a race that has endured what theirs has withstood must have some glorious mission to perform; to define that mission would be an element of positive weakness, since their enemies would then have a chance to meet them on the ground of reason, where their peculiar virtues, tenacity, single-mindedness, and pliant heroism, would avail them nothing.

It is, therefore, a happy chance for the American Jew that his age-long persecution has either ended or has degenerated into petty social discrimination. For he must now realize that the

day has gone when he could justify himself by recalling his heroic miseries. In other days and other countries he faced only the problems of existence. New ideas and opportunities could not pass the walls of the ghetto; custom made adherence to old ceremonies and beliefs not only easy but imperative. The Sabbath was the one day on which the Jew could be a man instead of a thing; the recurrent holidays gave him his one outlet for the emotions rigidly suppressed in daily life; the study and analysis of the Law and the Talmud furnished the intellectual exercise that his eager mind was denied in the schools and the learned circles of the country which tolerated him. The very fact that he was confined within a pale, therefore, made it easy for him to keep his race a distinct entity.

But now, if he is unable to find a rational ground for his religious and racial unity, he will meet a foe more insidious than persecution — the gradual disintegration of race and religious consciousness within the faith. Ironically enough, what pales, pogroms, and ghettos could not accomplish, freedom promises to bring to pass. So the time has come when the Jew in America must decide what he is going to do with and for himself; his enemies can no longer save him the effort of decision.

The issue is of as much concern to Christians as to Jews. For there exist in Judaism a great many kinds of energy, as the not inglorious roll of Jewish artists, merchants, musicians, philosophers, and men of letters indicates. What is true of Europe is true also of the United States: the Jew occupies a position the importance of which is out of all proportion to his numbers. Hence the problem of Judaism is of real interest in America, because the influence which the Jew can have upon social life and the current political and financial situation depends almost entirely upon his mode of life and manner of thought.

The problem is not, of course, recognized by every Jew; the great mass of Jews thinks as little as the great mass of Christians. It accepts its lot with the common fatalism of humanity and worries not at all about the reason for being. This carelessness is especially true of the foreign-born Jews who live in the ghettos of the great cities. They are so intensely preoccupied with the struggle for existence that they have no thought for problems of the adjustment of Judaism to American life. Yet, however passive they themselves may be, their children, like all men who wish to order their lives rather than submit to the shifting currents of the mass, must seek out their path. That path must begin at the intense self-consciousness which has always characterized Judaism — a self-consciousness which, firmly imbedded in the Jewish nature even in pre-Christian times, has for the last two thousand years been made practically inextricable.

A Jew's first recognition of insulation comes in boyhood. The convention which exists in America, that one man is, or ought to be, as good as another, is accepted by a young person with the utter inability of youth to comprehend the shadings and equivocations of the use, in the adult vocabulary, of such

words as *democracy* and *equality*. It is, therefore, a striking moment in a Jewish boy's life when he first realizes that, though a potential American citizen, he is, nevertheless, not like others. The realization is the more acute inasmuch as peculiarity is the last mark of distinction that a youth craves. He wants to be like others, and though the level of the 'others' may be a low one, he prefers it to the experience of isolation which the atavistic savagery of youth can make so poignant.

The recognition of his peculiarity comes from two sources — his comrades, who bring forcibly to his attention that nineteen hundred years ago the mob preferred Barabbas to Jesus; and his parents, who strive to sweeten persecution by building up an appreciation of a striking history and a splendid mission. But the concrete experience of facing a ring of jeering schoolboys for five minutes is far more incisive than hours of instruction in a history which can make little appeal to the adolescent. For the Jew never 'won'; his history is a record of patient martyrdom.

After all, neither the fact that Rabbi Akiba died at the hands of the Romans, crying the 'Shema,' the sacred formula of Judaism, nor that Jews, stripped to the skin, were forced to run races in the Italian carnival amid the jeers of the populace, affords much of that consciousness of heroism so dear to the youthful heart. And the splendid mission is so vague that even faithful adults experience some difficulty in defining it. Is it not true that sincerely religious men and women seldom attempt to interpret their religion in the cold terms of theology? To most of us religion comes from contact, habit, and example rather than from reason. Hence the Jewish parent, an adherent of one of the least dogmatic religions in the world, finds much difficulty in satis-

factorily explaining to the literal youth this faith, the inevitable result of which seems to be pain and sorrow. The net result of the boyhood experience of the Jew who is sensitive to impressions, is an intense self-consciousness which, although thoroughly developed from without and within, rests upon no pleasant or satisfactory basis.

What the Jew is going to do with this self-consciousness may, to Christians, seem of little moment. It is not of that loyal kind which moves men to blow up munition factories, or to plant bombs in steamships. For others, doubtless, its implications are not of great importance. For himself, however, they are everything. His self-consciousness colors his whole point of view. It is not a simple thing. It is compounded of many factors. It is both racial and religious; it makes him both hopeful and despondent; it gives cause both for pride and for a feeling of inferiority; it makes him clannish, and it makes him long for a wider field of acquaintance.

Judaism differs from Christianity in this — that while one chooses to be a Christian, one is born to be a Jew. An atheist born of Jewish parents is an atheist Jew, just as Disraeli, baptized in the Church of England, was nevertheless the 'Jew Premier.' Judaism is not a state of mind, or a philosophy, or a conviction; it is a tie of blood. Yet it is also religious. The assumption is that every Jew will automatically subscribe to a certain religious point of view, vague though it is; at least, that he will attend the synagogue on the high holidays, and that he will continue such vital customs as circumcision and the 'Kaddish,' the service for the dead. Nevertheless, though he does none of these things, he is still a Jew. Moreover, this connection which is thrust upon him is of immense significance. It makes him heir to a history, to a tradition, and to a way of life. Most

important of all, it determines for him, in no small measure, the reception which he will receive from the world. Though active and vehement opposition to Jews from mature men and women has practically disappeared in America, it is by no means true that the historical connotations of *Jew* have vanished. To even the best-intentioned man in the world, Jew has not the same quality of meaning that attaches to Lutheran, Congregationalist, or even Catholic.

Judaism is clannish. Jews undoubtedly hang together. The combination of persecution with its inevitable concomitant, self-justification, acts as a centripetal force in driving Jews upon themselves. Just as Jews have the almost grotesque notion that a man will make his philosophic and religious convictions 'jibe' with his birth, so they have the wholly grotesque notion that a man should choose his friends and his wife from the small group among whom he happens to be born, though later education and environment may move him a thousand miles away. The results of this clannishness are paradoxical. For instance, the average Jew is sure that the chief reason why Anti-Semitism is everywhere ready to show its ugly head, is jealousy of the splendid history and the extraordinary business ability of the race. At the same time he subconsciously assumes the inferiority which has long been attributed to him, covering his feelings, however, by uncalled-for justification and bitter opposition to all criticism. It is torture to him, for example, that *The Merchant of Venice* should be read in the public schools. Who can blame him? For Shylock, although undoubtedly an exaggerated character, nevertheless makes concrete those qualities the portrayal of which hurts because it bears the sting of truth.

The development of committees 'On Purity of the Press' in Jewish societies,

and the extraordinary wire-pulling over the Russian treaty and the Immigration bill, show to what lengths this consciousness can go. It is impossible for the Jew to be entirely at ease in the world. He is introspective and suspicious, often unhappy, always sure that, for good or ill, he is a marked man among men.

There are three attitudes which Jews in this country take toward their problem — a few as a result of having thought it through, the majority as a result of the forces of inertia, environment, or chance, forces of which they themselves are perhaps not aware. Some Jews attempt to get rid of their self-consciousness by separating from the group. They deliberately set out to convince themselves that there is no difference between them and other men, and that they can act and live in all respects like other American citizens. A second group find their fellow Jews entirely satisfactory. They are conscious of a difference between themselves and others, but, living as they do in large cities where the Jewish community numbers hundreds of thousands, they feel no need of association with non-Jews other than that which they get in business. They are rich, or at least well-to-do; they have all the comforts that money can buy; they occupy fine streets and build expensive synagogues. They are willing, not only to accept their group-consciousness, but to develop it to the fullest extent by means of societies and fraternal orders. In the third place, there is a small group of Jews keenly conscious of their race, who would like to make Judaism vital as a great religion and a great tradition. They differ from the second group in that they not only accept their individuality but try to justify it. It is not sufficient for them that there should be enough Jewish organizations and undertakings to make a respectable year-

book: they are interested in showing why such organizations should exist. They not only *are* Jews, but they *want to be* Jews; they want to feel that Judaism really has a mission to fulfill and a message to carry to the questioning world.

The Jew who attempts to solve his problem by separating from his community must leave the great centres of Jewish life and go to some small town where he may make a fresh start. There he will find himself in an anomalous position. He will have neither the support that comes from rubbing elbows with one's own kind, nor the mental and moral stiffening that comes from active opposition. He will be simply an odd fish, and as such will be subject, not to antagonism, but to curiosity. What cordiality he meets with is the cordiality of curiosity. He is a strange creature, similar — on a far lower scale of interest — to a Chinese traveler or a Hindu student. He is engaged in conversation on the 'Jewish problem,' or Jewish customs and history, until he sickens with trading on the race-consciousness that he is striving to forget. With cruel kindliness his friends impress upon him that his Judaism 'makes no difference,' with the result that he finds himself anticipating every imminent friendship by a clear statement of his race, lest the friendship be built upon the sands of prejudice. His social relations must be above reproach. A hasty word, an ill-considered action, in other men to be put down to idiosyncrasy, in him is attributed to his birth. Even when there exists the frankest and most open friendship, he is continually seeing difficulties. The fathers have eaten a sour grape and the children's teeth are set on edge. The self-consciousness that he learned in youth reappears in maturity. Whether he will or no, a Jew he remains.

If he finds his situation intolerable,

he may, of course, utterly and completely deny his Jewish affiliation. He may consort with Christians, join a Christian church, marry a Christian wife, and tread under foot the old associations that will occasionally cast a disagreeable shadow across his life. Unfortunately for such a solution, a cloud still hangs about the idea of apostasy. Such a refuge seems to a man of honor despicable. It is a cowardly procedure, surely, to deny one's birth and sail under false colors, the more so since, though it does no harm to others, it gains advantage for one's self. Why should it be treason for a Jew to abandon his religion and forget his birth any more than for a Frenchman or a Swede to do so? Probably for the reason that no one cares whether a man was born in France or not, whereas in certain circles it makes a great deal of difference if a man was born in Jewry. Furthermore, Christians feel strongly that the Jew who forsakes the religion into which he was born, does so, not because his eyes have been opened upon the truth, but because he sees in apostasy definite material advantages. The Jew who would take this means of obtaining peace, therefore, would find himself cursed by an irrational idealism which can disturb while it cannot fortify and achieve.

If, however, he returns to some great centre of Jewish life and attempts to affiliate with his own people, he is in a perilous position. He is more than likely to meet with distrust where he seeks sympathy. Jews are so extremely sensitive to criticism and so keenly conscious of the social discrimination which they encounter from Christians, that they can hardly believe that a man who seems to have lived for several years on an equal footing with Christians has not either denied his birth, in which case he has been a traitor, or has not certain qualities of mind which,

since they have been palatable to Christians, must be severely critical of Jews.

And, indeed, they have, perhaps, a measure of justice in their position. It is impossible for a Jew to live apart from his race for several years without looking upon his people with a new light. For one thing, distance has enabled him to focus. He has learned to sympathize more than a little with those hotel-keepers whose ban upon Jews is a terrible thorn in the flesh of the man whose money ought to take him anywhere. He has come to see that the clannishness of Jews serves only to intensify what social discrimination may exist, and to make present in the imagination much that does not. He has realized that persecution is not necessarily justification, and that because a Jew was blackballed at a fashionable club does not prove that he was a man of first-rate calibre. And finally, he has perceived that there is an arrogance of endurance as well as an arrogance of persecution, and that for a man to be continually assuming that people are taking the trouble to despise him for his birth, is to postulate an importance that does not exist.

On the other hand, he has, because of his distance, idealized Judaism. In his retirement he studied the history of his people; he thrilled with their martyrdoms; he marveled at their tenacity and their fortitude. He built up for himself on the cobweb foundation of boyhood memories, visions of the simple nobility of Jewish ritual and ceremonies, and vague ideals of an inspiring religious faith. He may, perhaps, have met, far more frequently than ill-will, a sentimental and unbalanced adulation of Jews. The cult of the new is with us, and the history, the folk-lore, the literature, and the customs of Judaism have, for many people who pride themselves on their social liberality, the fascination of novelty. It is the easiest thing

in the world for a Jew to yield to this sentimental tolerance, and to view his people in a rosy light.

It is, therefore, something of a shock to him when he reenters a great Jewish community, for he finds that the great mass of American Jews have sunk into a comfortable materialism. What persecution could not accomplish, success in business has brought to pass. The innate qualities of the Jew could not save him from the fate of the Christian who has become rich in a hurry — grossness and self-conceit. That Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked is as true now as it ever was, and there is little reason to expect that the race which was hopelessly cankered by national prosperity in the days of Solomon can escape a similar fate in the twentieth century.

Moreover, the Jew in America finds, for the first time, a clear field for the qualities which twenty centuries have developed in him: shrewdness, tenacity, single-mindedness, patience, self-confidence — qualities without which he must long ago have perished. In America, with all the bars which restrain him in Europe lowered, these qualities have received abnormal development. In Europe they were checked, not only by persecution, but by the religious idealism of the synagogue and the intellectual idealism of the traditional Talmudic education.

The sad result is that in prosperity the Jewish self-consciousness ceases to be religious and becomes merely racial. The elements that add something of dignity, grace, and spiritual power to even the most sordid congregation of ghetto Jews disappear. And with the reverence of the traditional synagogue service has departed the discipline which strengthened the lives of the faithful. The minute regulations of the dietary laws, the diversity of the ancient formulas of worship, the tortuous and crabbed study of Talmudic lore,

had this advantage: they stiffened the backbone and strengthened the faculties of a race which might otherwise have been crushed under the heaviest burden that a race has ever borne. But the discipline of the ancient law has departed. Spacious synagogues stand empty. Having outlived poverty and persecution, the well-to-do Jew is left in a state of good-natured and satisfied religious apathy. The Jew has always prided himself on his common sense; his common sense now does him the ill turn of banishing whatever mysticism Judaism may once have had. And without mysticism there can be no genuine religious enthusiasm; it takes more to see God than the ability to distinguish between profit and loss.

The time was when small groups of Jews could develop a truly admirable aristocracy of manners and of intellect, an aristocracy ennobled by religious zeal, humility, and devotion. Such groups are still to be found among English and Portuguese. Even in the United States many individuals continue the traditions of the groups whence they sprang. Such a coherent aristocracy is impossible, however, in this country, because the Jew in America is subject to an influence which is hardly so strong in any other group of people — the steady and resistless modification of his character and ideals by parvenus. The number of immigrants, or children of immigrants, from countries where for centuries they have been trained in an atmosphere of slavish cunning and worship of money, who become rich, is almost incredible. In Russia, Galicia, or Roumania, they cultivated a self-respect by rigid adherence to dignified and beautiful customs; in America the florid exuberance of newly acquired wealth cannot be dignified. Clannishness, exclusion from circles of good taste and good breeding, the infiltration of the parvenu East-European

Jews, and imitation of the most obvious aspects of Americanism — its flamboyant and tasteless materialism — all combine to make the thoughtful Jew sadly question what hope lies in the bulk of the Jews who live in the great American cities.

There remains to him the small group of men who are trying to make the Jewish self-consciousness of real value. They are not content with prosperity and material growth; they realize that the past services and achievements of Judaism do not in themselves justify Judaism to-day. Nor do they feel that because college fraternities do not admit Jews, Judaism is sufficiently justified. They deplore social discrimination, but they realize that it is only an incident. To every thinking man comes sometimes the ringing question, 'How can I justify my existence?' That question they are willing and eager to answer. They understand that their only rational justification lies in their ability to show what there is now in Judaism which demands respect, and to demonstrate what Judaism is doing, either for the world or for itself, that it should maintain its integrity.

At this point one immediately thinks of Zionism. This is a concrete movement impelled by a genuine idealism. It knows what it wants to do: it has an organization; it is achieving definite results; and it is actuated by a spirit of helpfulness and by an ideal of racial unity. But what value has Zionism for the perplexed Jew who wishes to live in the United States? It may take his mind off his problem, but it offers no solution. Zionism is essentially a movement to help some one else. American Zionists do not propose to emigrate themselves; they aim at the establishment of a state where oppressed Jews will have peace.

The final refuge is the small group who are attempting to revivify Ameri-

can Judaism and fit it to modern conditions. Could their efforts be successful, the prosperous American Jew might be lifted out of his contented materialism and, by means of religion, be reborn to dignity, nobility, and spiritual power, he might make of Judaism a vital force. Here if anywhere lies the hope of American Judaism.

When one takes stock of conditions, however, it is hard to hope. The few men who are working fare but ill. They have no organization and no common aims. There is in sight no striking personality who can lead a revival; Judaism by its very nature tends to produce commentators and dialecticians rather than leaders fired with the zeal of religious awakening. The great Jewish leader in the nineteenth century was Isaac M. Wise, the founder in America of so-called 'Reformed Judaism.' The movement succeeded because it had a prosaic aim — to de-orientalize the practice of the synagogue and to remove the sacredness from the long-established customs entailed by observance of the dietary laws. Besides, it sailed on the current of the spirit of the time; what reforms it effected would probably have come about even without organized effort. But it made no attempt to give Judaism that which a religion must have if it is not to perish: elevation, imaginative insight, spiritual power, a realization of the majesty of God, a yearning for his love. A well-conducted Reformed congregation hardly differs from a body of agnostics. Two phenomena show pretty clearly where modern leadership is guiding Judaism: the large numbers of Jews who are professed agnostics, in all the senses of that convenient term, and the equally large numbers who seek in various mystical sects the consolations of religious romanticism.

The present status of American Judaism makes its value as a religion by

which men can live distinctly questionable. Aided by persecution and poverty, it furnished admirable discipline to a race naturally stubborn and tenacious. Persecution, poverty, and discipline gone, what is left? — an indistinct monotheism joined to an ethical tradition never formulated into a system, and only vaguely defined. None of the great Jewish philosophers ever succeeded in establishing a Jewish creed; indeed, there was no need of one when common suffering wrought so effectual a bond. Now a more searching test awaits Judaism, a test that may decide its existence. If it is to remain as a religion it must now show that it has power to restore the great bulk of prosperous American Jews to a state of religious activity. Whether after the lapse of centuries there are alive in Judaism any of the quickening impulses which will give it that power is a question that it is useless to debate — time must give the answer.

Meanwhile Jews must face their problem squarely. They must realize that they cannot live on their ancestors, and that when men point the finger of scorn they are not thereby justified in assuming that they have been chosen as the witnesses of Truth, to live forever on their wrongs. The fact is that, if Judaism must be a group of men without religious ideals, incapable of making their intricate self-consciousness meaningful and valuable, it is far better that Judaism should disappear.

Meanwhile, those who value the presence of religion in the world may hope that somewhere among the hundreds of Jewish young men in this country there is some one who will be fired with that spirit which came into the hearts of men centuries ago under the Judæan stars. Is the stream of spiritual energy that once flowed into the world from Palestine dried up, now that the folk of Palestine live in other countries? Those who are not Jews should remember that their attitude will have a profound effect upon the answer to this question. The United States is deeply concerned whether several millions of her most energetic citizens live in the clear light of religious sincerity, ennobling their lives and dignifying their actions by the lofty moral principles which their ancestors gave to the world, or whether they live in a crass materialism and are given over chiefly to the acquisition of wealth.

At all events it must be remembered that, since the problem of Judaism comes from intense self-consciousness, persecution and sentimental tolerance are both bad for the Jew. The one saves him the trouble of seeking out his reason for existence; the other flatters him into a belief that there is no necessity for the search. If men will treat Jews like other people, instead of nourishing their age-long notions of peculiarity, they will make it easier for time to settle the Jewish problem as it settles all others.

THE CRUISE OF THE 'DAMPIRATES'

FURTHER RECOLLECTIONS OF A REBEL REEFER

BY JAMES MORRIS MORGAN

I

BERMUDA is only six hundred miles from Charleston; a fast ship could do the distance easily in forty-eight hours, but the *Herald* was slow: six or seven knots was her ordinary speed in good weather, and eight when she was pushed. She had tumbled about in the sea so much that she had put one of her engines out of commission and it had to be disconnected. We were thus compelled to limp along with one, which of course greatly reduced her speed. On the fifth day the weather moderated and we sighted two schooners. To our surprise, Captain Coxetter headed for them and, hailing one, asked her for her latitude and longitude. The schooner gave the information, adding that she navigated with a 'blue pigeon' (a deep-sea lead), which of course was very reassuring. We limped away and went on groping for Bermuda. Captain Coxetter had spent his life in the coasting trade between Charleston and the Florida ports, and even when he commanded for a few months the privateer *Jeff Davis*, he had never been far away from the land; but such was the jealousy of merchant sailors toward officers of the Navy that, with one of the most celebrated navigators in the world on board, he had not confided to anybody the fact that he was lost. On the sixth day, however, he told Commodore Maury that something

terrible must have happened, as he had sailed his ship directly over the spot where the Bermudas ought to be!

Commodore Maury told him that he could do nothing for him before ten o'clock that night, and advised him to slow down. At ten o'clock the great scientist and geographer went on deck and took observations, at times lying flat on his back, sextant in hand, as he made measurements of the stars. When he had finished his calculations, he gave the captain a course and told him that by steering it at a certain speed he would sight the light at Port Hamilton by two o'clock in the morning. No one turned into his bunk that night except the Commodore and his little son; the rest of us were too anxious. Four bells struck and no light was in sight. Five minutes more passed and still not a sign of it; then grumbling commenced and the passengers generally agreed with the man who expressed the opinion that there was too much d——d science on board and that we would all be on our way to Fort Lafayette as soon as day broke. At ten minutes past two, the masthead lookout sang out, 'Light ho!' and the learned old Commodore's reputation as a navigator was saved.

We ran around the islands and entered the picturesque harbor of St. George shortly after daylight. There were eight or ten other blockade-runners lying in the harbor, and their captains and mates lived at the same little

whitewashed hotel where the Commodore and I stopped, which gave us an opportunity of seeing something of their manner of life when on shore. Their business was risky and the penalty of being caught was severe; a reckless lot they were, who believed in eating, drinking, and being merry, for fear that they would die on the morrow and might miss something.

The men who commanded many of these blockade-runners had probably never before in their lives received more than fifty to seventy-five dollars a month for their services; now they got ten thousand dollars in gold for a round trip, besides being allowed cargo space to take into the Confederacy goods which could be sold at a fabulous price, and also to bring out on their own account a limited number of bales of cotton worth a dollar a pound. In Bermuda these men seemed to suffer from a chronic thirst which could be assuaged only by champagne; and one of their amusements was to sit at the windows with bags of shillings and throw handfuls of the coins to a crowd of loafing negroes in the street and watch them scramble. It is a singular fact that five years after the war not one of these men had a dollar to bless himself with. Another singular fact is, that it was not always the speedier craft that were the most successful. The *Kate* (named for Mrs. William Trenholm) ran through the blockading fleets sixty times, though she could not steam faster than seven or eight knots. That was the record; next came the *Herald* — or the *Antonica*, as she was afterwards called.

Commodore Maury was a deeply religious man. He had been lame for many years of his life, but no one ever heard him complain. Although he had been many years in the navy, he scarcely ever put his foot on board of a ship without being seasick, and through it all he never allowed it to interfere with

his duty. He was the only man I ever saw who could be seasick and amiable at the same time; while suffering from nausea, he could actually joke! I remember once entering his stateroom, where he was seated with a Bible on his lap and a basin beside him. I told him there was a ship in sight, and between paroxysms, he said, 'Sometimes we see a ship, and sometimes ship a sea!'

Not knowing of his world-wide celebrity, I was surprised to see the deference paid him by foreigners. We had no sooner settled ourselves at the Bermuda hotel than the Governor sent an aide to tell 'Lieutenant' Maury that he would be pleased to receive him in his private capacity at the Government House. In Europe the Commodore was known only as 'the great Lieutenant Maury'; they entirely ignored any promotions which might have come to him. The commander of Fort St. George also called on him, but took pains to explain that it was the great scientist to whom he was paying homage, and not the Confederate naval officer.

We remained in Bermuda for more than two weeks, waiting for the royal mail steamer from St. Thomas, on which we were to take passage for Halifax, N.S. Simultaneously with her arrival the United States sloops-of-war *San Jacinto* and *Mohican* put in an appearance, but did not enter the harbor, cruising instead just outside the three-mile limit, and in the track the British ship *Delta* would have to follow. Instantly the rumors spread that they were going to take Commodore Maury out of the ship as soon as she got outside, — color being lent to this rumor by the fact that it was the *San Jacinto* which had a short time before taken the Confederate Commissioners, Mason and Slidell, out of the Royal Mail Steamship *Trent*, — and I must say that we felt quite uneasy.

On the day of our departure a Mr.

Bourne, a gentleman utterly unknown to me, asked me to accompany him to his office and there counted out a hundred gold sovereigns, sealed them in a canvas bag, and asked me to sign a receipt for them. I assured him that there must be some mistake, but he insisted that all was in order and that the money was given me by Mr. Trenholm's orders. Having had free meals and lodging on the blockade-runner, it was the first intimation I had that money would be necessary on so long a journey as the one I was about to undertake. I was still glowing with the satisfaction of the moneyed man when our ship nosed her way out of the harbor. The two American warships, as soon as we got outside, followed us; but as we rounded the headland we saw the British men-of-war *Immortality* and *Desperate* coming from Port Hamilton under a full head of steam. We expected every moment to witness a naval fight; the American ships, however, seemed satisfied with having given us a scare, while the Britishers followed us until we lost sight of them in the night.

We had one more thrill when we arrived off Halifax harbor. The sea was running very high, and a dense fog surrounded us. Suddenly the fog lifted for a moment and that cry, so dreaded by seamen, 'Breakers ahead!' came from the masthead lookout. The course was changed and the fog, more dense than ever, made it impossible to see the fore-castle from the after part of the ship. We had not proceeded very far on our new course when again the fog lifted for a second or two, and again came the cry of the lookout, 'Breakers ahead!' followed by a frightened appeal: 'For God's sake, stop her, sir! We're right on them!'

The ship was stopped and backed. Again the course was changed, and in a few moments steam sirens seemed to be sounding all round us. Suddenly out of

the gray pall rushed a great ocean liner, so close that she seemed for a moment to be on top of us. Grazing our side, she carried away with her one of our quarter-boats, and with her siren still screaming, she disappeared behind the veil of fog. Following the sound of her whistle, we soon dropped anchor in the harbor.

The governor of the colony of Nova Scotia, the general commanding the troops, and the admiral of the fleet, all treated 'Lieutenant' Maury, as they insisted upon calling him, with the most distinguished consideration, inviting him to dinners and receptions to which, as his aide, I had to accompany the great man. I particularly enjoyed the visit to Admiral Milne's flagship, the *Nile*, of 72 guns carried on three decks. The old wooden line-of-battle ship, with her lofty spars, was a splendid sight, and the like of her will never be seen again. What interested me most on board of her were the eighteen or twenty midshipmen in her complement, many of them younger and smaller than myself. They all made much of me and frankly envied me on account of my having been in battle and having run the blockade.

The officers of the garrison also were very kind to me, and they told me a story about their commander, General O'Dougherty, that I have never forgotten. It was about a visit the chief of the O'Dougherty clan paid to the general. Not finding him at home, he left his card on which was engraved simply, 'The O'Dougherty.' The general returned the visit and wrote on a blank card, 'The other O'Dougherty.'

After a few pleasant days spent in Halifax the Cunard steamer *Arabia*, plying between Boston and Liverpool, came into port and we took passage for Liverpool on her. The Americans on board resented our presence, and of course had nothing to do with us; but a

number of young officers of the Scots Fusilier Guards, who were returning home for the fox-hunting, were very friendly. They had been hurriedly sent to Canada when war seemed imminent on account of the Trent affair. It was the first time a regiment of the Guards had been out of England since Waterloo, and they were very glad to be returning to their beloved island. Among these young officers was the Earl of Dunmore, who, a few months earlier, wishing to see something of the war between the States, had obtained leave of absence, passed through the Federal lines, and gone to Richmond and thence to Charleston. He had traveled *incognito* under his family name of Murray.

At Charleston he had been entertained by Mr. Trenholm, and that gave us something to talk about. Dunmore was of a very venturesome disposition, and instead of returning north on his pass, he decided to enjoy the sensation of running the blockade. The boat he took passage on successfully eluded the Federal fleet off Charleston, but was captured by an outside cruiser the very next day. The prisoners were of course searched, and around the person of 'Mr. Murray,' under his shirt, was found wrapped a Confederate flag — the flag of the C.S.S. Nashville, which had been presented to him by Captain Pegram. Despite his protestations that he was a Britisher traveling for pleasure, he was confined, as Mr. Murray, in Fort Lafayette. The British Minister, Lord Lyons, soon heard of his fix and requested the authorities in Washington to order his release, representing him as the Earl of Dunmore, a lieutenant in Her Majesty's Life Guards. But the commander of Fort Lafayette denied that he had any such prisoner, and it required quite a correspondence to persuade him that a man by the name of Murray could at the same time be Lord Dunmore.

The Arabia was a paddle-wheel full-rigged ship, appearing to us to be enormous in size, though as a matter of fact she was not one tenth as large as the modern Cunard liner. She did not even have a smoking-room, the lovers of the weed having to seek the shelter of the lee side of the smokestack in all sorts of weather when they wished to indulge in a whiff. A part of this pleasant voyage was very smooth, but when we struck the 'roaring forties' the big ship tumbled about considerably and my commodore was as seasick and as amiable as usual.

II

The next few months I spent agreeably enough among pleasant people in France and England, with no serious work on my hands. Not so, however, the Confederate agents. In spite of the tireless efforts of Charles Francis Adams, the American Minister to Great Britain, the commerce-destroyer Alabama had been got to sea, and early in April, 1863, I was notified that her running-mate, the Georgia, to which I had been assigned for duty, was ready to slip out of British waters.

The entire matter of the commissioning of the Georgia had been wrapped in darkest secrecy, which was maintained to the very end. One night, about half-past nine, I left the London Confederate headquarters in Little St. James Street, with a party of fellow officers, and took the train for Whitehaven, a seaport about an hour's ride from London. There we went to a small inn, where we met Commander Maury,¹ Doctor Wheeden, and Paymaster Curtis, and were soon joined by others — all strangers to me. We waited at the inn about a couple of hours; there was

¹ William L. Maury, cousin of the famous Commodore Matthew F. Maury, so often mentioned in preceding pages. — THE EDITORS.

little, if any, conversation, as we were all too anxious, and were all thinking about the same thing. In those two hours it was to be decided whether our expedition was to be a success or a failure. If Mr. Adams, the American Minister, was going to get in his fine work and baulk us, now was his last opportunity.

A little after midnight, two by two, we sauntered down to the quay, where we found at least a hundred people gathered near a little sea-going tug called the *Alar*. It was blowing a gale and a heavy sea was rolling in, which caused the little boat to bump herself viciously against the stone dock, so that, but for her ample fenders, she must have stove her side in. We hurried on board and Mr. Chapman, taking up a position by the pilot-house, said to the crowd on the dock, 'Now, men, you know what we want of you: all who want to go with us, jump aboard!' About sixty responded to the invitation. The lines were cast off and the *Alar* shot out of the slip as a man on shore proposed three cheers for the *Alabama*, which were lustily responded to by our fellow passengers.

As we cleared the end of the docks, the little *Alar* poked her nose into a huge sea, and tried to stand erect on her stern, but not being able to accomplish that feat, she fell down into the trough and the next wave passed over her, drenching every man aboard to the skin. She next tried to hold her stern in the air while she stood on her stem, and when the foaming sea reached her pilot-house, she rolled over on her side as though she was tired and wanted to take a nap; but she was disturbed by another comber picking her up and slamming her down on the other side, with such force as to make every rib in her tiny body quiver. There were no secrets in that contracted space. The men aboard were supposed to be the

crew of our cruiser, and the cargo of the tug consisted of our guns, shipped as hardware in boxes, and our ammunition. We were all huddled up together, and plainly heard the engineer tell the captain that one more sea like the last one which came aboard would put out the fires. For more than three days and nights, cold and wet, with no place to sleep and little to eat, we stumbled and tumbled down the English Channel; finally, when the gale abated at last, we saw on the horizon a trim-looking little brig-rigged steamer idly rolling on the swell of the sea, apparently waiting for something, and we steered for her. She proved to be the 'British' steamer *Japan*; her papers said that she was bound from Glasgow to Nagasaki, with an assorted cargo, but we doubted their accuracy.

Commodore Matthew F. Maury, who had bought and fitted out this ship, which had just been completed at Dunbarton on the Clyde, had outwitted the British government, but not Mr. Adams, who had warned the authorities of her character. How the British government could have been held responsible for her escape without stopping their whole commerce, passes my understanding. The vessel had not the slightest resemblance to a man-of-war; she nominally belonged to a private party, and there was not an ounce of contraband in her cargo, which consisted of provisions, coal, and empty boxes. Her captain himself did not know for what purpose she was intended. His orders were to proceed to a certain latitude and longitude near the island of Ushant on the French coast, where a tug would meet him and give him further instructions from his owner.

When we had approached close enough to the *Japan* to hail, Commander Maury went aboard the brig. What passed between him and her skipper I had no means of knowing; but soon the

Japan passed us a hawser, as there was some slight trouble with the Alar's engines which needed immediate attention. We were taken in tow and no sooner did the Japan start ahead than accident number one occurred. The hawser became entangled in the Japan's screw, jamming it. It took several hours to cut it loose, and when this was accomplished, we proceeded to Ushant, going around it in search of smooth water so that we could transfer our guns from the tug to the cruiser that was to be. We dropped anchor after dark in a little cove and began operations, despite the angry protests of the French coastguards from the shore. Judging from their language they must have been furious as well as helpless.

The men we had brought from Whitehaven worked most energetically, and by midnight we had our two twenty-four pounders and the two little ten-pounder Whitworth guns on board, as well as the ammunition and the traverses; but unfortunately the sea was rising all the time, and the little tug alongside was pitching and rolling so much that it was too dangerous to attempt to get the biggest gun, a thirty-two pounder Blakeley rifle, out of her. So we got under way again and proceeded to the mainland, not many miles from Brest, a great naval station where we knew a French fleet was assembled. Working like beavers, and protected by a headland there, we finally succeeded, and then stood out to sea where, after we had got safely beyond the three-mile limit, we stopped. Commander Maury then called all hands to the mast and read his orders, hoisted the Confederate flag and his pennant, and declared the Confederate States cruiser Georgia to be in commission.

His remarks were received with three lusty cheers. He next asked the men who were going with us to step forward

and enlist for three years or the war; but alas! a sea-lawyer had been at work and not a man came forward. The spokesman demanded higher wages on account of the dangers of the service, and when told that the Georgia was a man-of-war and the pay was fixed by law, every man-jack of them went over the side and boarded the tug. To our surprise nine of the crew of the late merchantman Japan now stepped forward and said they would like to go with us — an offer which was instantly accepted. With these men as a nucleus for a crew, we cast off the Alar's line and never saw or heard of her or the men on board of her again. We afterwards learned that our presence at Ushant and on the coast of France had been signaled to Brest, and that a fast frigate had been sent in all haste to capture us for our breach of French neutrality.

It was April 9, 1863, when this little friendless ship of only about five hundred and fifty tons started on her long and hazardous cruise. She was as unfitted for the work as a vessel could conceivably be: she lay very low in the water and was very long for her beam; her engines were gear engines, — that is, a large wheel fitted with *lignum-vitæ* cogs turned the iron cogs on the shaft, — and frequently the wooden cogs would break. When they did, it was almost as if a shrapnel shell had burst in the engine-room, as they flew in every direction, endangering the lives of every one within reach. Her sail-power was insufficient, and, owing to her length, it was impossible to put her about under canvas. She was slow under either sail or steam, or both together. Such was the little craft which we got slowly under way, bound we knew not where, Ushant Island bearing east-southeast, four and a half miles distant.

The morning of the tenth of April

dawned fair, with light breezes and a comparatively smooth sea, and officers and men set to work fastening to the deck iron traverses for our pivot gun. Then came a most difficult job, short-handed as we were — that of mounting the guns on their carriages; and to add to our troubles, the sea commenced to rise. With all the most intricate and ingenious tackles our seamanlike first lieutenant could devise, it was a tremendous strain on us, as the heavy gun swung back and forth with the roll of the ship. However, by almost superhuman exertion we succeeded in getting the guns into their places on the carriage; then we felt very man-of-warish indeed. 'Dampirates,' the Yankees always used to call us, though we never accepted the compliment.

Day after day, with a pleasant breeze, we steered a course somewhat west of south, meeting but few ships, and those we saw displayed neutral colors when we showed them the British or American ensign. During the whole cruise we saw our Confederate flag only when we were in the act of making a capture or when we were in port. Usually, we showed strange sails the Stars and Stripes. On April 25, there being several vessels in sight, we got up steam and made chase after them. The merchantmen we approached one after the other showed us neutral colors until we were becoming disheartened, when suddenly, about four o'clock in the afternoon, we descried on the horizon a big full-rigged ship with long skysail poles — the sure sign of the Yankee. She appeared unwilling to take any chances with us and cracked on more sail, while we pursued her under steam. A little after five o'clock we hauled down the British colors, hoisted the Confederate flag, and sent a shot bounding over the water just ahead of her, which, in the language of the sea, was an order to 'heave to.' In less time

than it takes to tell, the main-yard of the doomed ship swung round and her sails on the main and mizzenmast were thrown aback, as the American flag was broken out and fluttered from her peak. We immediately lowered a boat and our second lieutenant, Mr. Evans, accompanied by me, rowed over to the prize, which proved to be the splendid ship Dictator, from New York, bound to Hongkong with a cargo of coal. She carried no passengers.

After looking over the ship's papers, we made her crew lower their own boats and forced the captain, his three mates, and the crew of twenty-seven men to get into them with their personal belongings. We then ordered them to pull for the Georgia, which they did with no enthusiasm whatever. On arriving alongside the cruiser, they were allowed to come over the side only one at a time, and were then hurried below and placed in irons. It was not considered advisable to give them time enough to see how weak our force was. The captain was invited by our commander to share the cabin with him, and the first mate was confined in my room, but neither of them had any restraint put on him, except that they were not allowed to go forward of the mainmast, or to hold any communication with their men. On board the Dictator we found a fine assortment of provisions, and sent several boat-loads to our own ship. This was necessary, as we had now to feed the prize's crew as well as our own.

The Georgia lay near the Dictator all night, and in the morning we attempted to replenish our coal-bunkers from her; however, the rising sea made this impossible, and after coming very near swamping our small boats, we gave it up. It seemed hard that we should have to go without the fuel so precious to us, while several thousand tons of the very best were within a few cables' length of our vessel. However, it might

as well have been in the mines of Pennsylvania, whence it came, for all the good it was to us.

Finally, the Georgia made signal to burn the prize, and Lieutenant Evans asked me if I would like to try my hand at setting her on fire. There were quantities of broken provision boxes lying about the deck, which I gathered and placed against her bulwarks; then I lighted a match and applied it. The kindling-wood burned beautifully, but when its flames expired there was not a sign of fire on the side of the ship. I was surprised and puzzled, and turned to seek an explanation from my superior officer, who was standing nearby, laughing heartily. He told me not to mind; he would show me how it was done. (He had had previous experience in the gentle art when a lieutenant with Captain Semmes on the Sumter.) I followed him into the cabin, where he pulled out several drawers from under the captain's berth, and, filling them with old newspapers, he applied a match. The effect was almost instantaneous. Flames leaped up and caught the chintz curtains of the berth and the bedclothes, at the same time setting fire to the light woodwork. The sight fascinated me; I stood watching it as though I were dazed, when suddenly I heard the lieutenant's voice call excitedly, 'Run, youngster, run, or we shall be cut off from the door!' We rushed out, followed by a dense smoke and leaping flames, reached the gangway just ahead of them, and hastily went over the side, down the ladder, and into our boat, which was waiting for us. By the time we reached the Georgia, the prize was one seething mass of flames, from her hold to her trucks. It was a strange and weird sight to see the flames leaping up her tarred rigging, while dense volumes of smoke, lighted by fire from the blazing cargo below, rolled up through her hatches.

The Dictator, exclusive of her cargo, was valued at eighty-six thousand dollars. By decree of the Confederate government we were to receive one half of the value of every ship destroyed, and the full amount of the bonds given by vessels carrying neutral cargo. Under the law regulating the distribution of prize-money, the total amount was divided into twentieths, of which the commanding officer got two and the steerage officers got the same, the rest being shared by the wardroom officers and the crew. As I was the only midshipman or steerage officer on board of the Georgia for most of the cruise, the amount of prize-money (still due me) I should have received would almost have equaled the share of the captain.

When we parted company with the burning Dictator, we had hardly got well under way when the always exciting 'Sail ho!' was heard coming from the masthead look-out, followed by the officer of the deck's query, 'Where away?' and the answer, 'Two points off the port bow, sir!' Away we dashed in pursuit, only to be disappointed again and again when the chase showed neutral colors. If we had any cause to suspect that they were not what their colors represented them to be, we boarded them and examined their papers. Strange sail were plentiful, but no American craft among them.

One day we chased a paddle-wheel, bark-rigged steamer; it seemed rather strange that we should overhaul her so rapidly, but when we got near her, we discovered that her engines were disconnected, and that her paddles were being turned from her momentum through the water. As we approached, with the British flag flying proudly at our peak, we made a second and more disconcerting discovery: she was a man-of-war! Out came her ensign, the 'Union Jack'; in a twinkling, that British flag came down from our peak, and

was replaced by that of the Confederacy. The Englishman then dipped his colors to us — a courtesy which we very much appreciated and which we returned with great satisfaction, as it was the first salute of any kind we had received.

On the 29th of April, at about three bells in the forenoon watch, we found ourselves near the island of San Antonio, one of the Cape Verdes. With all sail set, we bowled along before a stiff northeast breeze, which soon brought us in between San Antonio and the island of St. Vincent, where the highland on either beam acted as a promontory, and there before our eyes we saw the town and harbor of Porto Grande. There also we saw a sloop-of-war peacefully lying at her anchor, with the Stars and Stripes fluttering from her peak! Instantly, everybody on our ship was in a state of excitement and commotion. The officer of the deck gave the order 'Hard-a-port!' quickly followed by a rapid succession of orders through the speaking-trumpet. Officers and men rushed aloft, and, working like Trojans, soon had her under bare poles. Four bells were rung for full speed ahead, and the little ship gallantly breasted the high sea in the face of the half gale of wind; but neither patent log nor the old-fashioned chip-and-line could be persuaded to show more than four-knots speed.

Commander Maury was evidently very anxious, and sent for the English chief engineer and asked him if that was the best he could do. The chief said he thought it was. Then the commander told him that, if the American man-of-war was the Mohican, as he thought she was, he had served on board her and she could make seven knots easily against that sea and wind. 'You know,' he added significantly, 'that being caught means hanging for us, according to Mr. Lincoln's proclamation!'

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The chief disappeared below and in a few minutes our improvement in speed was remarkable. We were gratified, as well as surprised, when we found that we were not being pursued. We afterwards learned that the sloop-of-war, not expecting a visit from us at such an unconventional hour, had let her steam go down and could not get under way until she got it up again. We ran around the island, and finding a cove, dropped anchor there, sending a lieutenant ashore to climb the promontory, from which lofty point of vantage, with the aid of his marine glasses, he plainly saw our would-be captor steaming out to sea in the opposite direction from our snug hiding-place. If she had sighted us, it is easy to imagine what would have happened, as she carried ten guns — all of which were much heavier than our biggest piece of ordnance — and the little Georgia had more than twice as many prisoners on board of her as she had crew. In fact our crew would not have been sufficient in numbers to handle and serve our forward pivot gun.

When night came, we weighed anchor and put to sea, and the next morning were busily engaged chasing and examining ships. Sometimes we would 'bring to' an American, then be disappointed because he had changed his flag, and his papers as a neutral would be all correct. Most neutral vessels feared us, and as soon as they suspected our character, would attempt to escape, thus causing us much unnecessary burning of coal. Few of them appeared to be friendly to us, and, when asked for news, seemed delighted when they had the courage to tell us some rigmarole about great disasters to the Confederate armies which they invented for the occasion. Some few gave us newspapers, and kindly told us the truth as to what had happened before they left some port in the world from which we were excluded.

It was a fortunate thing for us that we had not been able to land our prisoners on the Cape Verde islands, as we had intended to do. We had treated these unfortunates kindly; they received the same rations our own men did, and one half of them were released from their irons and allowed to roam around the deck in the day-time. They must have become attached to us, for first one man and then another asked to be permitted to talk to our first lieutenant, and when this was granted, would request to be allowed to ship aboard. To our surprise the second and third mates and twenty-seven seamen joined us, and afterwards proved to be among the very best men we had.

The captain of the Dictator had shared Commodore Maury's cabin and seemed a very nice man; the first mate,

however, was of a very different type. He was quartered in my stateroom, while I had to sleep in a hammock slung out in the steerage. He took his meals with me and was allowed to take his exercise on the poopdeck. Of course neither he nor the captain was subjected to the inconvenience of having irons put on them; but Mr. Snow, the first mate, repaid our consideration by writing the story of his capture and 'inhuman' treatment by the 'pirates' on board the 'Georgia.' He placed this romance in a bottle which he corked tightly and sealed with sealing-wax, which he borrowed from me; then he threw it out of the air-port in hopes that it would drift ashore. It did. Years after the war was over, it was picked up on the coast of Norway, and its lying contents were published to the world.

(To be continued)

THE KNIGHT'S MOVE

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

I

HAVELOCK the Dane settled himself back in his chair and set his feet firmly on the oaken table. Chantry let him do it, though some imperceptible inch of his body winced. For the oak of it was neither fumed nor golden; it was English to its ancient core, and the table had served in the refectory of monks before Henry VIII decided that monks shocked him. Naturally Chantry did not want his friends' boots havocking upon it. But more important than to

possess the table was to possess it nonchalantly. He let the big man dig his heel in. Any man but Havelock the Dane would have known better. But Havelock did as he pleased, and you either gave him up or bore it. Chantry did not want to give him up.

Chantry was a feminist; a bit of an aesthete but canny at affairs; good-looking, and temperate, and less hipped on the matter of sex than feminist gentlemen are wont to be. That is to say, while he vaguely wanted *l'homme moyen sensuel* to mend his ways, he did not ex-

pect him to change fundamentally. He rather thought the women would manage all that when they got the vote. You see, he was not a socialist: only a feminist.

Havelock the Dane, on the other hand, was by no means a feminist, but was a socialist. What probably brought the two men together — apart from their common likableness — was that each, in his way, refused to 'go the whole hog.' They sometimes threshed the thing out together, unable to decide on a programme, but always united at last in their agreement that things were wrong. Havelock trusted Labor, and Chantry trusted Woman; the point was that neither trusted men like themselves, with a little money and an inherited code of honor. Havelock wanted his money taken away from him; Chantry desired his code to be trampled on by innumerable feminine feet. But each was rather helpless, for both expected these things to be done for them.

Except for this tie of ineffectuality, they had nothing special in common. Havelock's life had been adventurous in the good old-fashioned sense: the bars down and a deal of wandering. Chantry had sown so many crops of intellectual wild oats that even the people who came for subscriptions might be forgiven for thinking him a mental libertine, good for subscriptions and not much else. Between them, they boxed the compass about once a week. Havelock had more of what is known as 'personality' than Chantry; Chantry more of what is known as 'culture.' They dovetailed, on the whole, not badly.

Havelock, this afternoon, was full of a story. Chantry wanted to listen, though he knew that he could have listened better if Havelock's heel had not been quite so ponderous on the secular oak. He took refuge in a cosmic point

of view. That was the only point of view from which Havelock (it was, by the way, his physical type only that had caused him to be nicknamed the Dane: his ancestors had come over from England in great discomfort two centuries since), in his blonde hugeness, became negligible. You had to climb very high to see him small.

'You never did the man justice,' Havelock was saying.

'Justice be hanged!' replied Chantry.

'Quite so: the feminist slogan.'

'A socialist can't afford to throw stones.'

The retorts were spoken sharply, on both sides. Then both men laughed. They had too often had it out seriously to mind; these little insults were mere convention.

'Get at your story,' resumed Chantry. 'I suppose there's a woman in it: a nasty cat invented by your own prejudices. There usually is.'

'Never a woman at all. If there were, I should n't be asking for your opinion. My opinion, of course, is merely the rational one. I don't side-step the truth because a little drama gets in. I am appealing to you because you are the average man who has n't seen the light. I honestly want to know what you think. There's a reason.'

'What's the reason?'

'I'll tell you that later. Now, I'll tell you the story.' Havelock screwed his tawny eyebrows together for a moment before plunging in. 'Humph!' he ejaculated at last. 'Much good anybody is in a case like this. — What did you say you thought of Ferguson?'

'I did n't think anything of Ferguson — except that he had a big brain for biology. He was a loss.'

'No personal opinion?'

'I never like people who think so well of themselves as all that.'

'No opinion about his death?'

'Accidental, as they said, I suppose.'

'Oh, "they said"! It was suicide, I tell you.'

'Suicide? Really?' Chantry's brown eyes lighted for an instant. 'Oh, poor chap; I'm sorry.'

It did not occur to him immediately to ask how Havelock knew. He trusted a plain statement from Havelock.

'I'm not. Or — yes, I am. I hate to have a man inconsistent.'

'It's inconsistent for any one to kill himself. But it's frequently done.'

Havelock, hemming and hawing like this, was more nearly a bore than Chantry had ever known him.

'Not for Ferguson.'

'Oh, well, never mind Ferguson,' Chantry yawned. 'Tell me some anecdote out of your tapestried past.'

'I won't.'

Havelock dug his heel in harder. Chantry all but told him to take his feet down, but stopped himself just in time.

'Well, go on, then,' he said, 'but it does n't sound interesting. I hate all tales of suicide. And there is n't even a woman in it,' he sighed maliciously.

'Oh, if it comes to that, there is.'

'But you said —'

'Not in it exactly, unless you go in for *post hoc, propter hoc*.'

'Oh, drive on,' Chantry was pettish.

But at that point Havelock the Dane removed his feet from the refectory table. He will probably never know why Chantry, just then, began to be amiable.

'Excuse me, Havelock. Of course, whatever drove a man like Ferguson to suicide is interesting. And I may say he managed it awfully well. Not a hint, anywhere.'

'Well, a scientist ought to get something out of it for himself. Ferguson certainly knew how. Can't you imagine him sitting up there, cocking his hair' (an odd phrase, but Chantry under-

stood), 'and deciding just how to circumvent the coroner? I can.'

'Ferguson had n't much imagination.'

'A coroner does n't take imagination. He takes a little hard, expert knowledge.'

'I dare say.' But Chantry's mind was wandering through other defiles. 'Odd, that he should have snatched his life out of the very jaws of what-do-you-call-it, once, only to give it up at last, politely, of his own volition.'

'You may well say it.' Havelock spoke with more earnestness than he had done. 'If you're not a socialist when I get through with you, Chantry, my boy —'

'Lord, Lord! don't tell me your beastly socialism is mixed up with it all! I never took to Ferguson, but he was no syndicalist. In life or in death, I'd swear to that.'

'Ah, no. If he had been! But all I mean is that, in a properly regulated state, Ferguson's tragedy would not have occurred.'

'So it was a tragedy?'

'He was a loss to the state, God knows.'

Had they been speaking of anything less dignified than death and genius, Havelock might have sounded a little austere and silly. As it was — Chantry bit back, and swallowed, his censure.

'That's why I want to know what you think,' went on Havelock, irrelevantly. 'Whether your damned code of honor is worth Ferguson.'

'It's not my damned code any more than yours,' broke in Chantry.

'Yes, it is. Or, at least, we break it down at different points — theoretically. Actually, we walk all round it every day to be sure it's intact. Let's be honest.'

'Honest as you like, if you'll only come to the point. Whew, but it's hot! Let's have a gin-fizz.'

'You are n't serious.'

Havelock seemed to try to lash himself into a rage. But he was so big that he could never have got all of himself into a rage at once. You felt that only part of him was angry — his toes, perhaps, or his complexion.

Chantry rang for ice and lemon, and took gin, sugar, and a siphon out of a carved cabinet.

'Go slow,' he said. He himself was going very slow, with a beautiful crystal decanter which he set lovingly on the oaken table. 'Go slow,' he repeated, more easily, when he had set it down. 'I can think just as well with a gin-fizz as without one. And I did n't know Ferguson well; and I did n't like him at all. I read his books, and I admired him. But he looked like the devil — *the* devil, you'll notice, not *a* devil. With a dash of Charles I by Van Dyck. The one standing by a horse. As you say, he cocked his hair. It went into little horns, above each eyebrow. I'm sorry he's lost to the world, but it does n't get me. He may have been a saint, for all I know; but there you are — I never cared particularly to know. I am serious. Only, somehow, it does n't touch me.'

And he proceeded to make use of crushed ice and lemon juice.

'Oh, blow all that,' said Havelock the Dane finally, over the top of his glass. 'I'm going to tell you, anyhow. Only I wish you would forget your prejudices. I want an opinion.'

'Go on.'

Chantry made himself comfortable.

II

'You remember the time when Ferguson did n't go down on the Argentina?'

'I do. Ferguson just would n't go down, you know. He'd turn up smiling, without even a chill, and mean-

while lots of good fellows would be at the bottom of the sea.'

'Prejudice again,' barked Havelock. 'Yet in point of fact, it's perfectly true. And you would have preferred him to drown.'

'I was very glad he was saved.' Chantry said it in a stilted manner.

'Why?'

'Because his life was really important to the world.'

Chantry might have been distributing tracts. His very voice sounded falsetto.

'Exactly. Well, that is what Ferguson thought.'

'How do you know?'

'He told me.'

'You must have known him well. Thank heaven, I never did.'

Havelock flung out a huge hand. 'Oh, get off that ridiculous animal you're riding, Chantry, and come to the point. You mean you don't think Ferguson should have admitted it?'

Chantry's tone changed. 'Well, one does n't.'

The huge hand, clenched into a fist, came down on the table. The crystal bottle was too heavy to rock, but the glasses jingled and a spoon slid over the edge of its saucer.

'There it is — what I was looking for.'

'What were you looking for?' Chantry's wonder was not feigned.

'For your hydra-headed Prejudice. Makes me want to play Hercules.'

'Oh, drop your metaphors, Havelock. Get into the game. What is it?'

'It's this: that you don't think — or affect not to think — that it's decent for a man to recognize his own worth.'

Chantry did not retort. He dropped his chin on his chest and thought for a moment. Then he spoke, very quietly and apologetically.

'Well — I don't see you telling another man how wonderful you are. It

is n't immoral, it simply is n't manners. And if Ferguson boasted to you that he was saved when so many went down, it was worse than bad manners. He ought to have been kicked for it. It's the kind of phenomenal luck that it would have been decent to regret.'

Havelock set his massive lips firmly together. You could not say that he pursed that Cyclopean mouth.

'Ferguson did not boast. He merely told me. He was, I think, a modest man.'

Incredulity beyond any power of laughter to express settled on Chantry's countenance. 'Modest? and he *told* you?'

'The whole thing,' Havelock's voice was heavy enough for tragedy. 'Listen. Don't interrupt me once. Ferguson told me that, when the explosion came, he looked round — considered, for fully a minute, his duty. He never lost control of himself once, he said, and I believe him. The Argentina was a small boat, making a winter passage. There were very few cabin passengers. No second cabin, but plenty of steerage. She sailed, you remember, from Naples. He had been doing some work, some very important work, in the Aquarium. The only other person of consequence, — I am speaking in the most literal and un-snobbish sense, — in the first cabin, was Benson. No' (with a lifted hand), '*don't interrupt me*. Benson, as we all know, was an international figure. But Benson was getting old. His son could be trusted to carry on the House of Benson. In fact, every one suspected that the son had become more important than the old man. He had put through the last big loan while his father was taking a rest-cure in Italy. That is how Benson *père* happened to be on the Argentina. The newspapers never sufficiently accounted for that. A private deck on the Schrecklichkeit would have been more his size. Ferguson made it

out: the old man got wild, suddenly, at the notion of their putting anything through without him. He trusted his gouty bones to the Argentina.'

'Sounds plausible, but —' Chantry broke in.

'If you interrupt again,' said Havelock, 'I'll hit you, with all the strength I've got.'

Chantry grunted. You had to take Havelock the Dane as you found him.

'Ferguson saw the whole thing clear. Old Benson had just gone into the smoking-room. Ferguson was on the deck outside his own stateroom. The only person on board who could possibly be considered as important as Ferguson was Benson; and he had good reason to believe that every one would get on well enough without Benson. He had just time, then, to put on a life-preserver, melt into his stateroom, and get a little pile of notes, very important ones, and drop into a boat. No, don't interrupt. I know what you are going to say. "Women and children." What do you suppose a lot of Neapolitan peasants meant to Ferguson — or to you, and me, either? He did n't do anything outrageous; he just dropped into a boat. As a result, we had the big book a year later. No' (again crushing down a gesture of Chantry's), 'don't say anything about the instincts of a gentleman. If Ferguson had n't been perfectly cool, his instincts would have governed him. He would have dashed about trying to save people, and then met the waves with a noble gesture. He had time to be reasonable; not instinctive. The world was the gainer, as he jolly well knew it would be — or where would have been the reasonableness? I don't believe Ferguson cared a hang about keeping his individual machine going for its own sake. But he knew he was a valuable person. His mind was a Kohinoor among minds. It stands to reason that you save the Kohinoor and let the

little stones go. Well, that's not the story. Only I wanted to get that out of the way first, or the story would n't have meant anything. Did you wish,' he finished graciously, 'to ask a question?'

Chantry made a violent gesture of denial. 'Ask a question about a hog like that? God forbid!'

'Um-m-m.' Havelock seemed to muse within himself. 'You will admit that if a jury of impartial men of sense could have sat, just then, on that slanting deck, they would have agreed that Ferguson's life was worth more to the world than all the rest of the boiling pout together?'

'Yes, but —'

'Well, there was n't any jury. Ferguson had to be it. I am perfectly sure that if there had been a super-Ferguson on board, our Ferguson would have turned his hand to saving him first. In fact, I honestly believe he was sorry there had n't been a super-Ferguson. For he had all the instincts of a gentleman; and it's never a pleasant job making your reason inhibit your instincts. You can't look at this thing perfectly straight, probably. But if you can't, who can? I don't happen to want an enlightened opinion: I've got one, right here at home. You don't care about the State: you want to put it into white petticoats and see it cross a muddy street.'

'I don't wonder the socialists won't have anything to do with you.'

'Because I'm not a feminist? I know. Just as the feminists won't have anything to do with you because you're so reactionary. We're both out of it. Fifty years ago, either of us could have been a real prophet, for the price of a hall and cleaning the rotten eggs off our clothes. Now we're too timid for any use. But this is a digression.'

'Distinctly. Is there anything more about Ferguson?'

'I should say there was. About a year ago, he became engaged. She's a very nice girl, and I am sure you never heard of her. The engagement was n't to be announced until just before the marriage, for family reasons of some sort — cockering the older generation somehow. I've forgotten; it's not important. But they would have been married by now, if Ferguson had n't stepped out.'

'You seem to have been very intimate with Ferguson.'

'He talked to me once — just once. The girl was a distant connection of my own. I think that was why. Now I've got some more things to tell you. I've let you interrupt a good lot, and if you're through, I'd like to start in on the next lap. It is n't easy for me to tell this thing in bits. It's an effort.'

Havelock the Dane set down his second emptied glass and drew a long breath. He proceeded, with quickened pace.

III

'He did n't see the girl very often. She lives at some little distance. He was busy, — you know how he worked, — and she was chained at home, more or less. Occasionally he slipped away for a week-end, to see her. One time — the last time, about two months ago — he managed to get in a whole week. It was as near happiness as Ferguson ever got, I imagine; for they were able to fix a date. Good heaven, how he loved that girl! Just before he went, he told me of the engagement. I barely knew her, but, as I said, she's some sort of kin. Then, after he came back, he sent for me to come and see him. I did n't like his cheek, but I went as though I had been a laboratory boy. I'm not like you. Ferguson always did get me. He wanted the greatest good of the greatest number. Nothing petty about him. He was a big man.'

'I went, as I say. And Ferguson told me, the very first thing, that the engagement was off. He began by cocking his hair a good deal. But he almost lost control of himself. He did n't cock it long; he ruffled it instead, with his hands. I thought he was in a queer state, for he seemed to want to give me, with his beautiful scientific precision, — as if he'd been preparing a slide, — the details of a country walk he and she had taken the day before he left. It began with grade-crossings, and I simply could n't imagine what he was getting at. It was n't his business to fight grade-crossings — though they might be a very pretty symbol for the kind of thing he was fighting, tooth and nail, all the time. I could n't seem to see it, at first; but finally it came out. There was a grade-crossing, with a "Look out for the Engine" sign, and there was a tow-headed infant in rags. They had noticed the infant before. It had bandy legs and granulated eyelids, and seemed to be dumb. It had started them off on eugenics. She was very keen on the subject; Ferguson, being a big scientist, had some reserves. It was a real argument.

'Then everything happened at once. Towhead with the sore eyes rocked on to the track simultaneously with the whistle. They were about fifty yards off. Ferguson sprinted back down the hill, the girl screaming pointlessly meanwhile. There was just time — you'll have to take my word for this; Ferguson explained it all to me in the most meticulous detail, but I can't repeat that masterpiece of exposition — for Ferguson to decide. To decide again, you understand, precisely as he had decided on the Argentina. Rotten luck, was n't it? He could just have flung towhead out of the way by getting under the engine himself. He grabbed for towhead, but he did n't roll on to the track. So towhead was killed. If

he had got there ten seconds earlier, he could have done the trick. He was ten seconds too late to save both Ferguson and towhead. So — once more — he saved Ferguson. Do you get the situation?'

'I should say I did!' shouted Chantry. 'Twice in a man's life — good Lord! I hope you walked out of his house at that point.'

'I did n't. I was very much interested. And by the way, Chantry, if Ferguson had given his life for towhead, you would have been the first man to write a pleasant little article for some damned highbrow review, to prove that it was utterly wrong that Ferguson should have exchanged his life for that of a little Polish defective. I can even see you talking about the greatest good of the greatest number. You would have loved the paradox of it: the mistaken martyr, self-preservation the greatest altruism, and all the rest of it. But because Ferguson did exactly what you would have said in your article that he ought to have done, you are in a state of virtuous chill.'

'I should have written no such article. I don't see how you can be so flippant.'

'Flippant — I? Have I the figure of a flippant man? Can't you see — honestly, now, can't you see? — that it was a hideous misfortune for that situation to come to Ferguson twice? Can't you see that it was about as hard luck as a man ever had? Look at it just once from his point of view.'

'I can't,' said Chantry frankly. 'I can understand a man's being a coward, saving his own skin because he wants to. But to save his own skin on principle — humph! Talk of paradoxes: there's one for you. There's not a principle on earth that tells you to save your own life at some one's else expense. If he thought it was principle, he was the bigger defective of the two. Of

course it would have been a pity; of course we should all have regretted it; but there's not a human being in this town, high or low, who would n't have applauded, with whatever regret — who would n't have said he did the only thing a self-respecting man could do. Of course it's a shame; but that is the only way the race has ever got on: by the strong, because they were strong, going under for the weak, because they were weak. Otherwise we'd all be living, to this day, in hell.'

'I know; I know.' Havelock's voice was touched with emotion. 'That's the convention — invented by individualists, for individualists. All sorts of people would see it that way, still. But you've got more sense than most; and I will make you at least see the other point of view. Suppose Ferguson to have been a good Catholic — or a soldier in the ranks. If his confessor or his commanding officer had told him to save his own skin, you'd consider Ferguson justified; you might even consider the priest or the officer justified. The one thing you can't stand is the man's giving himself those orders. But let's not argue over it now — let's go back to the story. I'll make you "get" Ferguson, anyhow — even if I can't make him "get" you.

'Well, here comes in the girl.'

'And you said there was no girl in it!'

Chantry could not resist that. He believed that Havelock's assertion had been made only because he did n't want the girl in it — resented her being there.

'There is n't, as I see it,' replied Havelock the Dane quietly. 'From my point of view, the story is over. Ferguson's decision: that is the whole thing — made more interesting, more valuable, because the repetition of the thing proves beyond a doubt that he acted on principle, not on impulse. If he had flung himself into the life-boat because he was a coward, he would have been

ashamed of it; and whatever he might have done afterwards, he would never have done that thing again. He would have been sensitive: not saving his own life would have turned into an obsession with him. But there is left, I admit, the murder. And murders always take the public. So I'll give you the murder — though it throws no light on Ferguson, who is the only thing in the whole accursed affair that really counts.'

'The murder? I don't see — unless you mean the murdering of the tow-headed child.'

'I mean the murder of Ferguson by the girl he loved.'

'You said "suicide" a little while ago,' panted Chantry.

'Technically, yes. She was a hundred miles away when it happened. But she did it just the same. — Oh, I suppose I've got to tell you, as Ferguson told me.'

'Did he tell you he was going to kill himself?' Chantry's voice was sharp.

'He did not. Ferguson was n't a fool. But it was plain as day to me after it happened, that he had done it himself.'

'How —'

'I'm telling you this, am I not? Let me tell it, then. The thing happened in no time, of course. The girl got over screaming, and ran down to the track, frightened out of her wits. The train managed to stop, about twice its own length farther down, round a bend in the track, and the conductor and brakeman came running back. The mother came out of her hovel, carrying twins. The — the — thing was on the track, across the rails. It was a beastly mess, and Ferguson got the girl away; set her down to cry in a pasture, and then went back and helped out, and gave his testimony, and left money, a lot of it, with the mother, and — all the rest. You can imagine it. No one there considered that Ferguson ought to have

saved the child; no one but Ferguson dreamed that he could have. Indeed, an ordinary man, in Ferguson's place, would n't have supposed he could. It was only that brain, working like lightning, working as no plain man's could, that had made the calculation and *seen*. There were no preliminary seconds lost in surprise or shock, you see. Ferguson's mind had n't been jarred from its pace for an instant. The thing had happened too quickly for any one — except Ferguson — to understand what was going on. Therefore he ought to have laid that super-normal brain under the wheels, of course!

'Ferguson was so sane, himself, that he could n't understand, even after he had been engaged six months, our little everyday madnesses. It never occurred to him, when he got back to the girl and she began all sorts of hysterical questions, not to answer them straight. It was by way of describing the event simply, that he informed her that he would just have had time to pull the creature out, but not enough to pull himself back afterwards. Ferguson was used to calculating things in millionths of an inch; she was n't. I dare say the single second that had given Ferguson time to turn round in his mind, she conceived of as a minute, at least. It would have taken her a week to turn round in her own mind, no doubt — a month, a year, perhaps. How do I know? But she got the essential fact: that Ferguson had made a choice. Then she rounded on him. It would have killed her to lose him, but she would rather have lost him than to see him standing before her, etc., etc. Ferguson quoted a lot of her talk straight to me, and I can remember it; but you need n't ask me to soil my mouth with it. "And half an hour before, she had been saying with a good deal of heat that that little runt ought never to have been born, and that if we had decent laws it never would have

been allowed to live." Ferguson said that to me, with a kind of bewilderment. You see, he had made the mistake of taking that little fool seriously. Well, he loved her. You can't go below that: that's rock-bottom. Ferguson could n't dig any deeper down for his way out. There *was* no deeper down.

'Apparently Ferguson still thought he could argue it out with her. She so believed in eugenics, you see — a very radical, compared with Ferguson. It was she who had had no doubt about towhead. And the love-part of it seemed to him fixed: it did n't occur to him that that was debatable. So he stuck to something that could be discussed. Then — and this was his moment of exceeding folly — he caught at the old episode of the Argentina. *That* had nothing to do with her present state of shock. She had seen towhead; but she had n't seen the sprinkled Mediterranean. And she had accepted that. At least, she had spoken of his survival as though it had been one of the few times when God had done precisely the right thing. So he took that to explain with. The fool! The reasonable fool!

'Then — oh, then she went wild. (Yet she must have known there were a thousand chances on the Argentina for him to throw his life away, and precious few to save it.) She backed up against a tree and stretched her arms out like this' — Havelock made a clumsy stage-gesture of a version from Chantry, the villain. 'And for an instant he thought she was afraid of a Jersey cow that had come up to take part in the discussion. So he threw a twig at its nose.'

IV

Chantry's wonder grew, swelled, and burst.

'Do you mean to say that that safety-deposit vault of a Ferguson told you all this?'

'As I am telling it to you. Only much more detail, of course — and much, much faster. It was n't like a story at all: it was like — like a hemorrhage. I did n't interrupt him as you've been interrupting me. — Well, the upshot of it was that she spurned him quite in the grand manner. She found the opposites of all the nice things she had been saying for six months, and said them. And Ferguson — your cocky Ferguson — stood and listened, until she had talked herself out, and then went away. He never saw her again; and when he sent for me, he had made up his mind that she never intended to take any of it back. So he stepped out, I tell you.'

'As hard hit as that,' Chantry mused.

'Just as hard hit as that. Ferguson had had no previous affairs; she was very literally the one woman; and he managed, at forty, to combine the illusions of the boy of twenty and the man of sixty.'

'But if he thought he was so precious to the world, was n't it more than ever his duty to preserve his existence? He could see other people die in his place, but he could n't see himself bucking up against a broken heart. Is n't that what the strong man does? Lives out his life when he does n't at all like the look of it? Say what you like, he was a coward, Havelock — at the last, anyhow.'

'I won't ask for your opinion just yet, thank you. Perhaps if Ferguson had been sure he would ever do good work again, he would n't have taken himself off. That might have held him. He might have stuck by on the chance. But I doubt it. Don't you see? He loved the girl too much.'

'Thought he could n't live without her,' snorted Chantry.

'Oh, no — not that. But if she was right, he was the meanest skunk alive. He owed the world at least two deaths, so to speak. The only approach you

can make to dying twice is to die in your prime, of your own volition.' Havelock spoke very slowly. 'At least, that's the way I've worked it out. He did n't say so. He was careful as a cat.'

'You think' — Chantry leaned forward, very eager at last — 'that he decided she was right? That I'm right — that we're all of us right?'

Havelock the Dane bowed his head in his huge hands. 'No. If you ask me, I think he kept his own opinion untarnished to the end. When I told him I thought he was right, he just nodded, as if one took that for granted. But it did n't matter to him. I am pretty sure that he cared only what *she* thought.'

'If he did n't agree with her? And if she had treated him like a criminal? He must have despised her, in that case.'

'He never said one word of her — bar quoting some of *her* words — that was n't utterly gentle. You could see that he loved her with his whole soul. And — it's my belief — he gave her the benefit of the doubt. In killing himself, he acted on the hypothesis that she had been right. It was the one thing he could do for her.'

'But if no one except you thinks it was suicide — and you can't prove it —'

'Oh, he had to take that chance — the chance of her never knowing — or else create a scandal. And that would have been very hard on her and on his family. But there were straws she could easily clutch at — as I have clutched at them. The perfect order in which everything happened to be left — even the last notes he had made. His laboratory was a scientist's paradise, they tell me. And the will, made after she threw him over, leaving everything to her. Not a letter unanswered, all little bills paid, and little debts liquidated. He came as near suggesting it as he could, in decency. But I dare say she will never guess it.'

'Then what did it profit him?'

'It did n't profit him, in your sense. He took a very long chance on her guessing. That was n't what concerned him.'

'I hope she will never guess, anyhow. It would ruin her life, to no good end.'

'Oh, no.' Havelock was firm. 'I doubt if she would take it that way. If she grasped it at all, she'd believe he thought her right. And if he thought her right, of course he would n't want to live, would he? She would never think he killed himself simply for love of her.'

'Why not?'

'Well, she would n't. She would n't be able to conceive of Ferguson's killing himself for merely that — with *his* notions about survival.'

'As he did.'

'As he did — and did n't.'

'Ah, she'd scarcely refine on it as you are doing, Havelock. You're amazing.'

'Well, he certainly never expected her to know that he did it himself. If he had been the sort of weakling that dies because he can't have a particular woman, he'd have been also the sort of weakling that leaves a letter explaining.'

'What then did he die for? You'll have to explain to me. Not because he could n't have her; not because he felt guilty. Why, then? You have n't left him a motive.'

'Oh, have n't I? The most beautiful motive in the whole world, my dear fellow. A motive that puts all your little simple motives in the shade.'

'Well, what?'

'Don't you see? Why, I told you. He simply assumed, for all practical purposes, that she had been right. He gave himself the fate he knew she considered him to deserve. He preferred — loving her as he did — to do what she would have had him do. He knew she was wrong; but he knew also that she was made that way, that she would never

be right. And he took her for what she was, and loved her as she was. His love — don't you see? — was too big. He could n't revolt from her: she had the whole of him — except, perhaps, his excellent judgment. He could n't drag about a life which she felt that way about. He destroyed it, as he would have destroyed anything she found loathsome. He was merely justifying himself to his love. He could n't hope she would know. Nor, I believe, could he have lied to her. That is, he could n't have admitted in words that she was right, when he felt her so absolutely wrong; but he could make that magnificent silent act of faith.'

Chantry still held out. 'I don't believe he did it. I hold with the coroner.'

'I don't. He came as near telling me as he could without making me an accessory before the fact. There were none of the loose ends that the most orderly man would leave if he died suddenly. Take my word for it, old man.'

A long look passed between them. Each seemed to be trying to find out with his eyes something that words had not helped him to.

Finally Chantry protested once more. 'But Ferguson could n't love like that.'

Havelock the Dane laid one hand on the arm of Chantry's chair and spoke sternly. 'He not only could, but did. And there I am a better authority than you. Think what you please, but I will not have that fact challenged. Perhaps you could count up on your fingers the women who are loved like that; but, anyhow, she was. My second cousin once removed, damn her!' He ended with a vicious twang.

'And now' — Havelock rose — 'I'd like your opinion.'

'About what?'

'Well, can't you see the beautiful sanity of Ferguson?'

'No, I can't,' snapped Chantry. 'I think he was wrong, both in the begin-

ning and in the end. But I will admit he was not a coward. I respect him, but I do not think, at any point, he was right — except perhaps in "doing" the coroner.'

'That settles it, then,' said Havelock. And he started towards the door.

'Settles what, in heaven's name?'

'What I came to have settled. I shan't tell her. If I could have got one other decent citizen — and I confess you were my only chance — to agree with me that Ferguson was right, — right about his fellow passengers on the Argentina, right about towhead on the track, — I'd have gone to her, I think. I'd rather like to ruin her life, if I could.'

A great conviction approached Chantry just then. He felt the rush of it through his brain.

'No,' he cried. 'Ferguson loved her too much. He would n't like that — not as you'd put it to her.'

Havelock thought a moment. 'No,' he said in turn; but his 'no' was very humble. 'He would n't. I shall never do it. But, my God, how I wanted to!'

'And I'll tell you another thing, too.' Chantry's tone was curious. 'You may agree with Ferguson all you like; you may admire him as much as you say; but you, Havelock, would never have done what he did. Not even' — he lifted a hand against interruption — 'if you knew you had the brain you think Ferguson had. You'd have been at the bottom of the sea, or under the engine-wheels, and you know it.'

He folded his arms with a hint of truculence.

But Havelock the Dane, to Chantry's surprise, was meek. 'Yes,' he said, 'I know it. Now let me out of here.'

'Well, then,' — Chantry's voice rang out triumphant, — 'what does that prove?'

'Prove?' Havelock's great fist crashed down on the table. 'It proves that Ferguson's a better man than either of us. I can think straight, but he had the sand to act straight. You have n't even the sand to think straight. You and your reactionary rot! The world's moving, Chantry. Ferguson was ahead of it, beckoning. You're an ant that got caught in the machinery, I should n't wonder.'

'Oh, stow the rhetoric! We simply don't agree. It's happened before.' Chantry laughed scornfully. 'I tell you I respect him; but God Almighty would n't make me agree with him.'

'You're too mediaeval by half,' Havelock mused. 'Now, Ferguson was a knight of the future — a knight of Humanity.'

'Don't!' shouted Chantry. His nerves were beginning to feel the strain. 'Leave chivalry out of it. The Argentina business may or may not have been wisdom, but it certainly was n't cricket.'

'No,' said Havelock. 'Chess, rather. The game where chance has n't a show — the game of the intelligent future. That very irregular and disconcerting move of his. — And he got taken, you might say. She's an irresponsible beast, your queen.'

'Drop it, will you!' Then Chantry pulled himself together, a little ashamed. 'It's fearfully late. Better stop and dine.'

'No, thanks.' The big man opened the door of the room and rested a foot on the threshold. 'I feel like dining with some one who appreciates Ferguson.'

'I don't know where you'll find him.'

Chantry smiled and shook hands.

'Oh, I carry him about with me. Good-night,' said Havelock the Dane.

ENGLAND AND JAPAN

BY K. K. KAWAKAMI

I

NOTHING at this moment furnishes so much food for speculation as the new alignment of the powers likely to follow in the wake of Armageddon. Italy has dropped out of the *Dreibund*. From Berlin come whispers of a separate peace with Russia. In Petrograd mutterings have been heard of Russia's dissatisfaction with the way England has been treating her. In England the voice of disapproval of Japan's aggressive policy in China has been growing louder. Is this an indication of Downing Street's desire to break with Tokio when the treaty of alliance terminates in 1921?

In the Far East equally momentous developments are taking place. Japan has already entered into a new convention with Russia which may easily develop into an alliance. Will she couple the compact with an *entente* with Germany? Not a few Japanese writers and publicists have come forward with tributes to German efficiency and valor, while many Germans, on their side, have been urging the wisdom of making up with the Japanese. The German officers and men who capitulated to the Japanese at Tsingtau have been accorded the most courteous treatment ever since their arrival in Japan. As if to add significance to the incident, a section of the Japanese press began, soon after the fall of Tsingtau, to voice sentiments by no means flattering to England. Will Japan prove after the war so rash as to cut asunder the ties of al-

liance which have united her to England during the past twelve years?

To forecast the future of the Anglo-Japanese alliance it is essential to know something of its past. The first alliance, concluded on January 30, 1902, was of far greater significance than was realized by its authors. On the face of it, the treaty afforded Japan no tangible benefit. It partook rather of the nature of a shadowy assurance against attack. It simply prescribed that if either high contracting party should become involved in war with a third power, the other high contracting party should maintain a strict neutrality, and exercise its influence to prevent other powers from joining in hostilities against its ally. It was only in the event of a third power or powers joining in hostilities against either high contracting party that the other was required to come to its assistance. Now, the only power expected at the time to encroach upon Japan's rights was Russia. Since there was but little probability of any third power joining Russia in the event of a Russo-Japanese war, it was not thought likely that England would be called upon to render military assistance to Japan. Thus the risk run by Great Britain was very small.

The statesmanship of Lord Salisbury and Lord Lansdowne foresaw all this and more. A victorious Japan, in the fast-approaching war with Russia, meant the checkmating of the Russian advance in the Far East—that nightmare of British statesmen. Even if

Japan were defeated at the hands of the Muscovite, the Far-Eastern situation, so far as British interests were concerned, could not have become worse. Open-minded publicists of Great Britain have been frank enough to admit this advantage bestowed upon their country by the alliance. As Mr. Alfred Stead puts it:—

‘For Great Britain the gain, even before the Russian war, was much more substantial. British diplomacy assumed a new importance at Peking when backed by Japan, and, amongst other results, the Tibetan expedition was rendered possible. Since the beginning of the Russo-Japanese War, and the consequent revelation of Japan’s power, the advantages to British diplomacy in Europe have been very considerable. In fact, British foreign policy all over the world has been influenced and strengthened by the alliance. The destruction of the Baltic fleet enabled four British battleships to be sent home to play a very important part in the diplomatic crisis in Europe. We owe so much to our alliance that we should thank our lucky stars that Japan, the much-courted new power, paramount in the Far East, is anxious, not only to renew the alliance, but also to extend its scope.’

Was the treaty, then, a one-sided agreement? To be frank, the alliance did not accord Japan much material benefit. True, England financed Japan in her titanic struggle with Russia; but that would have been done anyway, even in the absence of the treaty of alliance. The real advantage that Japan received from the alliance was something that could not be spoken of in terms of dollars and cents.

The Anglo-Japanese alliance of 1902 was one of the most romantic incidents in the history of the nations. It was not merely an alliance between two nations, but a cementing of friendship be-

tween two hemispheres which had long appeared as if ordained by Providence to remain forever separated. It was the first union of the East with the West, the first recognition that an Asiatic nation was capable of rendering assistance to a foremost power of the Occident. The advantage thus gained by Japan was of necessity sentimental, but its significance was none the less great. Japan was definitely recognized as an important factor in world-politics and was accorded a place in the concourse of the world’s great powers. No longer was her voice to be ignored in the disposition of Far-Eastern questions.

The diplomatic feat accomplished by Lord Salisbury and Lord Lansdowne in concluding the alliance with Japan (coming as it did at the moment when the Kaiser was holding up before Europe the picture of the yellow peril) was particularly remarkable. The far-seeing English statesmen knew the ulterior motives of the astute monarch’s dramatic ‘appeal’ to Christendom, and refused to be beguiled or scared by his trumpeting of the Oriental menace. On the contrary, they saw in Japan’s sudden awakening and rapid progress great possibilities, not only for the advancement of England’s own interest, but for the regeneration of the Orient.

Japan’s brilliant victory over China, regarded as the sleeping Hercules of the East, was the event which first elicited British admiration. The excellent discipline and great efficiency displayed by Japanese officers and troops during the Boxer disturbance of 1900 intensified the respect already entertained by the Englishmen for the Japanese. In contrast to the lawlessness and brutalities of the troops from certain Christian countries, the humane conduct of the Mikado’s ‘heathen’ soldiers was indeed conspicuous. It was, therefore, not merely incidental that the Anglo-

Japanese alliance followed upon the heels of the Boxer troubles.

The first treaty of alliance was not a defensive and offensive alliance in the true sense of the term. In the war with Russia, upon which Japan staked her very existence, the instrument was useful to Japan only in so far as it assured England's moral support. It was only toward the end of the war that Great Britain came out squarely for an unqualified alliance, and agreed to cast her lot with Japan in the event of another war. The result was the second treaty of alliance, of August 12, 1905. In place of the lukewarm provision of the first treaty the new treaty contained the following definite article:—

'If by reason of unprovoked attack or aggressive action, wherever arising, on the part of any power or powers, either contracting party should be involved in war in defense of its territorial rights or special interests (in Eastern Asia and India), the other contracting party will at once come to the assistance of its ally, and will conduct the war in common, and make peace in mutual agreement with it.'

This new agreement was made public when the outcome of the peace conference at Portsmouth was quivering in the balance, with Japan anxious to end the war on honorable terms, Russia wishing to continue hostilities until she was in a position to dictate her own terms. It went into effect on the day it was signed. Had it not contained an article forestalling its application to the war then going on in Manchuria, the new alliance would have been employed as a lever to oblige Russia to accept peace terms more favorable to Japan than were actually agreed upon.

In the minds of many students of international affairs it remains a question why England insisted upon inserting in the new treaty such a clause of exemption, if she wished to be of real

service to Japan. Looking at the situation through the perspective of history, it is certain that England's main object in concluding the second treaty of alliance was to prepare against the rising tide of German power and influence which had begun to be strongly felt, not only in Europe, but in the Far East. To guard her interest in Tibet and India against the possible Russian advance was certainly not England's main purpose in renewing the alliance, though the world was made to believe that this was the *sine qua non* of the treaty. The British statesmen would have been surprisingly deficient in farsightedness had they failed to see that, thanks to Japan's firm stand in Manchuria, Russia had been sufficiently crippled to prevent, at least for a decade or so, the renewal of her vigorous movement toward India. They would indeed have been nearsighted had they not discerned the ominous situation arising out of Germany's rise in world-politics. In renewing the treaty of alliance with Japan England undoubtedly had in view such a calamity as she faces to-day, obliging her to remove her troops from Asia and to transfer her warships from Oriental to European waters. The part played by Germany in the Morocco incident and in the Balkan situation attests the above interpretation.

But the treaty, coming at the psychological moment when Japan needed foreign sympathy and encouragement most keenly, was welcomed in the Mikado's Empire with great enthusiasm and appreciation. The press was most effusive in praising England's chivalrous spirit in renewing the alliance, and believed that the new treaty was of no small influence in determining the Russian attitude at the peace conference. And indeed the alliance has exercised great influence in preventing Russia from waging a war of revenge against Japan.

II

The second treaty of alliance was to have remained in force for ten years, but circumstances compelled its revision four years before its termination. Upon the heels of its conclusion events followed one another in rapid succession. Korea had ceased to be a problem. British influence in Tibet had been firmly established. But the most important factor which necessitated its revision was the signal change that had come over the relationship between Japan and the United States.

Beginning with the now historic 'school incident' in San Francisco, the anti-Japanese agitation in California had become portentous enough to threaten the amicable relations between the two nations. The Japanese statesmen, of course, did not so much as dream of going to war on account of the California question, for they could easily foresee that war would never solve the immigration question. They would have been exceedingly stupid had they failed to realize that war with America presupposed the withdrawal of all the Japanese population from this country and the abandonment of all hope of sending any emigrants to these shores for many years after such a war.

And yet a small section of the press showed a propensity to exploit the California question to the detriment of the friendly relations which the two governments were anxious to maintain. This was where England's apprehension came in. Should Japan and the United States come to blows, would not England, as Japan's ally, be called upon to come to Japan's assistance? A careful examination of the preamble and articles of the Anglo-Japanese alliance was all that was needed to convince any one of the impossibility of applying the treaty to a war that might develop out of the immigration or Cali-

fornia question. But the feeling of uneasiness prevailing both in America and England was something that could not be ignored.

Consequently the Mikado's government thought it the part of wisdom to assure the United States and England that the Anglo-Japanese alliance could never be applied to an American-Japanese war. Thus, in the third treaty of alliance, signed on July 13, 1911, Japan agreed to insert the following article: 'Should either High Contracting Party conclude a treaty of general arbitration with a third Power, it is agreed that nothing in this agreement shall entail upon such contracting Power an obligation to go to war with the Power with whom such treaty of arbitration is in force.' Almost simultaneously the United States entered into a general arbitration treaty with Great Britain. To those who have the eyes to read, these instruments ought to be sufficient proof that Japan has no intention of dragging England into the war which many fire-eaters think unavoidable between Japan and the United States.

In renewing the treaty of alliance with Japan for the second time, Great Britain had, as in the case of the alliance of 1905, an eye upon Germany. So far as Russia was concerned, British interests in the Far East were no longer in danger. There is reason to believe that in 1911 or thereabouts the two European powers entered into an understanding defining their respective spheres of influence in Tibet and Mongolia. In the meantime, the Mikado's statesmen not only effectively checked the Russian advance on the China Sea, but succeeded, by dint of shrewd diplomacy, in healing the hurts Russia had been nursing after her defeat in Manchuria.

On the other hand, the German advance in China had now assumed such an ominous aspect that England had

begun to doubt the security of her position. Even when the smoke of battle was still hovering over the plains of Manchuria in 1905, the brilliant British writer on Chinese affairs, Mr. B. L. Simpson, clearly foresaw the approaching conflict of the German programme with the established British power in the Far East. He said:—

'The German programme [in China] is as clear as the light of day. In a few years another naval base somewhere in the region of Swatow will be required, and then, linked by a system of German railways, a huge slice of Northern, Central, and Southern China will be practically ruled from Berlin. It may seem nebulous and vague to those who sit in the darkness of blissful ignorance far away, but it is patent to those whose business it is to follow audacious Empire plans. Tientsin will mark the extreme northern limit of these ambitions; Kaifengfu the northwestern; Hankow the central west; and Swatow the extreme south. Including, therefore, great portions of nine or ten provinces of China, the German programme is so framed that it clashes directly with no other power in the world excepting England.'

Considered from the British side, therefore, the new Anglo-Japanese treaty of alliance was concluded chiefly with a view to forestalling possible German aggression both in China and Europe. Japan, on the other hand, considered the treaty to be of great value as a means of furthering friendly relations with Russia. Without the influence of the British alliance, it is open to question whether Japan could have succeeded as she did in reconciling Russia in so short a period after the war.

We have seen that the Anglo-Japanese alliance of 1911 was concluded with a view to preparing the two sea-powers against the portentous rise of Germany. They had in view just such a

case of emergency as the present war, wherein England might be enabled to remove her troops and men-of-war from the Orient, leaving the protection of that region to the Japanese. Japan was glad enough to enter into the compact, mainly because she saw a perpetual menace in the occupation of Kiauchow by a European power whose sovereign had long been actively engaged in prejudicing the whole Occident against Japan.

In the present titanic conflict, then, Japan's duty permits of no misconception. With the text of the treaty before us, we can readily understand why Japan joined hands with Great Britain in the present war. It is obviously England's right to call upon Japan for aid, while it is Japan's duty to respond to England's call. Read the Anglo-Japanese treaty of alliance carefully, and you will notice that *wherever* either high contracting party may be attacked by a third power the other high contracting party is required to come to its assistance *in the regions of the Far East*. The treaty does not say 'aggressive action in the Far East,' but 'aggressive action wherever arising.' The state of affairs described in the treaty had certainly come into existence by the time England asked for Japan's aid, and Japan could not shirk the responsibilities put upon her shoulders by the treaty.

It is amusing to see the American press indulging in all manner of allegations with regard to Japan's entry into the war. Friends of Germany claim that the tide of American sentiment turned against England the moment she called upon Japan to act. Why the American public should be reluctant to recognize Great Britain's obvious right to ask for Japan's aid is difficult to understand. Back of this much ado about nothing is perhaps racial prejudice. Had Japan been a Caucasian race, no

nation would have criticized England's act in calling upon her at such a moment of grave danger, and no one would have questioned Japan's right and duty to join hands with her ally. The plain fact is that Japan did not enter into the war without conferring with England 'fully and frankly.' For the information of prejudiced critics, it is necessary to put this fact on record.

On August 3, 1914, that is, the day before England declared war, Sir Conyngham Greene, British Ambassador to Japan, hurried back to Tokio from his summer villa and immediately requested an interview with Baron Kato, the Foreign Minister. At this conference the British Ambassador informed Baron Kato that his government was compelled to open hostilities against Germany and desired to ascertain whether Japan would aid England in the event of British interests in the Far East being jeopardized by German activities. Baron Kato answered that the question before him was so serious that he could not answer it on his own account.

On the evening of the same day, Count Okuma convened a meeting of all the Cabinet members. On August 4, Baron Kato, bearing the resolution made at this meeting, called upon the British Ambassador and told him that Japan would not evade the responsibilities which she had assumed in entering into alliance with England. At this time Japan did not expect to be called upon to aid England at once. But on August 7 the British Ambassador asked for an interview with Baron Kato and told him that the situation had developed in such a manner as would oblige Japan's immediate entrance into the war. On the evening of that day Premier Okuma requested the 'elder statesmen' and his colleagues in the Cabinet to assemble at his mansion. The conference lasted until two o'clock

the next morning. Before it adjourned Japan's policy had been definitely formulated.

The Japanese press is in all probability right when it says that Japan and England were obliged to act promptly in order to frustrate Germany's scheme to transfer Kiau-chow to the Chinese government before she was compelled to hand it over to Japan. Had Germany succeeded in carrying out this scheme she would still have enjoyed, by virtue of Article 5 of the Kiau-chow convention of 1898, the privilege of securing in some future time 'a more suitable territory' in China. This was exactly the condition which the Allies did not want established in China. If, on the other hand, Germany were forced to abandon Kiau-chow by a third power, either peacefully or by the arbitrament of the sword, China would no longer be under obligation to 'cede to Germany a more suitable place.'

III

In the present world-war, as during the preceding decade, the Anglo-Japanese alliance has proved to be of mutual advantage to the high contracting parties. Will it survive the great upheaval which is shaking Europe from its foundation? With Kiau-chow restored to Chinese sovereignty, and with Russia becoming more and more friendly toward Japan, has the *raison d'être* of the Anglo-Japanese alliance virtually ceased to exist? In a word, what will be the future of the alliance?

That its future depends largely upon Russia's attitude after the war seems inevitable. If, at the peace conference that is to follow the war, Russia is given what she has been coveting, she will continue to be friendly with Great Britain and will keep Germany at arm's length. In that case there is no reason why Japan should not renew the alli-

ance with England, though perhaps in more or less modified form. She has already entered into an *entente cordiale* with Russia. By renewing the alliance with England, she will become a party to a triangular combination and thus secure herself against the not improbable revenge of Germany. England, too, will be anxious to participate in such a combination, for she knows that she will have to bear the brunt of Germany's bitterest enmity for many years after the war.

If, on the other hand, Russia is dissatisfied with the outcome of the peace parley, and shows herself inclined to be reconciled with Germany, Japan will of necessity hesitate to continue the alliance with England on the same basis as hitherto; for it is a foregone conclusion that Japan will avoid, if she can possibly do so, another disastrous war with Russia, knowing that her resources are too limited to cope with Russia's tremendous potential power. Japan's present relationship with Russia is one of *entente cordiale*, and not one of alliance; for the recently concluded convention provides no mutual obligations of the high contracting parties to extend armed assistance to each other. On the contrary, the Anglo-Japanese alliance, in its present form, obliges either high contracting party to render armed assistance to the other in case either is involved in war, defending its territorial or special interests mentioned in the treaty. Should Russia and England cease to be friends as the result of the peace conference and eventually become involved in war, into which Germany might easily be drawn as Russia's ally, England, on the strength of the present alliance, would oblige Japan to open hostilities against Russia and Germany. The instinct of self-preservation must impel Japan to avoid such a disastrous course.

It is not unthinkable that Downing

Street views with some little uneasiness the growing friendship between Tokio and Petrograd. It is rumored that soon after the fall of Tsingtau Marquis Yamagata, dean of the elder statesmen of Japan, expressed himself in favor of entering into an alliance with Russia. His idea in urging such an alliance was, of course, to prepare against Germany's possible revenge. He entertained no thought of superseding the Anglo-Japanese alliance by an alliance with Russia. In official circles, however, it was feared that Great Britain would by no means be pleased if Japan were to take steps towards the conclusion of an alliance with Russia. This was undoubtedly the circumstance which caused much delay in the consummation of the new convention with Russia, which was to have been signed almost a year before. Count (now Marquis) Okuma, in a statement for the press, made it plain that the delay was due to the negotiation which had to be conducted with the British government.

There is no room to doubt that Japan has been fastidiously considerate of the susceptibilities of the British government — so much so, indeed, that a Tokio newspaper sarcastically inquires if Japan's foreign department is in Downing Street. Yet the alliance terminates in 1921. Will it be renewed, or will the two powers have come to the parting of the ways? The key is in Russia's hands. It does not take a prophet to foresee that Russia's attitude and disposition will be the determining factor in the realignment of the powers in the Far East.

Much has of late been said of Japanese discontent with the alliance with England. But the public has forgotten that before Japan began to complain of England's 'selfishness' many British newspapers and publicists had long been assailing Japan. As early as 1908 such men as Lord Stanhope and F. B.

Vrooman, and many others, openly attacked Japanese ambitions, and urged the readjustment of England's Far-Eastern policy. The same sentiment has been voiced in not a few English newspapers. At that time Japanese publicists and press made no reply to such expressions of unfriendliness. Japan's whole attention was turned to the recuperation of her energy and to the readjustment of her position in Manchuria. As she gradually recovered from the shock of the Russian war, however, she began to cast about and found that England's attitude towards her had been far from cordial.

But it was not until after the fall of Tsingtau that a few Japanese newspapers and publicists openly attacked the British policy in the Far East. The reader will recall that when Japan decided to enter into the war England dispatched a cruiser and a contingent of troops to participate in the siege of Tsingtau, the German stronghold in Kiau-chow. Officially Japan extended to them a cordial hand of welcome, but at heart she felt that England was intruding in a field where her assistance was not needed. The Japanese felt that their western ally must either be distrustful of them or entertain motives other than those of expediting the reduction of Tsingtau. No public comment was made to that effect, but the feeling was in the air.

Upon the fall of Tsingtau one or two newspapers in Tokio came out with the assertion that England, on the strength of the part she had played in the capture of Tsingtau, coveted the northern half of the Tientsin-Pukow line controlled by Germany. It was also rumored that she was averse to the extension of Japanese influence in Shantung, formerly Germany's sphere of influence. How true these statements were only those within the inner official circles at London and Tokio can tell.

The fact remains that they did no small injury to the cordial relations between the two nations.

In the celebrated Japanese demands presented to China in January, 1915, Japan expressed the 'wish' that China would grant her the privilege of constructing a railway connecting Wuchang with the Kiukiang-Nanchang line, in which considerable Japanese capital had been invested, as well as the railways between Nanchang and Hangchow and between Nanchang and Chaochow, provided that Great Britain would not object to the concession. These cities are in the Yangtse Valley, which England has long since staked out as her own sphere of influence. Whether England checkmated Japan's scheme to secure the above-named railway concessions is not known, but the significant fact was that the British press severely criticized that particular phase of the Japanese demands. At any rate, Japan failed to get the concessions.

Most Britishers in China are anti-Japanese. They believe that the Japanese are their inevitable rivals in the Far East, and cannot understand why their government should tie its hands by an alliance with Japan and render itself unable to check Japanese ambitions. They can see only the two billion dollars they have invested in China, and they resent the gradual incursions of Japanese trade into the field long monopolized by them. They often fail to see the situation in the broader light of international relations. What would have become of British prestige in the Orient had England, lending ear to the ill-considered counsels of her citizens in China, bade good-bye to Japan in 1911?

But this dog-in-the-manger attitude is not restricted to the Britishers. The Japanese entertain the same sentiment with regard to certain parts of China, notably Manchuria, where their in-

vestments amount to two hundred and fifty million dollars. The blame is on both sides. The idea of the exclusive 'sphere of influence' is pernicious and must be modified, if not abandoned. To one looking at the situation from a detached point of view, it seems incomprehensible that England cannot be more generous toward Japanese enterprise in the Yangtse Valley. The 'valley' has an area of 362,000 square miles; certainly England cannot monopolize such a vast territory in addition to Tibet, 533,000 square miles in area. One fails to understand why she should be reluctant to see Japan build there a few hundred miles of railway which would, after all, benefit her as much as Japan. In the Japanese sphere in South Manchuria, measuring 90,000 square miles, we know of no instance wherein British enterprise has been hindered by the Japanese. When in 1913 the British government, on behalf of the Anglo-Chinese Corporation, sounded the Japanese government as to whether objection would be made to the corporation's project to lay a railway between Kingchao and Chaoyang in Manchuria, Japan cheerfully indorsed the plan.

As for trade competition, no one should complain of his defeat so long as his successful rival observes the rules of sportsmanship. Despite all the unkind things that have been said about the Japanese, one must concede that their commercial success in China has been due largely to their perseverance, industry, agility, and frugality. You cannot succeed in business in the Orient by spending four hours a day in a luxurious office, devoting the rest of the time to golfing and dinners and social gatherings, while your Asiatic rivals

work fifteen hours or more every day and are satisfied with offices or shops which offer no personal comfort. And this is merely one of the many factors that enter into the reckoning.

The growing friendship between the natives of India and the Japanese has furnished another cause for suspicion, not to say irritation, on the part of England. It is nothing new that even *bona-fide* Japanese travelers and merchants in India are subjected to espionage by British officials. Not only have the Englishmen in India been suspicious of those Japanese likely to come in contact with the radical elements of the Hindu population, but they have also shown a propensity to exclude Japanese commercial enterprise from the country.

On the other hand, the Japanese see no reason why they should act as England's watchdog for India. Suppose India rose in rebellion while England's hands were full in Europe: would Japan be required to quell the insurrection by virtue of the alliance treaty? The provision of the existing treaty is not clear as to Japan's duty in such a case. Japan would undoubtedly prefer British rule in India to that of Germany or Russia, if the country had to be dominated by some European power; but the point is that she would be reluctant to take part in crushing the just aspiration of the Hindus for independence and freedom.

After all has been said and done, we might still have safely predicted the renewal of the alliance five years hence, had it not been for the difficulty of forecasting the *post-bellum* attitude of Russia. Once again we say, the key is in Russia's hands.

A HUNT FOR HOATZINS

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

LINES of gray, plunging tropic rain slanted across the whole world. Outward-curving waves of red mud lost themselves in the steady downpour beyond the guards on the motor-car of the Inspector of Police. It is surprising to think how many times and in what a multitude of places I have been indebted to inspectors of police. In New York the average visitor would never think of meeting that official except under extraordinary and perhaps compromising circumstances; but in tropical British possessions the head of the police combines with his requisite large quantity of gold lace and tact a delightful way of placing visitors, and especially those of serious scientific intent, under considerable obligation. So my present Inspector of Police, at an official banquet the preceding evening, had insisted that I travel along the sea-front of Guiana — betwixt muddy salt water and cane-fields — in his car. But an inspector of police is not necessarily a weather prophet, and now the close-drawn curtains forbade any view, so it was decided that I tranship to the single daily train.

Three times I had to pass the ticket-collector at the station to see after my luggage, and three times a large clover-leaf was punched out of my exceedingly small bit of pasteboard. A can of formaline still eluded me, but I looked dubiously at my limp tray of clubs. Like a soggy gingersnap, it drooped with its own weight, and the chances

seemed about even whether another trip past the hopelessly conscientious coolie gateman would find me with a totally dismembered ticket or an asymmetrical four of clubs of lace-like consistency. I forebore, and walking to the end of the platform, looked out at a long line of feathery cocoanut-palms, pasteled by the intervening rain. They were silhouetted in a station aperture of corrugated iron, of all building materials the most hideous; but the aperture was of that most graceful of all shapes, a Moorish arch.

Neither my color nor my caste, in this ultra-democratic country, forced me to travel first-class, but that necessary, unwritten distinction, felt so keenly wherever there is a mingling of race, compelled me to step into a deserted car upholstered in soiled dusty blue. I regretted that I must 'save my face,' as a Chinaman would say, and not sit on the greasy bare boards of the second-class coach, where fascinating coolie persons sat, squatting on the seats with their heads mixed up with their knees. Desire, prompted by interest and curiosity, drew me to them, and frequently I got up and walked past, listening to the subdued clink of silver bracelets and anklets, and sniffing the wisps of ghee and curry and hemp which drifted out. Nose-rings flashed, and in the dim station light I caught faint gleams of pastel scarves — sea-green and rose. I longed for Kim's disguise, but I knew that before many stations were passed the concentration of mingled odors would have driven me back to my soli-

tude. Perhaps the chief joy of it all lay in the vignettes of memory which it aroused: that unbelievable hot midnight at Agra; the glimpse of sheer Paradise in a sunrise on the slopes of Kinchinjunga; the odors of a caravan headed for the Khyber Pass.

When I returned to my coach I found I was to have company. A stout — no, exceedingly fat — bespectacled gentleman, with pigment of ebony, and arrayed in full evening dress and high hat, was guarding a small dilapidated suitcase, and glaring at him across the aisle was a man of chocolate hue, with the straight black hair of the East Indian and the high cheek-bones and slanting eyes of the Mongolian. His dress was a black suit of heavy Scotch plaid, waistcoat and all, with diamonds and loud tie, and a monocle which he did not attempt to use. Far off in the distant corner lounged a bronzed planter in comfortable muddy clothes. But we three upheld the prestige of the west end of the carriage.

Soon, impelled by the great heat, I removed my coat and was looked at askance; but I was the only comfortable one of the three. With the planter I should have liked to converse, but with those who sat near I held no communication. I could think of them only as insincere imitators of customs wholly unadapted to their present lives and country. I could have respected them so much more if they had clad themselves in cool white duck. I hold that a man is not worth knowing who will endure excessive tropical heat, perspiring at every pore, because his pride demands a waistcoat and coat of thickest woolen material, which would have been comfortable in a blizzard. So I went out again to look at the coolies with their honest garb of draped linen, and they seemed more sincere and worthy of acquaintance.

We started at last, and only a few

miles of glistening track had passed beneath us when, finally, proof of the complete schism between police and weather bureaus became evident: the fresh trade-wind dispersed the rain! The clouds remained, however — low, swirling masses of ashy-blue, billowing out like smoke from a bursting shell, or fraying in pale gray tatters, tangling the fronds of lofty palms. For the rest of the day the light came from the horizon — a thrillingly weird, indirect illumination, which lent vividness and intensity to every view. The world was scoured clean, the air cleansed of every particle of dust, while the clouds lent a cool freshness wholly untropical, and hour after hour the splendid savannah lands of the coast of Guiana slipped past, as we rumbled swiftly southward along the entire shore-front.

At first we passed close to the sea, and this was the most exciting part of the trip. In places the dikes had given way and the turbulent muddy waters had swept inland over rice and cane-fields, submerging in one implacable tide the labor of years. A new dike, of mud and timbers and sweet-smelling hurdles of black sage, had been erected at the roadside, and past this went all traffic. Now and then an automobile had to slow up until a great wave broke, and then dash at full speed across the danger-spot. In spite of the swiftness, the wind-flung spray of the next wave would drench the occupants. The lowering sea-water glistened among the sickly plants, and strange fish troubled the salty pools as they sought uneasily for an outlet to the ocean. A flock of skimmers looked wholly out of place driving past a clump of bamboos.

Then the roadbed shifted inland, and lines of patient, humped zebus trailed slowly from their sheds — sheds of larger size and better built than the huts of their owners. These open-work homes were so picturesque and unobtrusive;

they fitted into the landscape as if, like the palms, they had come into being through years of quiet assimilation of water and warmth. Their walls were of mud, adobe, mere casual upliftings of the sticky soil which glistened in every direction. Their roofs were of *trooly*-palm fronds, brown and withered, as though they had dropped from invisible trees high overhead. Like the coolies themselves, the houses offered no note of discord.

I had just come from the deep jungle of the interior with its varying lights and shadows, its myriad color-grades, pastel, neutral in quality. Here was boldness of stroke, sharpness of outline, strength of pigment. All the dominant tones of this newly washed coastal region were distinct and incisive. Clear-cut silhouettes of vultures and black witch-birds were hunched on fence-posts and shrubs. Egrets, like manikins cut from the whitest of celluloid, shone as far as the eye could see them. As if the rain had dissolved and washed away every mixed shade and hue, the eye registered only flaming, clashing colors: great flocks of birds black as night, save for a glowing scarlet gorget; other black birds with heads of shining gold, flashing as the filigree nose-beads flash against the rich dark skin of the coolies.

Like the colors, the sounds were individualized by sharpness of tone, incisiveness of utterance. The violent cries of flycatchers cleft the air, and, swiftly as we passed, struck on my ear fair and strong. The notes of the blackbirds were harmonious shafts of sound, cleaving the air like the whistle of the meadowlark. Hawks with plumage of bright cinnamon and cream hurled crisp, piercing shrieks at the train. Only the vultures, strung like ebony beads along the fronds of the cocoanut-palms, spread their wings to dry, and dumbly craned their necks down as we passed.

Past Mahaica and Abary we rushed, the world about us a sliding carpet of all the emerald tints in the universe. And just as the last tint had been used up and I knew there must be some repetition, the clouds split and a ray of pure sunlight shot through the clear air and lit up a field of growing rice with living green of a still newer hue, an unearthly concentrated essence of emerald which was comparable to nothing but sprouting rice in rain-washed sunlight. Whether this be on the hot coast-lands of Java, in tiny sod-banked terraces far up on the slopes of Dehra Dun, or in the shadow of Fuji itself, makes no manner of difference. The miracle of color never fails.

Trees were so rare that one was compelled to take notice of them. High above the bamboos, high above even those arboreal towers of Pisa, the cocoanut-palms, rose the majestic silk-cotton trees, bare of leaves at this season, with great branches shooting out at breathless heights. Like strange gourd-like fruit, three sizes of nests hung pendant from these lofty boughs: short, scattered purses of yellow orioles, colonied clusters of the long pouches of yellow-backed *bunyahs*, and, finally, the great, graceful woven trumpets of the giant black caciques, rarely beautiful, and, like the trees, scarce enough to catch and hold the eye. The groves of cocoanut-palms, like a hundred enormous green rockets ever bursting in mid-air, checkered the sunlight, which sifted through and was made rosy by a host of lotus blooms beneath. Then the scene changed in a few yards, and low, untropical shrubs filled the background, while at our feet rose rank upon rank of cat-tails, and we might be passing across the Jersey meadows.

Each little station was the focus of a world of its own. Coolies and blacks excitedly hustled to place on board their contribution to the world's commerce:

—tomatoes no larger than cherries, in beautifully woven baskets; a crate of chickens or young turkeys; a live sheep protesting and entangled in the spokes of an old-fashioned bicycle; a box of fish, flashing silver and old rose. Some had only a single bundle of fodder to offer. At one station, quaintly named De Kinderen, a clear-faced coolie boy pushed a small bunch of plantains into the freight van, then sat on the steps. As the train started to move he settled himself as if for a long ride, and for a second or two closed his eyes. Then he opened them, climbed down, and swung off into the last bit of clearing. His face was sober, not a-smile at a thoughtless lark. I looked at his little back as he trudged toward his home, and wondered what desire for travel, for a glimpse of the world, was back of it all. And I wished that I could have asked him about it and taken him with me. This little narrow-gauge link with the outside world perhaps scatters heartaches as well as shekels along its right of way.

I was watching a flock of giant *anis*, which bubbled cheerfully on their slow flight across the fields, when a wide expanse of water blocked our way, and we drew up at the bank of the Berbice River.

II

In the course of five days at New Amsterdam we achieved our object. We found hoatzins, their nests, eggs, and young, and perpetuated in photographs their wonderful habits handed down through all the ages past, from the time when reptiles were the dominant beings, and birds and mammals crept about, understudying their rôle to come, as yet uncertain of themselves and their heritage. When we needed it the sun broke through the rain and shone brightly; when our lenses were ready, the baby hoatzins ran the gamut

of their achievements. They crept on all fours, they climbed with fingers and toes, they dived headlong, and swam as skillfully as any *Hesperornis* of old. This was, and I think always will be, to me, the most wonderful sight in the world. To see a tiny living bird duplicate within a few minutes the processes which, evolved slowly through uncounted years, have at last culminated in the world of birds as we find it to-day — this is impressive beyond words. No poem, no picture, no terrible danger, no sight of men killed or injured has ever affected me as profoundly as this.

Thus the primary object of the trip was accomplished. But that is a poor expedition indeed which does not yield another hundred per cent in oblique values, of things seen out of the corner of one's eyes.

If one is an official or an accredited visitor to Berbice, the Colony House is placed at one's service. I am sure that it is quite the ugliest of all colony houses, and surrounded by what I am equally sure is one of the most beautiful of tropical gardens. If Berbice held no other attraction it would be worth visiting to see this garden. The first floor of Colony House is offices, the second is the Supreme Court, and when I peeped in I saw there were three occupants — a great yellow cat curled up in the judge's chair, and two huge toads solemnly regarding each other from the witness-box and the aisle.

Three stories in Guiana constitute a skyscraper, and that night I slept on a level with the palm-fronds. It was a house of a thousand sounds. During the day hosts of carpenters tore off uncountable shingles devastated by white ants. Two antithetical black maids attended noisily but skillfully to all my wants. At night, cats and frogs divided the vocal watches, and a patient dog never tired of rolling the garbage-can downstairs past the Supreme Court to

the first floor. I thought of this at first as some strange canine rite, a thing which Alice could have explained with ease, or which to Seumas and to Brigid would have appeared reasonable and fitting. I used to wait for it before I went to sleep, knowing that comparative silence would follow. I discovered later that this intelligent dog had learned that, by nudging the can off the top step, the cover would become dislodged at about the level of the Supreme Court, and from there to the government offices he could then spend a night of gastronomic joy, gradually descending to the level of the entrance.

A kind planter put me up at the club, the usual colonial institution where one may play bridge or billiards, drink swizzles, or read war telegrams 'delayed in transit.' These were the usual things to do, daily duties, timed almost regularly by the kiskadees' frantic farewell to the day or the dodging of the first vampire among the electric-light bulbs. But in this exciting country, with hoatzins asleep within a half-mile, I could not bring my mind to any of these things, and wandered about, idly turning the leaves of dull periodicals, looking at cases of cues and the unfinished records of past billiard tournaments, yellowed with age. The steward approached timidly.

'Would the sahib like to see the library?'

Yes, the sahib decidedly would. We climbed the stairs, creaking as if they complained at the unaccustomed weight of footsteps, to the upper room of the club. It was large, barn-like in its vacantness, with a few little tables, each surrounded by a group of chairs, like chickens crowded about a hen. The walls were lined with books and there was an atmosphere about the room which took hold of me at once. I could not identify it with any previous experience, certainly not with the libraries of

Georgetown in which I had spent days. This was something subtle, something which had to discover itself. The steward led me proudly about, making it plain that his affection was here rather than with the mixing of swizzles below. No, he had never read any of them, but he would feel honored if I found any pleasure in them and would condescend to borrow one. He seemed rather emphatic on this point; he especially desired that I take one to Colony House. Then he left me.

The books were without a speck of dust, each volume in its place and aligned with precision. Little by little, as I made my round, nibbling at a book here and there, the secret of the place came to me: it was a library of the past, a dead library. There seemed something uncanny, something unreal about it. Here were hundreds of books, there tables and chairs, but no one ever used them. Yet it was in the centre of a large town just above the most frequented gathering-place. More than this, the library itself was obsolete. No volume had been added for many years. Most of them were old, old tomes, richly bound in leather and tree calf. Nearly all were strange to me — little-known histories and charmingly naïve 'Conversations' and memoirs of generations ago. They were delicately, gracefully worded, many of them; one could feel the lace and velvet of the sleeve which had touched them; the subtle musty odors of the yellowed page and crumbling leather seemed tinged with faint, strange perfumes. It was astounding and very affecting, and my interest increased with every minute.

The evening chorus of the tropical night had commenced outside, and a glance out of the window showed a network of motionless fronds dimly outlined against the rose-colored clouds over the waters of the Berbice. Below I heard the soft click of billiard balls.

Then I returned to the books. Their rich bindings were falling apart, musty, worm-eaten, many held together only by a string. It was as if I had entered the richly filled library of some old manor-house which had been sealed up for two-score years, and yet kept lovingly dusted. It was this sense of constant care which served to emphasize the weird isolation, the uncanny desolation.

I glanced at *Lives of the Lindsays*, by Lord Lindsay, a work of sixty-five years ago, unknown to me, quaint and delightful. This rubbed covers with Lockhart's *Life of Scott*. On another shelf I recall *The Colloquies of Edward Osborne, Citizen and Clothmaker of London*, which held me until I knew that the Colony House dog would get all of my dinner if I did not start homewards. The next volume to this was a friend, Thiers's *The Consulate and the Empire*. Then I walked past stacks of old-fashioned novels, nearly all in three volumes. Their names were strange, and I suppose they would prove deadly reading to our generation; but I am sure that in their day they fascinated many eyes reading by the flickering light of tapers and rushes. And even now they stood bravely alongside Dickens and Scott.

Finally I reached up to the highest row and chose one of a series of heavy tomes whose titles had completely fallen away with age and climate. I untied the binding string, opened at random and read thus:—

'It is vain, then, any longer to insist on variations of organic structure being the result of habits or circumstances. Nothing has been elongated, shortened or modified, either by external causes or internal volition; all that has been changed has been changed suddenly, and has left nothing but wrecks behind it, to advertise us of its former existence.'

Thus wrote the Baron Cuvier many

years ago. And this brought me back to reality, and my study of those living fossils now asleep in the neighboring *bundari* thorn-bushes, whose nestlings so completely refute the good baron's thesis.

As I reached the door I selected a volume at random to take back to Colony House. I put out the lights and turned a moment to look about. The platinum wires still glowed dully, and weak moonlight now filled the room with a silver grayness. I wondered whether, in the magic of some of these tropical nights, when the last ball had been pocketed and the last swizzle drunk belowstairs, some of the book-lovers of olden times, who had read these volumes and turned down the creased pages, did not return and again laugh and cry over them. There was no inharmonious note: no thrilling short stories, no gaudy chromatic bindings, no slangy terse titles, no magazines or newspapers. Such gentlefolk as came could have sat there and listened to the crickets and the occasional cry of a distant heron and have been untroubled by the consciousness of any passage of time.

I learned that this Library Club had been the oldest in the West Indies, founded about three quarters of a century ago. It had long ceased to exist, and no one ever disturbed the quietness of the gradual dissolution of this admirable collection of old works. I walked slowly back, thinking of the strange contrast between what I had seen and the unlovely, commercialized buildings along the street. I was startled from my reverie by the challenge of the sentry, and for a moment could not think what to answer. I had well-nigh forgotten my own personality in the vividness of the stately early Victorian atmosphere.

Long after the Colony House dog had noisily announced the beginning of

his nocturnal feast, I lay behind my net poring over the *Memoirs of the Lady Hester Stanhope*, as related by herself in conversations with her physician, comprising her opinions and anecdotes of some most remarkable persons, and I came to the conclusion that by far the most remarkable of them all was Lady Hester herself.

Berbice, we were told by residents elsewhere, was behind the times. I found it up to date, colonially speaking, and, indeed, possessing certain ideas and ideals which might advantageously be dispersed throughout the colony. But New Amsterdam, with all its commercial hardness of outline and sordid back streets, flashed out in strangely atavistic touches now and then; a sort of quintessence of out-of-dateness which no inhabitant suspected, and which was incapable of legislative change. First, there were the hoatzins, hinting of æons of years ago; then, the library, which preserved so perfectly the atmosphere of our great grandparents. And now, as I left the compound of Colony House in the early morning, I watched with fascination a coolie woman bearing a great bundle of loosely bound faggots on her head. As she walked, they kept dropping out, and instead of leaning down or squatting and so endangering the equilibrium of all the rest, she simply shifted her weight to one foot, and felt about with the other. When it encountered the fallen stick, the big toe uncannily separated and curled about it, and she instantly bent her knee, passed up the stick to her hand and thence to the bundle again. It surpassed anything I have seen among savages—the hand-like mobility of that coolie woman's toes. And I thought that, if she was a woman of Simla or of the Western Ghats, then my belief in the Siwalik origin of mankind was irrevocable!

It seemed as if I could not escape

from the spell of the past. I walked down to a dilapidated stelling to photograph a mob of vultures, and there found a small circle of fisherfolk cleaning their catch. They were wild-looking negroes and coolies, half-naked, and grunting with the exertion of their work. A glance at the fish again drove me from Berbice into ages long gone by. Armored catfish they were, reminiscent of the piscine glories of Devonian times—uncouth creatures, with outrageously long feelers and tentacles, misplaced fins, and mostly ensconced in bony armor, sculptured and embossed with designs in low relief. I watched with half-closed eyes the fretted shadows of the palms playing over the glistening black bodies of the men, and the spell of the strange fish seemed to shift the whole scene centuries, tens of centuries, backward.

The fish, attractive in the thought suggested by their ancient armor, were quite unlovely in their present surroundings. Piles of them were lying about in the hot sun, under a humming mass of flies, awaiting their unhurried transit to the general market. When the fishermen had collected a quantity of heads, apparently the chief portions considered inedible, these were scraped off the stelling to the mud beneath. At this there arose a monstrous hissing and a whistle of wings, and a cloud of black vultures descended with a rush and roar from surrounding roofs and trees.

While watching and photographing them, I saw an antithesis of bird-life such as I had never imagined. The score of vultures fought and tore and slid about in the black noisome mud exposed by the low tide. Sometimes they were almost back downward—fairly slithering through the muck to seize some shred of fish, hissing venomously; and at last spreading filthy, mud-dripping pinions to flap heavily away a few

paces. In disgust at the sight and sound and odor, I started to turn back, when, in the air just above the fighting mass, within reach of the flying mud, poised a hummingbird, clean and fresh as a rain-washed blossom. With cap of gold and gorget of copper, this smallest, most ethereal, and daintiest of birds hung balanced just above the most offensive of avian sights. My day threatened to be one of emotion instead of science.

Berbice vouchsafed one more surprise, a memory from the past which appeared and vanished in an instant. One of the most delightful of men was taking me out to where the hoatzins lived. We went in his car, which, and I use his own simile, was as truly a relic as anything I have mentioned. I have been in one-horse shays. I have ridden for miles in a Calcutta gharry. I was now in a one-cylinder knockabout which in every way lived up to its name. It was only after a considerable time that I felt assured that the mud-guards and wheels were not on the point of leaving us. When I had also become accustomed to the clatter and bang of loose machinery I was once more able to look around. I had become fairly familiar with the various racial types of Guiana, and with some accuracy I could distinguish the more apparent strains. Halfway through the town we passed three girls, one a coolie, the second dominantly negroid, while the third showed the delicate profile, the subtle color, the unmistakable physiognomy of a Syrian. She might have posed for the finest of the sculptures on a Babylonian wall. I turned in astonishment to my host, who explained that years ago some Syrian peddlers had come this way, remained, prospered, and sent for their wives. Now their children had affiliated with the other varied types—affiliated in language and ideas perhaps, but not, in one case at least, at

the expense of purity of facial lineament of race.

III

As I have said, success with the hoatzins came swiftly and completely. We had discovered a few nests with young birds of just the right age and in positions which left nothing to be desired. Yet when a jovial Scotch manager came with news that one of his coolies knew of colonies of hundreds of breeding *anaquas*, we decided to take the whole of the proverbial cake instead of being satisfied with our generous slice. So we made all preparations and left Colony House early one morning.

To be equal to the occasion we went in full force, with two servants, an Indian and a black, and an automobile full of duffle, guns, nets to catch the young birds, glasses, notebooks, gamebags, and ropes. As usual it poured in torrents at daybreak but cleared somewhat as we started. A reckless Creole driver hurled our tiny Ford through deep puddles and around corners, and we rocked and skidded and splashed, and were forever just grazing coolies and their carts.

A land of a thousand surprises! We stopped a moment at the lunatic asylum to borrow an axe, and it was presently brought to us by a smiling, kindly old coolie inmate, who kept murmuring Hindustani to himself. As we drove on, a gigantic black man appeared on the ridgepole of the highest building and, stark naked, rushed aimlessly back and forth, stamping gleefully on the corrugated iron, and chanting as he stamped. We gazed on the axe and for once did not chide the driver in his reckless progress.

With relief we reached the bridge, where our Scotch friend had kindly provided mule, rope, boat, and coolies. We waited for a while, but as the downpour showed no signs of abating, we

started on one of the wildest, weirdest journeys I have ever taken. The trench was narrow and deep, the boat was overladen, the banks were erratic, the mule was fractious, and the coolies were extremely unskillful. For the first half-mile the trench was crowded with great dreadnaughts of iron cane-boats, wholly irresponsible in position and movements. In places our speed caused a troubling of the water far ahead, and this now and again swung a cane-barge directly across our path. Again and again the stern of our boat would develop a sentient mind of its own and swirl ahead. Then followed a chorus of yells at the mule-boy, and a nervous half-rising in the boat, and a still more terrible silence, broken at last by a crash—hollow and echoing if we struck a cane-barge, splintering if against a log or stump. The boat would tip, several gallons of water pour in, and then there became audible our minute and detailed opinions of coolies and mules in general and ours in particular.

Of course every one who came between our mule and the bank had to flee, or else was scraped into the trench by the rope; and we left in our wake knots of discomfited coolie women who had been washing themselves or their clothes and who had to escape at the last moment. Calves were a source of intense excitement, and their gambols and intricate manipulations of our rope would have been highly amusing if the result of each encounter had not been mixed up so acutely with our own fate. I sat crouched down, a water-soaked mound of misery. Miserable, for I was still partly dry, having on the only raincoat, for the purpose of protecting our precious camera. Water ran up hill that morning, seeking out crevices and button-holes by which to penetrate to my person and to the leather-covered box which was so precious.

Things went better after we made

the discovery that we were progressing bow-hindmost. And all the time the rain poured down, and coolie women and girls plodded drearily by to work. We landed finally and, in despair of photography, I cached the camera beneath a slanting tree. Then we began a tramp through all the mud in the world. There is only one place where the mud is deeper and more sticky than by a sugar-plantation trench, and that is on the dividing dikes of a Chinese rice-field. We slipped and slid, and when our shoes became too heavy to lift, we dabbled them in the trench and washed them. In brief intervals of less heavy rain we watched passing herons and hawks, while giant *anis* bubbled and grunted in surprise at our procession.

At last the never-to-be-forgotten hoarse gutturals of hoatzins came to our ears, and dimly through the rain we saw one small branchful of four birds, hunched up with drenched plumage. Two others were posed as rain-worshippers—rufous wings widespread, heads stretched out, welcoming the sheets of water which poured over them. Their wild crests, though sodden and glued together, were still erect, dripping and swaying. We encircled the clump of trees and found deep canals and trenches on all sides. We shot one bird, which, true to its reptilian nature, spread both wings, locked its flight feathers among the twists of a liana tangle, and there hung suspended out of reach.

A strange coolie now appeared out of the mist and promised many, many, many *anaquas* 'not too far' beyond. We shook the wet from our hat-brims, squeezed it from our shoes, and plodded on. The cane-fields seemed never-ending, always separated by lily-covered trenches. Then came half-swampy expanses with scattered trees. Careful search revealed another half-dozen hoatzins, sheltered among the dense foliage of the tallest tree. No nests were

visible, and the rain was so heavy that we could not look upward. In the midst of the vague expanse of this dreary world a rootie spine-tail perched in a tree and sang three notes. We shot him because we could think of no other way at that moment of relieving our feelings. Then we had a reaction, almost hysterical, and the coolies murmured, '*Padliadme*' (madmen), and we laughed again and started homeward. We chaffed the coolies until they were embarrassed; we slid into the deepest holes we could find. We made set speeches on the dampness of sugar-plantations, on tropical weather, and especially on the veracity of the indentured inhabitants of India. It was all as good-natured as it sounded, for, after all, had we not already found the birds ourselves and obtained our notes and photographs?

Then we discussed the psychology of rain and of getting wet, and I arrived at the following conclusions, which are true ones. Once drenched to the skin in the tropics, all discomfort is gone. One simply squdges around in the blissful knowledge that all the mud and water in the world can now arouse no feeling of discomfort. One has simply been translated to a new world of elements, a new cosmos of sensation. And as with most such transmigrations, it is only the shifting which is disagreeable. As long as a shred of clothing is dry, we think of it and worry about it, and endeavor to keep it dry, and shrink from the clammy touch of partly sodden

foot-wear. Once we slip into a trench, the rain becomes only a pleasant tapping on one's shoulders, a rhythmical, liquid vibration. With all fear eliminated, water and mud become no more unpleasant than air and earth. So our plantation expedition, like Gaul, may be divided into three parts: first, a thrilling, dangerous, expectant phase; a brief second period of thoroughly disappointing revelation; third, a jolly, unscientific, and wholly hilarious finale. These are the trips which no explorer or traveler mentions, because there are no tangible returns. But it is seldom that any expedition, however barren of direct results, cannot be made to yield some viewpoint of interest.

The sun had just risen when the little ferryboat left the stelling on its way to the railway station on the opposite bank of the river. Half of the jungle across the Berbice was dark, dark green, almost black, with a fragment of rainbow hung obliquely above it, tangled in blue-black clouds. A little way up-river the level sun's rays struck fairly, and the rounded, cloud-like billows of foliage were of palest sage-green. Our shore was all one blatant glare, flooded already with the violent light of a tropical day. Against the black Berbice cloud a hundred fork-tailed flycatchers flashed and vanished alternately, as they swerved and careened. Steadily across its threatening face was drawn a single line of scarlet — a score of ibises glowing like the essence of rubies.

THE SECOND COMING OF ART

BY RALPH ADAMS CRAM

I

THE title is a challenge. There are those who will say, 'How can you talk of art, while hell establishes its dominion over all the world; while millions of lives are being crushed out under the reeking wheels of a new Juggernaut; while old art is crumbling under the red blast of insane devastation; while civilization itself is vanishing before our eyes? How can you talk of art, when there is nothing in the world but blood and tears, and the dominion of a blind and hateful savagery?'

Others will say, 'How can you talk of a second coming of art since we ourselves, if memory runs to the space of a generation, have seen art break down in shameful degeneration until it disappeared in the murk of silly substitutions? We have seen the arts degraded and debased, as sometimes has happened before, but also we have seen them end, as never has happened before. And this while civilization was at its highest point; while wealth and luxury, ease and plenty were supreme, and our triumph over the forces of nature, our emancipation from the theological, philosophical, political, and social heritage of the past, were of a degree that made this same past but a sequence of linked events in the Dark Ages. Since art died under this victory, that now reveals itself as ignominious defeat, how can you talk of art as a future possibility, while the world we have built falls in ruins around us, and beyond a peace now infinitely far away

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lies only the long nightmare of international bankruptcy and universal hate?'

With both these positions I have some sympathy; but in spite of the truths they express, — indeed, because of them, — I say that never before has there been a greater hope for the future of art, just as never before was there an era so inimical (and ultimately fatal) to art as our own 'Age of Progress and Enlightenment.'

Is there any one in the whole civilized world, is there any one even in the Teutonic Empires themselves, who does not know that we are in the midst of a world-change that means the definitive downfall of all that that same century of Enlightenment has stood for, and the coming in of a new era as different as Mediævalism was from the Dark Ages, as the Renaissance from Mediævalism? It is true that all the arts perished *as vital forces* between 1780 and 1914; some early and suddenly, as architecture, some lingeringly and late, as music and poetry; none, however, passed the magical, if arbitrary, barrier of the twentieth century, and when we hailed its coming we welcomed a century in which, so long as it continued on the course predetermined for it, art could have no place.

And now, before the ending of its first quarter, the doom of this century is sealed. Instead of being the progressive and splendid fruition of the nineteenth century, it becomes that universal battlefield whereon is destined to perish more than armies, more than the hoarded wealth of nations. It is

the death-bed of an epoch of five centuries. The war came that we might see shaken before us, for our shame and our humiliation, the things we had followed with a fatuous devotion, now revealed in all their sordid character; that we might make our choice between opposed ideals and methods, and so determine for ourselves whether the next era was to be a new and better Renaissance or a new and more terrible Dark Ages; that we might reëstimate our religion, philosophy, and conduct of life, and, if we were wise, establish a new standard of comparative values. The war came that the world might be made over, in every large and every little thing; and so it is happening even as it was ordained. Already we have come to look on all things with different eyes. Our cosmos swiftly disintegrates into its original chaos. The only thing that still remains fixed is the conviction that when the war is over it will leave, for those who survive to inherit it, a different world, and one as widely severed from its predecessor of our earlier memory, as was the era of the Dark Ages from that of Imperial Rome.

Now this catastrophic process of change has already made futile the word 'contemporary,' in so far as this implies anything approaching generality, in every category of life. Dogmas crumble, convictions give way, principles are in dizzy flux; even the dissolving groups that two years ago gave a semblance of coördination now resolve themselves into their component parts, and there is nothing contemporaneous save chaos.

Because, therefore, the next epoch must be absolutely different from the one now sinking to its ghastly close, we may take heart of hope since, while the new estate of the world may be worse than the last, it may also be better, and the decision lies in our hands. It is inconceivable that millions of lives have

been given in vain; inconceivable that by some treaty written on a 'scrap of paper' we shall return to the *status quo* and all will go on as before; inconceivable that we shall learn nothing of the lesson now set us, and that therefore we shall act as Rome acted under the assaults of the Germanic barbarians, until one war after another destroys even the memory of modern civilization, and once more the Dark Ages settle on the world for another five centuries. The blood of the battle-fields of Europe has not been spilled in vain, but for the saving of nations; and they shall be saved. So the old succession will be restored, and after this unhappy episode of the last century the sequence will be reëstablished and life once more take on that quality which will express its best in the form of art.

II

In considering the possible new art we deal with differences. What may be will not come into being because of any acceleration, any intensification of what immediately has been, but because that, whatever its nature, has been cut short, and something wholly new has taken its place. Here is our only hope for culture and civilization as well as for art. Clearly we cannot enter on a detailed consideration of those vast and far-reaching changes that must come in the whole body of our thought and action and theory, for this would take, not an essay, but a volume. We can, however, consider our contemporary ideals, or rather prejudices, in the arts, and so deduce some conclusions as to the line the changes must follow.

But how shall we speak of 'contemporary' ideals in art? There were such prior to the first of August, 1914, perhaps, though their name was legion, their antagonism conspicuous, and it

would require courage to attribute to some of them ideal quality. There may be such again; indeed, there must be, if history continues except as the drab annals of barbarism. But what of today, of this purgatorial period now two years old that intervenes between one definite epoch and another, yet is in itself but an interlude of destruction? Of course, in those vain lands of the neuters of Laodicea, where the war is a word and a rumor only and a cause of riches and a pretext for much writing, the 'ideals,' if we may call them such, of what was held to be art in the old days before the great change began, still maintain a pale continuance. We know, however, that they would vanish at the first breath of reality, at the first touch of action, and they need hardly detain us with the tale of their own insecurity. Elsewhere, in those lands where the future is being forged on the red-hot anvils of the present, there is no art, no 'contemporary' ideals of art, nor should there be any until the miracle of regeneration is accomplished. Art is not a product, but a by-product; not an achievement, but a result; and there are greater things in the making than architectural styles or schools of painting and sculpture and modes of verse and music and drama. Of course these will come when the greater things are accomplished; but while a world is being made over and races redeemed by fire and sword and the red testing of souls, it is well to keep silence as to art and its theories: the sad recording of the progressive destruction of the art-recorders of a dishonored past is enough.

For ourselves and for the time being, this unfortunately does not hold: we are denied our part in the great *Opus Dei*, isolated on our peak in Darien while we await the issue of the heroism and the sacrifice of a world from which we are told to stand aloof. We may then, if we like, engage in our own speculations

as to the quality of the ideals that have passed, and more profitably perhaps as to the new ideals that must assert themselves through the great purging of the world.

If we take our question in this sense, it is easier of handling than would have been the case two years ago, for the conflagration of the world lights up the past that was once our present with a spiritual X-ray that leaves nothing hid, while it reveals something of a possible future, invisible, unpredicable, before. What, then, were those 'ideals' of art, contemporary with the last decade of what is now an ended era? Wherein were they different from those that preceded them? Wherein must those that come to take their place differ in their turn? If we can find plausible answers, we have in a way answered the query as to contemporary ideals, for it is the mingling of the two, the passing old, the coming new, that makes up our ideals of the moment, giving them that confusion, that intricate conflict, that must inevitably mark this time of infinite and inestimable change.

When, on that fateful day in July, 1914, Prussia cast her sword into the scales and war was unloosed over the world, a century had passed since the art ideals of man had changed completely and for the first time in history. Hitherto art had been an instinct, an inevitable accompaniment of civilization, while the artist himself had been a kind of mouthpiece, an agent of his own folk, a better craftsman than they and therefore put forward to do admirably what they could only have done indifferently. From now on he was to be a creature apart, in the world but not of it, a being blighted by that eldest curse, the 'artistic temperament,' a chartered libertine in emotions and ideas, whose popularity depended on surprise, and the content of whose work was distinguished by its aloofness from

the world. It is true that this tendency had been growing for four other centuries, ever since that enthusiastic *junta* of self-conscious amateurs created the Renaissance in art out of their own fertile consciousness, and imposed it on a world very well content, on the whole, with the older ways. The art of the Middle Ages was the last spontaneous and popular art, but even if it fell before the plausible propaganda of the Italian enthusiasts, the old instinct held; the new art did express to admiration the qualities of the new culture, and in a little it also became the art of a converted people; and so it remained, century after century, passing through many vicissitudes, slowly losing its momentum, yielding to increasing personality and greater and greater differentiation, disappearing at last just as the new civilization of industrialism, intellectualism, and materialism began that amazing progress which, energized by science and justified by *laissez-faire* evolutionary philosophy, was to control and direct all the physical, mental, and spiritual activities of man for, lo! these hundred years.

There was nothing fortuitous in this, nothing escapable. The premeditation and artificiality of the Renaissance could have had no other issue, while the new culture of materialism was bound to produce a way of life, a tendency in thought, and a material and spiritual environment comprehensively inimical to art of every kind; and with the synchronizing of these two developments, plus the final sterilization of religion through the later manifestations of the Reformation, the last flicker of the old and wholesome art ideal passed, and for the future the artist was to be the rebel and the outlaw.

From 1820 to 1830 comes an interregnum here in America, with no art either of the old mode or the new, and then personality ramps into view, and

the artist of individualism begins to assert himself. Now it is a matter of personal followings, or even of personal activity without any followings, architecture leading off, as usual, with Neo-Grec, Neo-Gothic, Neo-Italian modes, to be followed fifty years later by strange and novel conceits gathered from England, Southern France, Paris, Colonial America, until at last the historic echoes die away and the individuals alone remain — strong personalities which, by the very force of their individualism, have made *themselves*, not the styles they had annexed, the centres of influence.

For a time the other arts lagged behind, holding by the last fringes of tradition, formalized, conscientious, more or less decrepit, with here and there a Sargent, a St. Gaudens, a McDowell, a McKim, to mark unwonted heights of sporadic mastery. Then, with the new century, individualism comes with a rush, and the anarchy and nihilism fostered in Europe take control, chiefly in painting and poetry, with *art nouveau*, impressionism, cubism, *vers libre*, occupying the place left vacant by an art that died: a new thing, not art at all, but interesting as an exhibition of what the new type of culture produced as its own expression — ostentatiously rebellious against scientific and intellectual materialism, but as integral a part of it as Christian Science, vocational education, and the 'movies.'

By the beginning of the century, then, architecture had settled down into certain definite followings. Gothic had superseded Romanesque and was used generally for churches without distinction of creed, Protestants and Unitarians,¹ who were wholly averse to the re-

¹ The author's expression is unusual, and a query from the *Atlantic* brought the following explanation. 'I wish to discriminate here and I think I can do so on a historic basis of fact. Protestants believe that Christ was God; Uni-

ligion that had created it, showing it greater favor than Roman Catholicism, to which it belonged by right of parentage. Colonial had risen above its earlier vagaries in the submerged eighties, and was the established domestic style in the country and the suburbs, dividing also the field of education with Gothic. Parisian of the best variety was the thing for city residences, also for the housing of finance, and excellently did it do its work. Commercial architecture was anything that offered, so far as style was concerned. At best it was rather brilliantly logical, though now and then a Venetian palace was doubled in scale and used for a shop, or mechanically reproduced 'Gothic' detail was applied to the steel frame of a skyscraper. Carnegie libraries developed their own type of intimate expression in a stereotyped classic, as did Christian Science; while in the extreme West the 'mission style' (of the same type as the 'mission furniture' made in Grand Rapids) slowly gave place to a new and unheard-of mode that was as engaging in its fantasy as it was unsusceptible of denomination.

Vagarious as it all was, there appears to have been a genuine ideal running through it all, and that was, to do each style intelligently and well. This is a good ideal so far as it goes. The success or failure depended on the individual, and as the last generation was able to count some scores of singularly gifted architects, success, when it came, was often notably distinguished. But the point is that it was the architect that counted. The public contributed nothing, the scheme of life worked as a deterrent, and the client simply wanted the most he could get for his money.

tarians do not. Therefore, in justice to both, the fact should be recorded that there is a difference.' The moment does not seem opportune to initiate the debate which the assertion challenges in certain quarters. — THE EDITORS.

Now, before we pass to other arts, let us distinguish. It is impossible to speak exactly of 'contemporary' ideals in art, even when they exist, simply because this phrase does not recognize the new position of the artist as a rebel rather than as an exponent. The ideals of the public are one thing, those of the artist are quite another. One of the astonishing things is the manner in which these artists in revolt have been able to impose their will on the people. The improvement of taste between 1880 and 1915 was due solely to the artists themselves and to the compelling force they brought to bear on society. They did an amazing work, and even if of late it has been breaking down as rapidly as it was built up, still the fact remains that for a time they were successful, and the credit should be theirs.

In speaking of ideals, therefore, we must sometimes refer to those of the generality of men, — stock-brokers, financiers, politicians, scientists, men of big business and men of little business, — sometimes to the artists themselves, since at last modern civilization had achieved its perfect work, and the two were severed by a chasm only to be bridged by purely commercial relations.

III

The case of painting was peculiar. The fine old tawny school of early portraiture passed with its Colonial architecture, and when a few began to paint again after some fifty years, we had, representing the ideals of the public, the J. G. Brown and Bierstadt cult; representing the ideals of the painter, Hunt, Fuller, Inness. In the latter category the output was small and fine, and, of course, purely individual, with no possible relationship to the era in which it was produced. Then with a rush came the flood of painters, pouring out of the art schools and into the

exhibitions. The quality of their product was what might have been expected from its source and its destination.

It was during this era that I served my apprenticeship as art critic, and I shall never forget my amazement when the first of the Pre-Raphaelite pictures began to filter into America. It was like the first hearing of Wagner under Theodore Thomas (may his name be praised!), which occurred about the same time. Somehow a link was suddenly forged with the great past, and art schools, art clubs, art exhibitions, and art criticism vanished into thin air. But Pre-Raphaelitism died in its early youth, and in the home of its birth the Royal Academy resumed its sway.

In America painting went on much as before, only more copiously, until the progressive mechanization of life manifested itself in aesthetics. The whole matter of 'subject,' so pleasing at one time, fell into desuetude, and in technique alone, in clever manipulation of brush and paint, in crafty exposition of light and shade and atmosphere, was salvation to be found. Then in the latter days, on the very eve of Armageddon, came over to us the anarchy of Europe, one preposterous absurdity after another, fruit of a righteous, if riotous, rebellion against Salon and Royal Academy, and Fifth Avenue seethed with heresy and schism. What might have happened no one knows, nor does it matter; the war broke in the midst of the invasion, and now again comes an interregnum, a marking time until light comes again. Painters paint as before, but it is all unreal, uncertain, indeterminate. Something will happen; what, no one dares to say; but all know that the world is being made over, and until this desirable end is accomplished they continue their watchful waiting.

The record of sculpture is not very different: there was, first of all, the cult of Canova, of the Greek-Slave type and

the Jove-like Washington in his stony toga; this was followed by the equestrian-statue period (still with us in all its ramping mediocrity), and then, in the midst of bronze and granite 'favorite sons,' with their trousers and chin-whiskers, came the quite unexpected phenomenon of St. Gaudens, French, MacMonnies, and the appearance of isolated masterpieces such as the Bacchante, the Minute Man, the Farragut; greatest of all, and one of the great sculptures of all time, the shrouded figure in Rock Creek Cemetery. Here again it was all pure individualism, the creations of men aloof from their kind, working out their own dreams and visions far from Wall Street and Pittsburgh, from mills and stores and technical schools. The public gave answer now and then, sometimes with enthusiasm, then turned back to their trades, while no school grew up to carry on what might have become a tradition had there been behind it the push of a people instead of the vision of genius born out of due time.

Then, in the last decade, came in the new anarchy from Europe — not to achieve a following, for we have at least the saving sense of humor, but to break down the smug self-complacency that had become a mode, and open up still unexplored reaches of individualism. Now it is every man for himself and his newly discovered, if not patented, style: archaic Greek, French Gothic, Egyptian, Hindoo, Siamese, heaven knows what not, much of it undeniably clever, all of it ramping with isolated individualism. For one thing, it is different without being Rodinesque or Cubist, and it gives relief from the stereotyped and at the same time frenzied search for some new and improbable pose into which the nude female form might be contorted without too great violence to anatomy. Again we pause and await the issue.

As for music and drama, there is little to say that is creditable to our generation. Here the will of the people has entered to determine the supply, for that same people, docile before architecture, painting, and sculpture, knows in these other two arts exactly what it likes and it will take no other. It does not like good music or good drama, and its desires here are continually degenerating. There is a certain group in almost every great city, that makes Symphony orchestras and Philharmonic concerts possible, because it really loves good music; but it is not a large public and its finances are limited, so the clamor of the far larger public that wants musical comedy and gets it, puts a premium on just that sort of thing, to the general exclusion of music itself. The same is true of religious music. Who is there who wants plain-song or Russian choirs when he can have quartettes with their heads together breathing obvious harmonies, choir-boys in serried and cherubic, if strident, ranks, or, better still, men, boys, women, and girls, all in cassocks and cottas and all singing in accordance with the nineteenth-century ideal of what constituted an 'uplifting musical service' in the standard type of English cathedral. Organists with ingenious instruments too big for them and their churches, given by sentimental millionaires, and tempting to a plausible virtuosity; choir-masters whose ambition outruns their discretion, join in the full-voiced chorus, and the holy chant of St. Ambrose, St. Gregory, and the Eastern Church gives up the battle.

The drama? We never had much of it, properly speaking, so far as original work is concerned, but we did have great actors, and during the latter half of the nineteenth century our people loved good plays, admirably acted. Most of us can remember the time when the great cities had many theatres offer-

ing the noblest work, and crowded to the doors. Now, in the last ten years, all is changed. Good art has wholly passed except when a master from England or France comes among us in his declining years to give those 'farewell performances' that mark his withdrawal from active life, and the ending of a great era of dramatic art. The taste of the Tired Business Man is now the standard and the directing cause of whatever is produced; and whenever his fancy rises a degree above the silly and the humorously salacious, it soars only into the dubious realm of pathology plus pornography. No catastrophe so complete, no *débâcle* so humiliating has ever been recorded in any art in so brief a space of time.

IV

So one might deal with the other major arts, and equally with the minor arts. In the case of the first we find the same dying-out of the old tradition, the swerving toward a descriptive and circumstantial realism, the entrance of absolute and very varied personality in rebellion against the obvious and the static, and, finally, the insane emphasis on surprise, nihilism, the bizarre and *outré*, the passion for making people 'sit up.' So it is in poetry, which has sunk in its *vers libre* as far from the eternal standards of art as the drama itself. The whole element of craftsmanship has gone, and 'personality,' the 'artistic temperament,' the 'personal equation,' have risen supreme above law and have returned nearer and nearer to the formless and gelatinous consistency of the primal and undifferentiated plasm or ooze.

For a time it looked as though the Arts-and-Crafts movement promised a certain rehabilitation of some of the fundamental principles of decent art. Appalled by the shocking estate of our

industrial arts, a few enthusiasts attempted the forlorn hope which once fired that great seer William Morris; but in a very few years the possibilities of commercial exploitation were too patent, and the original idea was forgotten. 'Arts and Crafts' has now become the name, not of a method, but of a style. The commercial product that bears the name is purely mechanical in its genesis: the department stores send it broadcast: it can be acquired through 'mail orders,' and another chapter is closed. Yet not wholly. Out of the great failure have emerged a few true craftsmen, men and women who are blood-brothers and sisters of the great craftsmen of the old days — Kirchmayer, Koralewski, Mercer, Yellin, Stone, Miss Perry, Miss Barton, and others I cannot catalogue. They are still faithful to the great ideal, but it is as individuals, as isolated protests against the common run of things, that they exist, and in themselves they demonstrate the gulf that has opened between the old art of public expression and the new art of personal protest.

I do not think this is an unfair estimate of the vicissitudes of art in America. While it is hardly flattering, it is not unlike what was happening in the rest of the world, if we except the really great Victorian epoch of poetry in England, and the last days of German music when Wagner and Brahms marked the end of a notable era of national musical expression. In Russia and Poland, it is true, the first decade of the century saw the appearance of great composers who were exponents of a racial spirit and a national ideal; but it would be hard to find elsewhere art, no matter how able its author, that was other than a personal expression, and this in revolt against the ways and works and ideals of the time.

Nothing else was possible, since an equal change, an almost identical rever-

sal, had taken place in life, so that the last century, during which these changes have had their full fruition, stands almost in a category by itself, cut off from past history by a breach that has severed all lines of continuity and succession. In a life such as this art does not and cannot exist. Either we are to see a continuance of these novel conditions and adapt ourselves to a life in which art has no part, or the era ends, return is made to earlier ways, and in a new phase of life, regenerated, purified, and reestablished on wholesome lines, we may await the coming again of that art that always has performed its due and necessary part, and always will when life runs on sane and well-adjusted lines.

This is the problem offered us through the war, and on the answer we give rests the future of the world. There is no compulsion placed upon us: we are not forced to learn the lesson, nor are we controlled as to the answer we give. For my part I have no doubt of the answer. Out of this terrible testing of souls will come a great regeneration, and what we have called modern civilization will be taken in hand, curbed, chastened, transmuted, and made over into a thing of great potential beneficence. I admit that such a revolution in the essential nature of things hitherto universally accepted staggers the imagination, but nothing less in magnitude could come from a cataclysm such as this that now wracks the world, and wrecks it that it may be made over anew. How long the task may take is another of the impenetrable mysteries. It may be a decade, it may be a generation, a century — even the long weariness, as once before, of five hundred years of Dark Ages. Again, all depends on us — on our decision, on our action, on the vision we win of ultimate and final values, on our ability to confess our sins, to acknowledge our wicked-

ness, to make amends through the penance always exacted for ill deeds. As once before, in a cathedral in the city of Rheims, the words are spoken: 'Bow thy proud head, Sicambrian; destroy what thou hast worshiped, worship what thou hast destroyed!'

With the great work of repentance and renunciation accomplished, we shall see at once the slow but glad coming back of vital ideals in art. No longer will the artist be the man in revolt, the voice crying in the wilderness, the pathetic speculator in his own emotions, the coiner of his soul into commodities others would buy for a price. After many days he will return to his true position, an exponent of what all would say, but saying it better than they because he adds to a vision that is clearer but not different in nature, a craftsmanship they have not been able to attain.

Art is after all only a kind of symbolical expression, through beauty in all its forms, of the highest things that exist, and the impulse to such expression lies not in personal incentive but in the communal push of the community, the nation, the race. It was this that made the art of the past. Pheidias was what Hellas made him, not what he made himself. The builders of St. Sophia were not rebels, but servants of a people passionately devoted to beauty. The master-builders of Chartres and Rheims and Westminster, the creators of the Arthurian poems, the writers of the great Latin hymns, the makers of the marvelous church-glass, were but mouthpieces of their own people, clamant trumpets proclaiming what all the world would say, but only they could say so that the world would understand.

To this we shall return, for our eyes are being opened and we are seeing things as they are. Europe already is learning: Belgium through her immortal sacrifice and martyrdom, dying that

others might live, France through a heroism and a self-consecration that have lifted her to a pinnacle where she shines a beacon of hope and of glory to all people, all nations, all generations. England is learning through the self-earned humiliations that are coming upon her. Germany will learn through punishment and retribution. And we ourselves? What is the answer here? Can we look into our own souls and say that the lesson is being taken to heart? We can see hope and salvation for victors and vanquished, but unless we can see it for ourselves, make this hope and this salvation ours, as they are offered us now, freely and without price, then for us the lesson will be set again, and a second time it will not be offered us freely, for we shall pay the same price, and in the same coin, that others are paying now.

When we looked on art as an amenity of life; when we thought of it as a pleasant luxury to be produced by intensive and scientific methods of education, and acquired by commercial means to selfish and vainglorious ends, we gauged our ideals exactly. If out of the war comes knowledge of this folly and such a revelation of what is worth having and worth fighting for as gives us back a life out of which art grows naturally and joyfully, instead of by violence and artifice, then the price paid will not be too high, for with it we shall have bought for ourselves a new world that is a real world and not a delusion of efficiency.

The end of the art which, through many vicissitudes, had accompanied man from the earliest moments of history, was, in a word, viciousness: in the painting of crazy *isms*, in the architecture and crafts called *l'art nouveau*, in the drama of Broadway and the 'movies,' in the music of Strauss and Schönberg and their like, viciousness, deliberate and bold, covering its technical

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incapacity with the cloak of esoteric superiority. It was time that it was destroyed, time also that what made it possible—the modern civilization that reached its height in the first decade of the twentieth century—was also destroyed by the blind purgation of universal war.

Now we will go back, in order that we may go on when the world is made new again after the awful readjustment is completed. Wealth and plenty and efficiency and peace have failed as they have always failed to produce art-bearing conditions. We shall not be troubled by these in the future. We shall have our chance to try what hard, clean poverty will make possible—a poverty that will be such only in material things, for under a new righteousness, a sane philosophy, a restored religious sense, it will become the creator of character, the director and guardian of clean, hard, wholesome, and joyful life. All the great art of the past has grown out of life such as this, even though its loftiest reaches came just after the primal impulse had begun to fail, and corruption of manners and morals had set in. If the war does its work, we may hope for the same again, and so hoping we see the dawn of a new day for art.

Is it necessary to rehearse the details of the new art, to analyze its methods, to specify its ideals? No, only to look back at what art has been when it was great and learn from that; for in its content, in its ideals, in its modes of operation, art does not change, however great may be its variety of manifestations.

There are three fundamental reversals of all that has been held of the personal art of the immediate past, so salient, so obvious, that at least they may be named, if only for the purpose of linking up the new that is to be with the old that has ceased in the last two years. The art of the future will be an

art of beauty, and this beauty will be what it always has been, from the sculptors of Egypt to St. Gaudens, from the master-builders of the Parthenon to Alberti, from the painters of Hellas to Burne-Jones, from Homer to Browning, from King David to Brahms. A definite, real, and changeless thing, not the insolent assertions of myopia, astigmatism, and color-blindness. No new cubist or post-impressionist or imagist can then claim that ugliness is beauty, because a sane society will not tolerate him. Beauty comes back because it will come again into life and thought, and men will therefore know it when they see it.

The art of the future will be an art of craftsmanship, of supreme ability on the part of the artist to do what he does as a master of craft—as a workman, not as a charlatan. All great art has been this: the exquisite craft of the hand, trained and competent, after the hard labor of achieving proficiency, directed by the sane mind at the impulse of the clear vision. The so-called art of the epoch just ended was a thing of specious assumptions; the sculptor's chisel was handed over to the mechanical stone-cutter, or to the ingenious machine; the master-builder became the gentlemanly architect with his office full of draughtsmen and emissaries of the perfectly organized construction company. The poet who could not master the intricate methods of verse-making, and could neither feel rhythm nor discover rhymes, invented a new and slovenly method that resembled poetry only in the arbitrary length of its lines: the musician too lazy and too dull to master the art of Bach and Wagner and Brahms took refuge in cacophony from the inevitable results of his indolence. But art is also craft. There is never one without the other, when we deal with art that has lived or will live. The effort has been made to substitute tem-

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L. J. GETHMAN

perament for good workmanship, and the effort has signally failed.

Finally, the new art will be the expression of the best in a community, a people, or a race, not the personal exposition of individualism. The artist himself and his idiosyncratic views of things are matters of small moment. When society is organized on wholesome lines, when there is communal self-consciousness, sound philosophy, authoritative and universally accepted religion, and a moving spirit of righteousness in the world, then spiritual energy is generated in men, and it expresses itself through the craftsman and the artist. Out of anarchy comes

order, out of war regeneration, out of suffering redemption, and the chaotic and centrifugal society of the nineteenth century gives place to its antithesis — the society that follows war's end.

Here then are the three marks of the new art that is also the old — Beauty, Craftsmanship, Universality; the three points in which our own art most signally failed. When we see their first evidences among the artists of our own time, we shall know that the battle has been won, the eternal enemy beaten back, and a beginning made toward the discovery of an old heaven and the building of a new earth.

ALCOHOL AND HUMAN EFFICIENCY

BY EUGENE LYMAN FISK

I

In a preceding article, we sought to establish from reliable data the fact that upon the mind and body alike alcohol, even in small regular doses, must exercise a depressing and degenerative effect. Let us now inquire to what extent the experiments in the Nutrition Laboratory confirm these findings, and whether or not any new evidence, either for or against alcohol, has been elicited by the latest methods of research with all the formidable armamentarium of the modern psychological laboratory.

Twelve subjects were used in these tests, two of whom were psychopathic; but the results found in the psychopaths were separated from the totals of the other findings and grouped for

special study. The psychological programme, carried out by the Nutrition Laboratory with the coöperation of Dr. Wells, covered the following investigations:—

First, an investigation of a very simple reflex mechanism at the lowest level of the spinal cord, the patellar reflex or knee-jerk, elicited by sharply striking the tendon of the knee just below the knee-pan. Even in this simple experiment minute and delicate precautions were taken to control the test. The blow was administered by a magnetically released pendulum-percussion hammer, the reaction being recorded in a Blix-Sandeström kymograph, run at a rate of 100 millimetres per second. The variations in the reactions are recorded to a thousandth of a second.

The normal subjects were selected with care as individuals of average habits, temperate users of alcohol, apparently free from any peculiar susceptibility or resistance to its effects.

The alcohol was administered in two separate doses, 'A,' or 30 cubic centimetres, and 'B,' or 45 cubic centimetres, well diluted and its flavor disguised in various ways to avoid the effect of suggestion.

Summing up the results of the test, it was found that alcohol in the doses given produced a marked depression of the patellar reflex as shown in a decreased response, or a slower response, or both. As in all such tests, there were wide individual departures from the average, but the data on the whole unequivocally support the conclusion. The latent time of response was increased 10 per cent, and the degree of thickening of the muscles decreased 46 per cent. In fact, so extreme was this effect that it made it impossible to measure the knee-jerk of several subjects after the larger dose 'B.'

The next test was that of the protective eyelid, or wink reflex. This is elicited by a sudden stimulus, such as light or noise. In the experiment the sound stimulus was employed as giving more satisfactory results, and the nicety with which the tests were controlled is evidenced by the fact that artificial eyelashes of uniform length were glued to the eyelids of the subjects, so that the photographic record of the wink, or lid reflex, might be free from error due to the varying length of the subjects' eyelashes. This reflex shows the second largest effect of alcohol, the latent time of response being increased 7 per cent and the extent of the lid movement decreased 19 per cent. This depression, or decreased excitability of the lid reflex varied directly with the dose of alcohol.

Having disposed of these simple re-

flex mechanisms with very decisive evidence of the effect of moderate doses of alcohol in depressing them, the more complex mechanisms at higher levels of the nervous system were approached: namely (1) eye-reaction to suddenly appearing stimulus, (2) speech-reaction to visual word-stimuli.

Without going into the technical detail of the test, it is sufficient to say that the first test involved the movement of the eyeball in reading typewritten letters on small uniform strips of paper in an exposure apparatus that presented them suddenly to view in one of six possible positions. A photographic camera record of the eye-movement was made.

On this reaction the effect of dose 'A,' 30 cubic centimetres, was an acceleration of response, while dose 'B' frankly depressed the reaction and increased the latent time of response, agreeing with the simpler reaction experiments of Kraepelin to which I have already referred.

The next experiment was on the effect of alcohol on the reaction-time in reading isolated words, a specially devised tachistoscope, or exposure apparatus, being used. The stimulus words and a fixation mark are placed on a rapidly revolving strip, which renders the words illegible until the motion of the strip is suddenly checked, when the exposure of the word is simultaneous in all its parts. Twenty-four words of four letters each were used throughout the year, the entire set being used in each experiment. The subject was required to hold a voice-key to the mouth and speak the words as soon as they appeared, the breaking of an electrical circuit marking exposure and reaction.

Dose 'A' increased the latency of the reaction about 3 per cent in four out of six subjects; but according to Benedict's method of averaging the percentile differences, he regarded the experi-

ment with dose 'A' as showing negative results on the reaction. Dose 'B,' however, showed consistent increase of the latent time of response, and there was a positive depressant effect for both doses of 3 per cent.

The next step was investigation of the highest complication of the reflex mechanism that was considered justified by laboratory methods, that of free association of ideas. In this experiment the stimulus to the reaction is a word spoken by the operator and a response word spoken by the subject — the first word that occurs to him after the stimulus word is spoken. Complicated apparatus is used in this test, which does not require description. The experimenter's comments on these tests are that only very few and small consistent effects were found measurable by available technique.

Tests of the power to memorize were next on the programme. In Kraepelin's and Vogt's experiments on memory methods were employed comparable to the exercise of this function in daily life: for example, in Vogt's, the memorizing of verse, and in Kraepelin's work the continuous memorizing of a series of numbers. The methods employed by the Nutrition Laboratory were in the nature of 'short cuts' applicable to laboratory work and measurable by laboratory technique rather than by subjective impressions — a more mechanical method and one subject to some question as to its complete testimony regarding the probable effect of alcohol on memory processes exercised in daily life, where elements of autogenic reinforcement might be lacking.

The theory of the tests employed is that any saving of time between the reaction-time in responding to the first exposure of a series of words and the reaction-time in responding to a second exposure must be due to the influence of memory. The experimenter admits

that words are not usually read during a gradual exposure, certainly not during the kind of exposure employed in the laboratory. While different subjects varied widely in these tests, the total effect of dose 'A' on the group showed no predominating tendency of alcohol. It should be noted that the effect of dose 'B' was not tested, which seems unfortunate.

Next on the program was the Sensory Faradic Threshold, an investigation of the subject's sensitivity to electric stimulation. The so-called threshold to electrical stimulation was, according to the tests, raised 14 per cent by moderate doses; that is, there was decreased sensitivity, which is consistent with the other depressant effects noted.

Eye-movements were selected as the basis of the next test, because simple movements of the eye in fixating seen objects are relatively independent of voluntary control. Photographic recording apparatus similar to that employed for eye-reactions already described was employed, except that two constant fixation marks were used, so placed that in looking from one to another the eye traveled through twenty degrees on either side. On signal the subject is required to look from one point to another, back and forth as rapidly as possible, until the signal to stop is given at the end of five seconds. The velocity of these eye-movements was decreased eleven per cent.

Next in order was the investigation of the influence of alcohol on certain finger-movements. In this test the subject is harnessed to an exceedingly delicate and complicated set of apparatus, including a string galvanometer and an electro-cardiograph for recording the electrical reaction of the heart mechanism. Electro-cardiograms, or the pulse records, as well as the finger-movements, were recorded in this experiment. When the record started, the

operator said, 'Go,' and the subject was required to move the middle finger back and forth as fast as possible until signalled to stop. With all subjects, the speed of this 'reciprocal innervation' of the finger was decreased 9 per cent.

The pulse records taken during these tests developed evidence of considerable importance. There has been much conflict of opinion among physiologists regarding the effect of alcohol on the pulse, but the evidence from these carefully checked experiments with the most delicate modern instruments seems conclusive, and is thus commented upon in the report: 'In view of the large amount of our pulse data and the thoroughness with which it was read and elaborated, we believe that the accelerating tendency of alcohol on the pulse-rate of normal human subjects during moderate mental and physical activity may be regarded as certain. We also believe that the evidence is sufficient to show that such relative acceleration must be referred to a partial paralysis of the cardio-inhibitory centres.' In other words, along with depression and retardation and decreased irritability of a number of related neuro-muscular processes is found an acceleration of the pulse, giving 'a clear indication of decreased organic efficiency, as a result of moderate doses of alcohol.' The 'brake' is taken off the heart, but there is no direct stimulation of the heart-muscle.

II

The question now arises as to what effect this evidence has on alcoholic tradition as established by previous investigations. Unquestionably, the modern view of alcohol as essentially a narcotic is fully supported; but this evidence goes further and fails to disclose any evidence of even partial stimulation of any muscular or organic func-

tion. Alcohol is found to be uniformly a depressant.

It is, of course, unthinkable that such positive and definitely depressant effects could seek out only the lower nervous mechanisms and not in any way reach the centres involving the more complex and controlling functions of the cerebro-spinal system. It is postulated by the investigators that the effect on these centres is resisted through their power of 'autogenic reinforcement'—a necessary function of such centres for preservation of the organism through guidance and control of its more important activities. Evidence of such reinforcement was found in the experiments, one subject being able to rouse himself from temporary somnolence and quickly bring up his performance to normal. We frequently see instances of men 'sobering up' under the effect of some shock or sudden demand on their control.

Reasoning along these lines, the investigators say with regard to the effect of 30 cubic centimetres of alcohol in accelerating the eye-reaction,—

'It is not without significance that under almost identical circumstances of a complex "choice" reaction in the process of training, Frankfurter found typewriting errors enormously increased by alcohol, while the speed was occasionally increased. His introspection is not irrelevant: "I had the feeling that the fingers ran faster than I could find the right spot for the stroke. I often struck keys against my will, so that I must voluntarily inhibit the movements in order not to make a mistake at every letter."

'There can be little doubt that, even in small experimental doses, along with and as a part of the general depression, we have clear indications of a paralysis of inhibitory or controlling factors. These may on occasion suffer greater relative depression than the direct

process, as in the pulse. When this depression of controls is combined with a reinforcement caused by the experimental instructions, suitable conditions are provided for the slight reinforcement of reactions that rapidly pass over into depression with slightly larger doses. It seems probable, too, that we have herewith come upon the grounds for a wide variety of effects which are commonly observed in the social use of alcohol, when circumstances give the reinforcement and alcohol reduces the inhibitions.

'Whatever may be the effect in isolated tissue, our data give clear and consistent indications that the apparent alcoholic depression of neuro-muscular processes is a genuine phenomenon that cannot be reduced to the excitation of inhibitory processes; but that, conversely, whenever apparent excitation occurs as a result of alcohol, it is either demonstrably (pulse-rate, reflexes, memory and threshold), or probably (eye-reaction), due to a relatively overbalancing depression of the controlling and inhibitory processes.'

Another interesting and suggestive fact was that the maximum effect of alcohol and the beginning of recovery occurred within the three-hour interval of the experiments. In general it was found that the reflexes recovered first, suggesting the possibility that the partial recovery of the lower centres was due to increasing paralysis of the higher ones.

There is, as the investigations show, a strong discrepancy between their findings and those of the Kraepelin school with regard to the incidence of these depressant effects on the various levels of the nervous system. The simpler neural arcs in the lower levels of the spinal cord are first and most profoundly affected. There is no evidence of acceleration or facilitation of these separate neuro-muscular processes by

primary paralysis of the higher inhibitory centres as predicated by Kraepelin, except in the instance of the eye-reaction. Here the effect of 30 cubic centimetres was contrary to that of 45 cubic centimetres, and, as the investigators state, corresponded rather closely with Kraepelin's simple reaction experiments. It is pointed out, however, that at the time of Kraepelin's experiments the conception of all sensory and motor processes as a resultant of complex stimulating and inhibiting factors was not so well established in the psychophysiological tradition as now. So-called 'discrimination' and 'choice' reactions are viewed more as a complex of exciting and controlling tendencies, with great variability in the adequateness and completeness of controls.

We see confirmation of this in the social use of alcohol. Under circumstances of conviviality and relaxation the effect of alcohol on the higher mental processes is not resisted; there is no autogenic reinforcement of these functions and their control is relaxed and exhibits the full narcotic effects of alcohol. But the lower mental and nervous activities are reinforced by suggestion, and we have released tendencies to animal indulgence and foolish uncoordinated acts of mind and muscle, varying in degree according to the amount of indulgence, the susceptibility of the individual, and the character of the environment. These considerations must qualify and govern any implications derived from the laboratory experiments with regard to the slight apparent effect of alcohol on memory and free association.

The 'complex of exciting and controlling tendencies' that may exist in the ordinary environment outside the laboratory, especially under the conditions where alcohol is usually taken, must be reckoned in the total possible effect of alcohol. It seems clear that the

preponderating effect of alcohol is central, and that such local effect as has been shown on isolated muscle, as by Lee's experiments, is overbalanced by its central nervous effects.

Answering the question, 'Is alcoholic depression a conservative process?' the experimenters say, 'The fact of increased heart-rate from a given kind and amount of mental work absolutely prohibits us from regarding the neuromuscular depression incident to alcohol as a conservative process like sleep.'

If we wipe off the slate all previous evidence of the unfavorable effect of moderate doses of alcohol on the human organism, and consider solely this preliminary study of its effects on certain important bodily processes that have to do with safeguarding life, what inferences may we draw from these remarkable experiments, so carefully checked and controlled, as to the total effect of moderate indulgence in alcohol on large masses of men? Is there a scintilla of evidence to support the view that such effect is negative, let alone conservative or beneficial?

Surely not. On the contrary, if we knew nothing of life-insurance statistics and were asked to consider alcohol as a newly discovered drug, these experiments would amply justify the belief that the more or less steady use of the very moderate doses employed in the tests would place the human organism at a disadvantage in the struggle for existence, entirely apart from the well-recognized danger of increasing indulgence, and exposure to manifold destructive agencies.

If alcohol is the key that unlocks the door to the chamber of disease, degeneration and life-failure, we must hold it solely responsible for the results that follow its use. The only safe course is not to use the key. Some individuals may enter the chamber for a little while and escape without noticeable injury; but

given two million supposedly sound, healthy men, and let them one after another enter that door, and there can be no reasonable doubt of the result. Many will come out smitten as from the war zone; many will not come out at all. Given two million men of the same type, who pass by the door and do not use the key, and, considering the exactly measured evidence from so many sources, as well as the evidence of common observation, who can question that at the end of twenty-five years, the first group will be decimated as compared to the second? If the life-insurance statistics showed any other result, they would be inconsistent. Whether the total effect is directly due to indulgence *strictly maintained within the limit of so-called moderation* is a purely academic question.

As practical men, what we wish to know is: What does it cost us in the long run to drink alcohol? The evidence that society is paying a heavy bill for the indulgence cannot be longer disregarded by conservative men, entirely outside of the propaganda for drastic methods of reform.

The contention that there is an in-born social craving for alcohol is pure dogma. Man craves enjoyment, relaxation, change. He seeks to anticipate good fortune and to quiet the activity of those conservative faculties which cause him to worry over trouble and life-struggle. He finds that alcohol apparently assists him in attaining these ends, and he drinks it for these effects, not because he is 'thirsty' or 'craves' alcohol *qua* alcohol, without any previous knowledge of its effects. Many individuals who are wrecked by alcohol would lead normal lives undisturbed by any 'craving' for it if they were protected from the repeated experience of its effects.

It is a mistake, of course, indiscriminately to ascribe all the ills to which

flesh is heir to alcohol. Total abstainers die of degenerative affections, and I am honestly convinced that much of the degenerative disease charged against alcohol is due to mouth-infection and other focal infection. There is good evidence, however, that focal infection in the alcoholic is more lethal because of the lowered resistance and the collateral pressures on the organism. Alcohol has enough to answer for without making it the object of random and ill-considered charges.

V

We have measured the difference between so-called moderate drinkers and abstainers, which gives us a hint of the powerful effect of alcohol on mortality, but we have not measured the effect of the widespread grossly excessive use of alcohol among all classes of the population.

After twenty-five years of experience in the close personal observation and physical examination of all types of men, from laborers to statesmen and leaders of scientific thought, and in the sifting and weighing of evidence relating to the influences that affect longevity as revealed by the experience on large masses of men, my cumulative judgment is that alcohol is a destructive force, wholly evil in its total effects. I deprecate the too prevalent tendency to apologize for alcohol, to deal gently and tenderly with it, instead of bringing it to the bar of human judgment to answer for its misdemeanors and justify its right to be exposed for sale on the street corners as a beverage harmless for the average man.

There are two principal factors to be reckoned with in the lenient mental attitude toward alcohol. One of them arises from very human tendencies—from the aversion to being regarded as a 'crank,' a 'spoilsport' or 'killjoy.'

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Physicians are no exception to the rule that the average man likes to be thought a 'good fellow' in the best sense of the term. The second factor is the view commonly held, even by physicians and pathologists, as well as actuaries, that there is a certain law of mortality, that the span of life is fixed, that the observed habits of mankind are a part of his natural adjustment, and that there is no use of disturbing him; that, in common parlance, he cannot 'beat the game,' so far as greatly extending his life or checking the so-called ravages of time is concerned. That death is always a pathological finish to some form of poison, strain, starvation, injury, or bacterial infection, and not the effect of time, is a concept only just taking form as we gain knowledge. Time can no more kill a man than the Rule of Three can kill him. Time is a mere mathematical abstraction, a synthesis of space and motion.

In so far as we can discern and neutralize the influences which are incessantly at work destroying the cells of our bodies, to that degree we shall perform a service far more important than that of adding a few years to existence—the service of lifting mankind to higher planes of living, where sordid misery and needless physical sufferings and handicaps may be reduced to a minimum.

The unbiased mind must accept the implications flowing from the impartial business investigations of the life insurance companies, confirmed by the equally impartial labors of the laboratory. Can it be questioned that alcohol is one of the forms of poison which, among other factors, is responsible for the gradual bodily impairment and decay which we unthinkingly ascribe to time, and that it consistently imposes a burden of poverty, disease, insanity, and crime, which, regardless of debate as to its exact mathematical degree,

not only warrants, but demands, energetic action for its control as a social evil?

As to its effect on progeny, the degree of this effect in man is debatable, but there is positive proof of an extremely adverse influence on the germ plasm of animals, as shown by Stockard. Until the degree of this influence in man is determined, which should properly receive the benefit of the doubt — alcohol or the baby?

Within the past few years, medical literature reveals a rapidly changing attitude with regard to alcohol. The leading medical journals are strongly anti-alcohol, and there is evident a growing sense of the tremendous responsibility resting on the scientific man who sanctions an indulgence which may lead to more misery and disease than he can cure or prevent through a life-time of surgical or therapeutic endeavors.

Furthermore, alcohol is alcohol, either in whiskey or beer. It is nonsense to claim that beer is a hygienic drink. It is drunk chiefly for its alcoholic effect, and if the alcoholic effect is produced, the danger of alcohol exists. Any one who doubts that beer can produce a certain form of intoxication need only visit the saloon and watch the beer-drinker in various stages of befuddlement or excitement. If beer does not intoxicate or produce any alcoholic effect, what becomes of the 'racial craving for stimulants' which it is said to satisfy? Furthermore, heavy beer-drinking, as

in the case of brewery employees, adds the danger of excessive fluid intake, entirely apart from alcohol. The heavy mortality of brewery employees is sufficient evidence that beer, so far as its effect on masses of men is concerned, is not a hygienic drink.

There is abroad in this land a cynical feeling that a man must break some law of health in order to have a good time; that the hygienic life is a dull existence; that all the best things are forbidden. This is superficial, admittedly foolish, reasoning. The thoroughly healthy man has hormones circulating in his blood, derived from various organs and glands, that make him far more thoroughly alive to the best things in life than the narcotized and poisoned, self-indulgent high liver. Do you ever view with envy the wild hilarity of young people who have abounding health? This is due to hormones. Alcohol cannot really take the place of hormones, although it is used for this purpose. It is an imitation hormone.

Finally, whatever view one may take regarding the effect of alcohol on a sound, strong, resistant body, there is no question of its seriously harmful effect on an impaired or non-resistant body. All men who drink alcohol should be thoroughly examined at least once a year, and learn what is happening in their circulation, kidneys, and nervous system. This is a wise precaution for anybody, but the alcohol-user only accelerates the 'slow suicide' of unhygienic living by neglecting it.

OVER THE FROZEN YALU

BY ALICE TISDALE

I

WE had planned it for two years now, — a cart journey over the frozen Yalu. The first winter it was so bitter cold that no foreigner could risk it. It is now February of the second year. With a succession of freezes and thaws, the rivers in Southern Manchuria have not yet become safe for cart travel. It looks as if we should have to give it up again, for the partial trails in the virgin forest are scarcely passable unless frozen.

Here's to the luck of the roamer! We have had a week of continued cold weather and at last the Yalu has frozen over. They say that, if we start immediately, we can finish the river part of our journey before the ice breaks. The Yalu forms the eastern boundary of Manchuria, with Korea lying just across. The great river winds and winds for about two hundred miles, then divides, one branch following the Korean shore, one the Manchurian. In between these branches is a triangular-shaped piece of Manchuria, almost entirely cut off from the mainland, separated from her own by these bridgeless tributaries. Higher up, the branches dwindle to thin streams, and Manchuria again becomes one. But as this takes place in the impenetrable land near the Long White Mountain, the lonely inhabitants of the triangle must depend upon the winter ice and summer junks for outside communication. This leaves an in-between time of thin or floating ice. As my husband's business takes us some two hundred miles up the eastern side

of the triangle, to a big lumbering town, and then across a wide stretch of country full of ranges of mountains covered with forests, the danger is that we may be caught in this veritable island at the time of its isolation.

Here's to the dear kind gods who look after wanderers! We shall trust them not to block our path with floating cakes of ice, leaving us, like Crusoe, on a separate portion of the earth. Such a journey! It would rejoice the heart of any vagabond. Days and days on the ice, among the tilled and partially tilled hills of the lower reaches of the river. Then a plunge into that isolated triangular-shaped treasure-land, a far-off country full of hidden coal, copper, and gold, stretches and stretches of glorious timber and — bandits and wild animals! It is the country holding the Chinese pot of gold at the end of China's rainbow. From confiscated Korea the Japanese follow this rainbow with hungry eyes.

But to the white world, this part of Manchuria along the Yalu is almost unknown. Young husband and a couple of comrades spent a year's furlough there in 1888. Since then this inaccessible wilderness of wealth has been left almost to itself, so far as the occidental explorer is concerned, only now and then a business man venturing into its wild, unsettled regions. Some ten years ago a picturesque Englishman, famed all over Manchuria for his erratic doings, went through it hunting a gold mine, the concession papers for which he made out himself, and they were

afterwards proved fraudulent. Occasionally, in the years since, large firms operating in the Orient have sent a white man through. There are also rumors of a sea-pilot and his wife who, long ago, went by native boat for a holiday part way up the river. But never before had a woman gone over the whole of this territory, or attempted any of it in the winter.

It's pack and go. We have just been down to the foreign store of the little port where we live. It closely resembles a country store at a four-corners in America. A Gobi dust-storm — a veritable brown blizzard — had blown up, but donning dust-goggles and great coats, we ventured forth. What cared we? In a few hours, we will once more be together on the trail — a new one, an untried one. Once more, out came the rough clothes of the road. Not a feminine garment went into that chest. I could have hugged for very joy the good stout shoes, the breeches, and rough jacket. They meant for me freedom from the proprieties which sometimes crush from life some of its buoyant gayety.

We caught the night express for Antung, the great port of the Yalu. The train pulled slowly out into the blizzard and the night, slipping past deserted Russian barracks, eloquent of the great Russian advance; here and there the Russian cemeteries spoke all too eloquently of the later retreat. On that Buddhist plain, many days from the frontier, the Greek crosses of the huddled graves looked lonely and exiled.

In time Mukden was gone and the monotonous prairies. Close against the cold window-pane I pressed my face, straining my eyes into the blizzard for one glimpse of the eternal hills. 'Hurry, hurry, fire-cart! the trail, the trail under the open sky, the trail among the hills, is just ahead.' And then I went to

sleep and slept until we pulled into Antung in the early morning.

All the next day we were busy. First, there were the carts to get — one for ourselves and one for those indispensable factors, the 'boy' and the middle-man. We began early on these, for we knew by experience that it would be an all-day job to complete the Oriental bargaining. The carters must, of course, start far in excess of the fair price, and we far below. Then, by night, without either of us 'losing face,' we would reach an in-between price; the middle-man, and the carters, and the boy, and various other hangers-on would have carefully arranged the little matter of 'squeeze' attendant upon the transaction. Has it been said, 'There is six feet of ground awaiting the man who tries to hustle the East'? Let it also be said that the six feet await him even sooner should he seek to eliminate 'squeeze.'

The list of the clothes we are to wear is appalling: two suits of flannel underwear each, flannel shirts, fur-lined trousers, sweaters, short leather fur-lined coats, heavy shoes, and then the final layer — sheepskin coats with the wool so thick we can scarcely move in them, and Chinese felt moccasins to go over our big shoes.

Our greatest asset is our boy. He lived in Harbin during the winter of the plague; he was one of the retinue of the picturesque Englishman when he went hunting the gold mine. He has been a carpenter, a farmer, a coolie, a boy, and a boatman. He changes his rôle as easily as the chameleon its color. In times of stress on the road, such flexibility is salvation.

Thus attired, thus equipped, on the twenty-first of February we left Antung — the last place we were to see for many a day that had even the first prerequisites of civilized comforts. 'It is good to cast them all away,' — so sang

our hearts as at six o'clock in the morning, in blackest darkness, we stepped from the overheated hotel into the quiet cold, just before dawn. Our two carts, covered with heavy blue cloth and lined with furs, stood ready at the door; the carters moved around, giving a last greasing to their wheels. The food-boxes, looking very small to hold a month's rations, were roped on the back; then came the clothes chest, also roped on. The bedding-roll was put in the back of the cart. Last of all, on top of the grain sacks of our last journey, we stuffed in a thin mattress which we were to use on the *k'angs*¹ at night-time. This mattress was our latest device for making endurable the jolting of the oaken cart-bodies which sit, with no gentle intermediary of springs, directly on a solid oak axle.

I had grown to twice my usual size in my layers of clothes, and the cart, with its furs and mattress, seemed to have shriveled; but, by dint of much pushing by my husband and much pulling on my own part, I managed to crawl in. My husband jumped to his usual place across from the driver; the boy and the middle-man were already in the cart behind; the 'escort,' consisting of one soldier, walked ahead. Somewhere from within the bundle of animated clothes which represented the driver, we heard the *tsu-tzu*, the equivalent of the Yankee 'gid-dap.' We were off, rumbling over the snow-covered streets of Antung! Turning once and then again, we had left Antung behind. In another half hour we had reached the frozen river where lay the trail of the winter.

II

I have surely sipped some potion meant for gypsies; for as soon as we

¹ The heated brick beds found in Chinese inns. — THE AUTHOR.

were in that bumpy cart, with the surety of days afieled, my spirit took on a serenity peculiar to our wandering days. By the time we had reached the river, the knack of riding in a Peking cart had come back to me, and I snuggled down into my furs.

'Happy?' asked my husband.

I sighed contentedly.

The front of the cart, with its fur curtain rolled up, was a window, arched at the top, framing for me the pageant of the winter frontier-land. On either side were the white hills, over our heads was the gray sky, before us the frozen Yalu. Above it, far to the horizon, there snaked along, now on one side, now on the other, a dark streak. Thus had the winter road been blazed out to avoid thin ice, and rapids where the water flowed too fast to freeze.

Tinkle, tinkle went the tiny bell on the shaft-mule; click, clack went the cart as the mules trotted briskly over one of the very few good roads a Chinese mule ever sees. The sun came over the mountain-tops, touching that deathlike gray world with an elfin touch, transforming it into a shimmering glory. In that radiant morning, over the sparkling ice and snow moved the peasants, bent on business, bent on pleasure, rejoicing with the married children, mourning for the dead. Black spots advanced out of a shining haze, grew large, took on shape.

'I see trees as men walking,' said I laughing.

'They are Koreans,' said my husband.

They were all in white, with their billy-cock hats perched rakishly on top of fur bonnets. From the soft shining distance there emerged great produce-carts pulled by long lines of mules, with dark hooded figures huddled on the top of the load. Foot-travelers came along, sombrely clad, bent low under the loads on their backs. Slog, slog,

they moved past us. There were sledges drawn by the family ox. By the ox's side plodded the man of the family; on the sledges, wrapped in padded blankets, sat gay little ladies, jewels in their glossy hair. From the blankets peeped bright-eyed babies, their cheeks red with cold and daubs of paint. Now that the crops were harvested they were all going visiting.

By and by there came a funeral procession, a startling splash of color. Musicians in Lincoln green carried great gold-colored instruments. Faint fragments of the dirge, now high wailing, now deep groaning, reached us, grew louder, shrieked in our ears, and passed. The procession followed — a long line of muffled black figures carrying the paper paraphernalia of the dead: gaudy red-paper chairs, a great blue cart, as large as the real ones passing, tall phantom servants, and gay paper-doll ladies riding large birds of luck, looking as witchlike as Mother Goose on her broomstick sweeping the sky. Pace, pace from the bank above, came the great catafalque in a clinging mantle of red, borne aloft by beggars gathered in at random, their rags flapping bizarrely below their hastily donned garments of state. In sackcloth walked the mourners.

The little padded driver drowsed. The right-hand mule, resembling the famous Modestine, tried to take every snowy by-path, shied at every familiar and unfamiliar object. But we were very gay and light-hearted and never minded anything — just watched the peasant world file past us.

'Hey!' cried my husband, as that wicked white mule gave an extra jump, 'wake up here, Schnicklepenutz, and tend these mules.'

'He's not a German, he's got a queue,' I protested.

'I can't help it, he's square-headed and got short legs, and Schnicklepenutz

he shall be,' shouted my husband from over the top of his fur collar.

So Schnicklepenutz he remained to the end of the chapter, and drowsed as well under that name as under any other.

'And Benoni shall be the name of the driver of the other cart,' my husband continued; 'I feel that he is marked for tragedy.'

Far into the evening we rode under the pale rays of the moon. We were going to do a splendid day's work — a hundred and twenty *li* (forty miles). The road was good, the mules were fresh, and we unconscious of our cart-bruises, because we had not as yet slept on them. Somewhere about nine o'clock we drove our mules up the bank into the street of the first town from Antung. The street was dark and empty, for the curfew rings up here at eight o'clock. All the shutters were closed; the three or four iron bars of each door were slid into place. We found the shop we were looking for; the middle-man descended and hammered on the door until some one within shouted through the cracks, asking who we were.

'*Kai mun, kai mun!*' (Open your doors, open your doors!) 'We are from Antung. We have business with you.'

'Wait, wait!' they cried, 'we must ask the head-man.'

More questions from within, more waiting. Then the bars were slid back, and we were received with Eastern politeness, served with tea as we warmed our hands over a charcoal brazier, and then given a warm *k'ang* in an inner room.

Ah me! the change in our spirits in twenty-four hours! All we desired the next morning when we woke, was to be left in peace on the warm *k'ang*. We were so stiff and sore that we did not like to think of carts. But unfortunately our business was soon done. We had only one difficulty with the shop-owner.

Some time before, he had been sent a set of brass signs for advertising purposes. Considering it the rankest extravagance to expose such beautiful things to the elements, he had carefully wrapped them up and put them away. When this matter had been arranged to our satisfaction and his disapproval, we had only to break bread with our host and we were again on our way.

There was a north wind and it was snowing — great heavy flakes. The river had become a stranger. We were speechless, enthralled, unable to take our eyes from so wildly compelling a thing. The heaps of snow looked vague and unnatural; the piles of ice took on eerie shapes. At four, in a snowy twilight, we saw the sign of an inn — the hoops of red cloth, nothing but a dark scarecrow dangling from a long pole stuck in the snow on the high bank above us.

Trusting that the swinging rags told the truth, — for the bank hid any sign of the inn itself, — we ordered the carters to drive up the track. With the last strain of the mules up the embankment, we found ourselves in the inn courtyard, with its hastily built brushwood fence, the dead leaves still clinging. The building was a long, one-storied mud hut, with thatched roof.

We entered. Behold what the frontiersman had created! The long room was the scene of homely industry. From the centre rafter hung a big oil-lamp, shedding its rays over a patriarchal family as busy as a hive of bees. By the clay stove sat the grandfather feeding the fire with twigs, and tending a brood of children playing on a dirt floor packed hard, swept clean. From one corner came the merry whirl of grinding mill-stones, as a blindfolded donkey walked round and round, while a woman in red with a wonderful headdress gathered up the heaps of yellow cornmeal that oozed from the gray stones.

More women in red threw the bright meal high in the air, winnowing it of its chaff; others leaned over clay mortars, pounding condiments with stone pestles.

Men were hurrying here and there with firewood, cooking for the travelers. One end of the room was reserved for these wayfarers, but the *k'ang* at the other end was divided into sections. From each rafter over each section swung quaint little cradles; in each cradle was a little brown baby, each baby tended by a larger child. Far away from the loud clamor of the western world, we fell asleep in a clean inner room, to the soft sound of swinging cradles and grinding mill-stones.

III

Six days, and the first stage of our journey is over. We have reached the town standing just where the river branches. To-morrow we start up the right arm of the triangle, cutting ourselves off from the mainland. The shopkeepers with whom we are staying have given us a *k'ang* in the cake-kitchen. In a niche above the ovens sits the kitchen god. It is evening now, and a little scullery-boy is making the rounds of all the gods. He has just offered incense and chin-chinned to the kitchen's guardian angel. I wonder if he looks after vagabonds also — if they don't possess kitchens of their own?

I woke in what seemed the dead of night, so black it was, with only the tiny points of light from the incense glowing in the room. My husband was calling, 'Wake up, wake up, thou sleepy head; 't is time to burn our bridges.' Then the boy entered and stuck a lighted candle in some melted wax on the *k'ang* table. The stage was set for our plunge into the country that might become isolated.

Despite our early rising it was mid-

forenoon before we left. The boy had been warned in a dream of bandits, and it caused a grave discussion; all the owners of the shop stopped work to take part in it. The upshot of it was that the *yamen* doubled our escort.

Almost as we started, the character of the country began to change: the slopes of the hills grew sharper, the valleys narrower, scattering hardwood trees appeared, the villages became fewer and fewer, the grain-towers we saw less and less often. The tracts of tilled land were far apart now.

It was cold, hard work climbing. A few steps forward, and a step back we slid. When we stood, at last, on the windy tops, there was inner vision from these vantage-points. We looked at the grandeur of the far-stretching earth. Under the brilliant Manchurian sky we could see for miles and miles, range after range of winter white hills, bare and brown in spots where the wind had blown the snow away. A few brown huts and the brown circling road way below us were the only signs of habitation. All things material receded. Even the hills stood aloof, clothed in cold snow. We dwelt apart in spiritual calm. We felt at one with the learned man of India who had at his finger-tips all the ways of London, all the affairs of India, and yet renounced everything and departed far into the hills, where, on the brow of a mountain, he made himself into a beggar and a holy man, there to spend the years working out the riddle of existence. We were one with the Hebrew crying, 'I will lift up my eyes unto the hills.' We were one with the first Chinese frontiersman who had made it his duty to build a wayside shrine just where the road went over the brow of the hill, leaving a tree to spread its protecting branches in wind and calm, in rain and sunshine, over the crude altar. We longed to offer incense there, and to toll the bell that hung from a branch

of the tree, and thus announce to the valley that one more man had felt the need of something beyond food and raiment.

Three days more. Finally, there began to be timber on the slopes. There was scarcely a hut. The first day we lost our way entirely and found ourselves fifteen *li* off our road. That meant two hours more added to the traveling day and it brought us at tiffin to no inn at all. The next day we met a peasant boy pulling a sled.

'How far is it to the inn of the Virtuous Family?' our escort cried, stopping him on the road.

'To hell with you!' the boy answered. 'I'm not going along the road to tell you the way,' he finished insolently.

'I'll teach you to insult a soldier out on official business!' roared our escort, hitting him with the butt of his rifle.

Then, so quickly that it made us blink, down from a hut on the hillside came the men of the boy's patriarchal family. The oldest one, with a quavering voice but a strong right arm, belabored our erstwhile brave soldier and marched him off to the hut on the hill. Night was coming down through the narrow valley. We were a bit rueful over the loss of half our escort, but concluded that one was as good as two of such brave men, and hurried along without more ado.

When we entered the inn that night we beheld a witch's cave. Great clouds of smoke circled to the dim rafters, great clouds of steam rose from the huge caldrons standing over the open braziers. Over them leaned tall men of the North, their faces sinister in the alternate gloom and flashes of light from the wood fires. On the long *k'angs* down each side of the room, sprawled the shadowy figures of uncouth wayfarers. By the dark, grotesquely small *k'ang* tables they hunched, drawing in hot draughts of tea with a loud sucking

sound. The earth floor was wet and slimy with the melting snow from the feet of many comers. The dried meat, the baskets of condiments hanging by crooked sticks from the dimly seen rafters, took on fantastic and savage shapes.

Our frugal meal of hot tea, sausage, and dry bread finished, we crawled under the blankets on one end of the warm *k'ang*, for we were to get no privacy that night (there was no inner room that we could either beg or command). The warmth was acceptable, and despite the smoke and flaring fires we fell asleep.

I was dreaming that I was in Dante's Inferno when I awoke to find it no idle dream. Many a late traveler had come in while we innocently slept. The cooking-pots at the end of the *k'angs*, whose fires served the double purpose of heating the *k'angs* through a system of flues and cooking extra large quantities of *chow*, had been filled to their utmost capacity, with a proportionate amount of fire built under them. So while the innkeepers did a thriving business, and we slept, the stove beds grew hotter and hotter, until the grateful heat of early evening turned into a red-hot grill. Warily we turned and turned. The sensation was that of freezing on our upper side and grilling on our lower. Poking holes in the paper window-panes, we watched for the dawn.

With the first streak of light we roused our retinue. That day we were to make Mao Erh Shan, the Mecca of the lumbering man. Every one was tired, and a tired Chinaman, be he a big brave soldier or a stalwart carter, is a whining crying baby. By noon one soldier had left his pony to wander riderless while he rode on the back of our cart; the other refused to trot his animal. 'It was colder trotting,' he complained. The carters, too, refused to hurry; they also were tired and their

mules as well. 'Let us stop,' they coaxed. When we refused they all started to turn in at a wretched inn twenty *li* short of Mao Erh Shan, our destination. We were in despair. Then the boy, our staff and our rod in difficulty, came to the rescue. He climbed up on the soldier's pony and beat him into a wabbling trot. His long fur gown flapped to the four winds; the pony balked and plunged, but the boy beat on and on with the silly little whip, until our mules caught the excitement and actually trotted. The twenty *li* were made, and Mao Erh Shan. Thus ended the second stage of our journey.

IV

Even as we opened our eyes the next morning we were conscious that we were no longer in the silent white wilderness. All round us rose the sounds and smells of teeming life. Our breakfast quickly eaten, we were out on the street. Rough characters with strong, insolent faces slouched along; the restaurants were as thick as flies in summer. The occasional shops looked incredibly prosperous for China. There was none of the almost penurious thriftiness that usually marks even the wealthiest shops. The owners boasted that they had refused the agency of several large foreign firms. 'It does n't pay to bother with them,' they said arrogantly. They saw things large; they 'talked big.'

Everywhere were the evidences of good wages, of the large profits of a new country. It reminded one of the mad life of Alaska when the miners came in with their pokes of gold. Money came easily and it went even more easily. Lust and license ran riot as they do in lumbering camps the world over, only here there was the momentum gained from a wild oriental *abandon*. On the edge of the clean new country

men were crazed with the possession of money easily obtained.

After two days of struggle with these men swollen with power, my husband decided to move on. We could delay no longer. It was March now, and we still had seven days' journey through the forest to the other tributary, which we must cross to get over to the mainland of Manchuria. In a half hour after leaving the roaring, rioting town we were in the thin edge of the virgin forest underneath which lay China's hidden treasure.

Oh, the wonder of those days! We saw the earth almost as it was made in the beginning. Deeper and deeper we penetrated, higher and higher we climbed. There was ineffable stillness and peace boundless, eternal. We had passed, for the time, far away from man. We saw the activities of our lives in the perspective of the past days of toiling travel. At last we stood on the highest pass in all our journey. Around us lay sunshine and sparkling snow; close at hand a dead pine, bare and naked, stood out majestically. Down the slopes marched the trees; far off the mountains were gray, hidden in fast-rising snow squalls. A great wind came biting against us. It was a supreme moment.

Having crossed the last high range of mountains, we descended into the more sheltered land on the other side. With a gasp we realized that there was something new in the air, something living, something fresh. 'Look!' I cried. We looked around us at the ground, at the sun; we looked at each other. We reached our hands out beyond the cart. The wind touched them softly.

My husband groaned. 'It looks like spring, it feels like spring, it smells like spring, and by gorry, it *is* spring! A few days like this and the river will be too rotten to risk the carts on it.'

'It can't be,' I said. 'Why, it was

only yesterday that we ran and thrashed around to keep from freezing.'

'And we have nearly a thousand *li* more to do,' continued my husband.

'Wake up, wake up, old Schnicklepenutz,' we both cried, poking the driver's drowsy, padded back. 'It's going to be a race with spring. None of your Eastern procrastination.'

Thud, our cart roundly struck a stone in the soft snow. We had n't time to consider its message before we saw ahead the undeniable sheen of water in the two cart-tracks down each side of the road.

'This afternoon,' we decided, 'we must go a long way before we stop. Somehow we've got to manage to hustle the East and we've got to get started sooner at noon than we usually do.'

Oh, for the best-laid plans of mice and men!

'We'll have beans, boy,' we said; 'and tell the carters chop, chop, must hurry.'

'Master,' replied the boy, 'carters say must stop, very late now, to-morrow can go.'

'Why?' we cried.

'Mules very tired.'

We were paying the carters by the day; hence the need for rest.

'Tell carters, must go. No go, no money to-day.'

The boy departed and we went on with our beans.

'All right,' said the boy returning, 'can go little way.'

But we had no sooner finished our beans than a soldier from the town entered, clicked his heels (if one can be said to click heels booted in cloth shoes), and stood at attention.

'The head-man of the town invites you to be so good as to remain here for the rest of to-day. There is a band of two hundred *hung-hu-tzes* [bandits] coming down from the North. He has sent out the soldiers, but there may be

fighting on the road, and will you be so kind as to wait, at least until to-morrow?’

Of course there was nothing to do but ‘be so kind as to wait.’ The carters had a lovely, quiet afternoon of snoring sleep after their midday wine; for us there was nothing to do but go out and ruefully survey the snow melting in the afternoon sun, and sit in the inn listening to tales of bandits.

Whether it was due entirely to fate, or whether the gods conspired against us, I really cannot say. I am inclined to believe the latter. I think the gods reasoned this way: ‘We cannot allow any one to hurry the East, however necessary it may be to him personally. If it is once allowed, there is no telling where it will stop. We must save a few quiet corners, else gods, and fairies, and beloved vagabonds will disappear.’

Be that as it may, we had carried out our rushing programme for only two days when, in a wide valley between hills, our shaft-mule fell lame. First he began going very slowly, then he limped, and finally, as we came to the end of the valley and started on the inevitable pull upwards, he refused altogether to go on. What were we to do? Schnicklepenutz got down to look him over. He grunted angrily; it was evident that he was not going to risk the life of a perfectly good mule.

Then there was a consultation and an argument; everybody got out. First Benoni climbed down from his cart, then came the boy, then our middle-man extricated himself, and last of all, as he could not be heard in the discussion, down jumped my husband. Sun, the middle-man, who liked ease and not too many hours in a cart, was for stopping. Schnicklepenutz, who wished to lose neither his mule nor his three good dollars a day, was also all for stopping. The boy, who cared not a fig for the mule, the money, or the ease, was for

going on; not that he felt the danger of delay, — to that all Chinese are superbly indifferent, — but he was highly disgusted with them all. We, who did not intend to risk our lives on the rotten ice of the far-away river, were for hunting for a new equipment; only we knew all too well that, if our retinue wanted something else, however acquiescent they might seem to our wishes, the new equipment would not be forthcoming. Then Benoni, who was a relative of Schnicklepenutz and wanted to keep intact the mules and money of the family, offered a solution: put our big white pulling-mule in the shafts and give the lame one the lighter work. Since the big white one had never been in the shafts and was an ill-tempered beast to boot, he, Benoni, would be the driver, as he was the best hand with the animals.

The leather buckled, the ropes tied, the strings of the mysterious harness knotted, the big mule gave a wicked shake in the shafts, then started to climb without more ado. The scheme had worked! By our watches we had lost only half an hour.

Up we climbed, the big mule pulling bravely and the alert Benoni flicking the ears of all three at just the moment to avoid every frozen lump, every stone. It was a work of art, the ascent of that pass! We almost concluded to ride down in order to save time and see Benoni’s fine work. Still, as Schnicklepenutz, his heavy brain working more slowly, had not reached the brow of the hill, we might as well walk, especially as Benoni was discreetly tying our wheels. We waved him on; it is never safe to be ahead of the carts on a down grade, for sometimes they take a sudden slide. Benoni, whip and lines in one hand and the other free to steady the cart, ran along at the side. ‘*Tzu, tzu, oah, oah.*’ The white mule squared his haunches, planted all his four feet firmly; the cart

with its locked wheels slid behind him.

We danced after them down the wintry road. Faster and faster they went. We fell behind, panting, and then stopped, transfixed to the spot. The mules were running; the cart was hopping at their heels. Benoni was plunging along, but never for an instant did he stop swinging that circling whip.

Now the mules were galloping! The cart seemed to be climbing up their backs. The melting snow hid a glaze of slippery ice, and Benoni's felt shoes were his undoing. Running full tilt, down he went, his whip still waving, and slid headlong over the ice. In one lightning moment the heavy studded wheel of the cart rode over him. We closed our eyes.

When we looked, Benoni was dragging himself by means of his hands back up the road toward us. His first instinct pulled him away from that awful solitary experience back to his fellows. Not far below him was his cart all tangled in some underbrush, hanging just above a precipice, and the mules lying flat in the snarled harness, with one shaft pinning the white mule to the ground.

By this time we had all, even the supercilious boy, reached Benoni. Why he was alive we could not understand; but we found that the ugly wheel had passed over his leg only, and his padded trousers—two or three pairs—had saved it from being broken. There was the mark of the iron studding on his flesh, and his face was white and drawn with suffering. With set teeth he got up on his feet and took a few steps toward the inn in the valley below. Schnicklepenutz had already departed to view the wreck of his possessions. Hurt relatives were all very well, but what about hurt mules and broken carts? We turned round to see his short legs astride one mule's head. The bad mule had grown restive and was endangering the cart and the mules, himself

included. We bethought ourselves of our own possessions, corralled a passer-by for Benoni to lean upon, and departed. The stout cart and stouter mules were all right, but the ropes that held our boxes to the back of the cart had broken, and our clothes, business reports, and cherished rations were scattered far down the ravine. A morning lost, a lame mule, a hurt driver, our few biscuits in the mud at the bottom of the ravine, business reports torn, and no farther toward that river.

'We will not try to hustle the East,' ruefully said my husband; 'even the mules are against it. Still, there's the river!'

V

In the course of the next two hours we all reached the inn, where they applied hot wine to poor Benoni's wounds. Then there was a furious discussion as to what to do with the lame mule and the hurt driver. One thing was evident: we must start that afternoon. It seemed cruel to Benoni, but it was the least of several evils. If he were only badly bruised, he would be stiffer and sorer long before he was better. If it were something worse, our best course was to get him to a doctor at once.

Theories were good, but who should drive? It takes a long time to learn to guide the proverbially stubborn mule with the flick of a whip and a few guttural notes. Up came the boy. Why had we not thought of him before? Wasn't he a carpenter, a poler of boats, a farmer? He could not drive very well, but he could flick the whip and Benoni promised to sit out in front and give the *tsu tsus* and *oah oahs*, and Schnicklepenutz was to drive each cart in turn down the passes. With such highly specialized labor we started.

The first day was finished. We had moved slowly but surely toward our destination. A second day and then a

third, and we were started on the fourth. By changing our course we had struck an unfrequented road. Our highly specialized labor was very slow. That day we had to grit our teeth anew. There is no quitting on the trail, even if a steep pass does suddenly confront you toward dark, after the evening freeze has set in and made the melting streams, that had covered the road during the day, turn to a smooth glare. Lame mule, sick driver, every one had to buckle to the work in hand. Every one except the sick driver was out to lighten the pull-back of the carts. The drivers clucked and clucked, and when the mules slipped and gave up, slash! went the whips, goading them on to a frantic leap. Our 'escort' and my husband pushed from behind; Sun and I followed with rocks to block the wheels if the cart started sliding. We were on the last steep grade. The lame mule, panting, sweating, went down; the cart slid; our stones did not hold, and back toward the other cart it began to glide. Frantically we clawed the freezing earth for fresh blocks. It was a sickening moment, but we got them there in time.

Just how that last grade was made I do not know. My whole will was set on the task of not breaking down. I must not be a quitter. Long ago I had honestly earned the name of 'trail woman' from my husband, and I was not going to lose it now. So I kept saying to myself, 'Brace up and be a man.' So saying, and watching the moonlight streaming over the valley, I kept plodding behind my husband toward a light that seemed to evade our approach. Then, after an eternity, we were at the inn and drinking hot tea that brought tears to my eyes. It was just the tea, I am sure; my husband did not see them.

Benoni secured a driver for his team and we got a whole outfit to take the

place of Schnicklepenutz's. Such a cart! It was like the one-hoss shay — so old that if it broke at all it would be a final break-up; and the driver resembled his vehicle. Old in limb and soul, he had no interest in anything but a large bean-cake for fodder which, with the stubbornness of old age, he was determined to put directly under the place where I sat. And we named him Jehoshaphat. We planned it all out: six hundred *li* to do; ten *li* an hour, ten hours a day, a stop of one day at the station on the river. And then across — if the gods were good!

We made the river in the seven days! They said carts were still crossing, but that was not altogether reassuring. The Chinese often cross frozen rivers till some one falls in. Still, we thought the thaws had not been sufficient to melt the thick underlying masses of ice. If only we could choose a lucky place!

To the river we went in the gray early morning. We all sat perched on the front of the cart (the inside would be a death-trap should we go through). There were several tracks. We picked the safest-looking. On to the ice we drove. *Slash!* went the driver's whip, flicking each mule's ears. They plunged into a wild gallop. We were half-way over. We could feel the ice bend under us. Jehoshaphat, the stolid, became motion incarnate. His arms flapped, his whip flew. He waved his feet, drummed them on the shaft-mule's quarters. He yapped like a dog as the ice crackled round us. Faster! Faster!

We stood again on the good firm ground of Manchuria, and lo, all motion had left Jehoshaphat. He looked like a lump of flesh unquickened by a spark of life. We looked behind us: our other cart was safe also. But over the place where we had just crossed spread a widening crack. The triangular land was entering into its spring isolation.

THE FEDERAL FARM LOAN ACT

BY MYRON T. HERRICK

I

ON December 2, 1913, in addressing Congress on rural credits, President Wilson said: 'The farmers, of course, ask and should be given no special privilege, such as extending to them the credit of the government itself. What they need and should obtain is legislation which will make their own abundant and substantial credit resources available as a foundation for joint, concerted, local action in their own behalf in getting the capital they must use. It is to this we should now address ourselves. . . . But we must not allow ourselves to depend upon extraordinary expedients.'

Secretary of Agriculture Houston said in his report for 1914: 'The chief difference of opinion arises over whether there should be special aid furnished [to farmers] by the government. There seems to be no emergency which requires or justifies government assistance to the farmers directly through the use of the government's cash or the government's credit. The American farmer is sturdy, independent, and self-reliant. He is not in the condition of serfdom or semi-serfdom in which were some of the European peoples to whom government aid was extended in some form or other during the last century. He is not in the condition of many of the Irish peasantry for whom encouragement and aid have been furnished through the land-purchase act. As a matter of fact, the American farmers are more prosperous than any other

farming class in the world. As a class they are certainly as prosperous as any other great section of the people; as prosperous as the merchants, the teachers, the clerks, or mechanics. It is necessary only that the government provide machinery for the benefit of the agricultural classes as satisfactory as that provided for any other class. It is the judgment of the best students of economic conditions here that there is needed to supplement existing agencies a proper land-mortgage banking system operating through private funds, just as other banking institutions operate, and this judgment is shared by the leaders of economic thought abroad.'

Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo, in a ship-subsidy speech delivered on February 4, 1915, before the United States Chamber of Commerce, commented on the loss of the government surplus lent to the states in 1837, and said: 'Yet, gentlemen, when we cannot get a state of the American Union to pay its just debts to the government for money loaned to it, you ask us to stand for a proposition to lend money to private corporations or individuals upon the security of mortgage. Never on the face of the earth! And I tell you, gentlemen, if you ever enter upon it, you will have to lend it upon railroads and upon every other enterprise. Bills are referred to me asking that every conceivable sort of scheme be approved, submitting them for the judgment of the Department, for raids upon the United States Treasury in the form of actual loans to be made by the Treas-

ury of the United States on this thing and that thing — farm loans, loans on houses built by workingmen, and so on. They are all entitled to consideration if we are going into the money-lending business. We shall have to lend it to everybody. You cannot discriminate under our system of government. Everybody must tap the Treasury till, if you adopt any such resolution as this.'

All this is sound doctrine, and since it was thus deliberately pronounced as a rule of action for the Administration by the foremost three of its leaders, nobody, of course, could have predicted the Federal Farm Loan Act. That such a law should really exist still seems incredible, not only because it violates every principle of this doctrine, but because it is unjustified by any emergency, except possibly that of a political campaign that is past. Congressman Caraway of Arkansas was one of its ardent advocates, but in a speech in November before the Farm-Mortgage Bankers' Association he confessed that the need for it 'does not any more exist as formerly,' that it is 'full of defects,' that 'they are not going to do any business [under it] in the South'; that it will produce 'more tenants and absentee landlords,' and that 'it is very likely to be modified [in parts] or repealed, but as long as it exists it is going to be a serious menace to private capital.' Then he added: 'I do not believe in the government's going into private business of any kind, but this is one of the things it is going to do. To tell you the facts about the matter, to be right candid with you all, we were all hoping to be reflected by our activities in this matter. [Laughter and applause.] The farmer is the greatest agitator in the country, and it is always customary near election for all of us to shed a great many tears over his condition. And we did it, and I am proud to say that I had

no opposition myself to being returned [laughter] and most of the other gentlemen got back. And it is to be hoped that, if defects appear in the act, by remedying them we may prolong our political lives.'

To what extent such motives influenced the voting is not known, since no other legislator has been so frank as Mr. Caraway. It might be noted, however, that the act was passed only a few weeks before the political conventions in June. It was approved on July 17. The Federal Farm Loan Board was appointed during the same month. In August, liberally supplied from an appropriation of \$100,000, the Board started its publicity work and began a tour throughout the country that continued during the campaign. No criticism or questions of doubt were tolerated at its numerous meetings. The thousands of members and officers of granges and other agricultural bodies, farmers, and persons interested in agriculture, who attended, were regaled only with the highest recommendations of the act. This must have had considerable effect on the elections, especially since the Board spread broadcast such statements as, 'The act will attract vast numbers of our people to the farms who have been unable to engage in agriculture because it has been impossible to secure money on farm obligations'; 'The hearings disclose interest rates ranging from five per cent per annum to five per cent a month'; 'In every state visited, the industrious farmer of modest means but who can offer unquestionable security is unable to get farm credit on any terms'; and 'In many states it was found that the farmer is never certain that he can get a loan, however good the mortgage security.'

These statements regarding adverse conditions would entail no exaggeration if they referred to credit sought for or extended on security other than real

estate, or to mortgages finally exacted to secure such debts, which the farmers, in too many instances, have let run on and accumulate year after year. They would be true if they referred even to any kind of credit in sections remote from money centres before 1910, when the improvement of farm finance was first nationally agitated. But they referred to farm-mortgaging at present, the sole subject before the Board's meetings, and their unmistakable intention was to create the impression that capital is now scarce and interest excessive for farm-land credit generally, irrespective of state, values, or person. Hence, the statements are flagrantly wrong, if the declarations and investigations of Secretary Houston, asserting and showing the contrary, are right.¹

But misstatements, misconceptions, and lack of information have characterized the rural-credits movement. Never before was legislation purporting to solve a great problem enacted with such ignorance or disregard of its essentials as to both fact and principle. Aside from a very able argument about legal points, the debate on the act was simply descriptive of its clauses and added nothing to the store of rural-credits knowledge. The other discussions in Congress were also mere descriptions of bills, not a few of which were plans formulated upon novel ideas for raids on the Treasury and taxpayers' capital, or vamped up from the clutter of John Law's Company of the West, the Massachusetts Land Bank and Manufactory scheme, and other vagaries of by-gone days that were dumped into the trash-can in 1741 by the extension to the colonies of the British 'Bubble Act.' The teachings of history and the best precedents from foreign countries were

ignored as a guide for modern thought. The most noteworthy exceptions were the first bills and speeches of Senator Fletcher and Congressman Moss; but these men changed their views without apology or apparent reason, and yielded to the pressure, not yet explained, that caused Congress to abandon President Wilson's, Secretary McAdoo's, and Secretary Houston's original plans of individual initiative and private enterprise through concerted local action of the farmers, and to depend entirely upon extraordinary expedients.

So the Federal Farm Loan Act was finally placed on the statute books, with only twelve opposing votes in the House and none in the Senate, for the purpose of assisting actual and prospective farmers (foreign immigrants as well as citizens) by the use of the government's cash and the government's credit on a gigantic scale and in a complex way, such as has never been attempted in any other country. Congressman Caraway's answer to the manifest objection to selecting one particular industry for government favors was: 'The farmer produces what you eat and what I eat, and what you wear and what I wear, and the cost of what we eat and wear is necessarily influenced by the interest rate that the farmer has to pay. If you cut down his rate of interest, everybody gets the benefit of it; and therefore it is not class legislation to enable him to get money at a lower rate of interest than anybody else engaged in private business.' [Renewed and uproarious laughter.]

This answer has not satisfied the American Federation of Labor, whose two million members are probably soon to be augmented by all the trade-unionists in the country. This great organization evidently understood Secretary McAdoo to be sincere when he declared that our government cannot discriminate and that all must be allowed to

¹ See Bulletin 384, United States Department of Agriculture, July 31, 1916, compiled before the act was passed. — THE AUTHOR.

tap the Treasury till, if anybody be accorded that favor. At its Baltimore convention (November 20, 1916), the Federation resolved, in substance, that deposits in postal savings banks be advanced to municipalities for the purpose of building model dwellings for their inhabitants; or, as an alternative, that the Federal government establish such a system of credits that the inhabitants of these municipalities may borrow money for long terms at low interest rates to build homes free of taxation, the resolution beginning and ending: 'Inasmuch as the government has already established a rural-credits system for the benefit of the farmer . . . we believe it is an easy matter for the government to take such steps to relieve the working people in industrial centres of the insanitary homes that are now unfit for habitation.'

Thus the act has borne its natural fruit far more quickly than was anticipated. But the Federation is just and fair in its demands, if the Federal Farm Loan Act is to remain in force. Difficulties would be encountered, of course, in adapting it to conditions in the cities on account of their shifting centres, changing real-estate values, large apartment houses, and unstable population. However, the government must address itself to meeting these demands and difficulties, or else get out of the private business of lending money for agricultural purposes.

II

If this matter were taken to the people, the vote would undoubtedly be either for all or for none. What will Congress do — repeal the act or enlarge its scope? The probabilities are that Congress will do neither; but will make some much-needed amendments, and then rest in the hope that the act will be invalidated by the courts as unconstitutional, or be proved so ineffective.

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tive and dangerous in operation as to become unpopular and little used. Such a hope would not be groundless, as an outline of the act will show. The act, however, is not as exact or as concise as it might be. Indeed, it is susceptible of different meanings at important points. But its intent to subsidize rather than to finance agriculture is quite evident. In spite of an intricate arrangement, the system created is really managed by the Federal Farm Loan Board, and is designed to draw funds from the United States Treasury and to issue bonds backed by the government for granting loans to its beneficiaries at low interest rates.

The Board is composed of the Secretary of the Treasury, Chairman *ex officio*, and four members appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, and removable by the President. It forms a bureau at Washington in the Treasury Department for supervising, directing, and controlling a system that is to cover all continental United States except Alaska. In accord with the act, it is to divide the country into twelve districts and establish a federal land bank in each district. Besides these, the system will have such national farm-loan associations within each district and such joint-stock land banks, each with a territory of not more than two contiguous states, as the Board may charter, without limit as to number. The Board shall appoint one registrar and one or more appraisers for each district; also as many examiners, attorneys, experts, assistants, clerks, laborers, and other employees, as it may deem necessary. It need not observe the civil-service rules in appointing or dismissing this force. The registrars, appraisers, and regularly employed examiners are declared to be public officers.

The territory of a national farm-loan association may legally be coextensive

with a district, but it will probably be small, since the Board is urging the division even of counties, and since no charter can be granted without the consent of the district federal land bank. The business of an association is to take farm mortgages from members, and to gather up current funds for the federal land bank of the district. The incorporators shall be ten or more natural persons, applying for loans aggregating at least \$20,000. The capital is variable, consisting of five-dollar double-liability shares, which may be held only by borrowers admitted to membership. The administration is composed of five or more directors, a loan committee of three, and the usual officers, with a secretary-treasurer. All, except the latter, must be members and, consequently, borrowers.

The loan must in all cases be secured by first mortgage on farm land, situated within the territory, and can be made only for purchasing or improving such land, for purchasing equipment, fertilizers, or live stock for it, for liquidating the owner's indebtedness incurred for such purposes, or for any purpose if the indebtedness existed before a charter was granted to any association for the county. However, the Board may define the words 'improvement' and 'equipment' as it pleases. The amount shall not exceed one half of the value of the land plus one fifth of the value of all permanent improvements; nor shall one borrower be allowed more than \$10,000 or less than \$100. The maximum for interest is six per cent per annum, but it can never exceed by more than one per cent the latest series of the district Federal land bank's bonds. The period shall be between five and forty years. Payment shall be by annual or semi-annual installments, with the right to make additional payments in multiples of \$25, at any due date after the first five years.

The borrower must use the loan only for the specific purpose for which it was granted. He must, until the debt is paid, cultivate the land, and keep the premises insured to the Board's satisfaction and free of all back taxes, liens, judgments, and assessments. If not paid, these shall become a part of the loan and, with any defaults, draw simple interest at the rate of eight per cent per annum. No loan shall be made unless it be approved by the association's committee and by one or more of the government's appraisers of the district, if it is to be offered to the federal land bank. The borrower also shall subscribe to one of the association's shares for every \$100 of his loan or major fraction thereof. For instance, the subscription on a \$1,051 loan, would be \$55. He may pay this in cash, or borrow it from the bank and have it added to the loan, provided the sum does not increase the size of the loan above the property's maximum credit value. Preliminary expenses may also be added, provided they do not increase the loan above any of the prescribed limits.

If the property be sold, the mortgage must be foreclosed unless the land bank allows the purchaser to assume the borrower's obligations on his shares and contract. In event of the borrower's death, his heirs or representatives have only sixty days within which to assume these obligations. But this does not mean that they shall become members; there is a prospect, therefore, that the association will eventually be doing business with numerous persons who cannot participate in profits or management and who, as a result, will not be concerned with its success.

After being incorporated, an association may admit new borrowers to membership upon these same conditions by a two-thirds' vote of the directors. Whether such a vote is required for additional loans to members already ad-

mitted is not clear. The borrowers' obligatory shares constitute the minimum for the association's capital — that is to say, five per cent of the original amounts of the mortgages; and this must represent cash until the loans are entirely paid off. There is no maximum, since the association may make loans to all qualified natural persons within its territory. Moreover, it may allow each borrower to subscribe voluntarily to as many shares as he pleases; at least, this seems to be implied.

An association desiring money for a member may obtain it from the federal land bank of the district by indorsing and guaranteeing the mortgage offered as security, and by contributing five per cent of the amount to the bank's capital stock. Three fourths of this stock shall be paid in cash when the loan is granted; the rest may be retained by the association at a charge of six per cent per annum. Stock thus issued cannot be transferred or hypothecated, but may be retired at the bank's discretion with the approval of the Federal Farm Loan Board. It shall be retired on full payment of the loan, when the association shall pay off and retire the corresponding shares of its own capital that were issued to the member.

An association may also obtain from the land bank what money it needs for its own expenses; such advances to draw six per cent per annum, but to be repaid only from dividends belonging to the association. It may retain one eighth of one per cent semi-annually on unpaid principal out of every interest payment on any loan indorsed by it; such sums likewise to be paid back only from dividends. Should these permissible favors be actually accorded to associations and their members, they would, of course, impair the capital stock, surplus, and working funds of the federal land banks and create a serious situation.

Besides obtaining money in these ways from the federal land bank, and through the issuance of shares, an association may issue deposit certificates bearing interest for no longer than one year at a rate of not more than four per cent per annum, convertible into bonds of any of the system's banks when presented at the federal land bank of the district in multiples of \$25. The deposits may be of any amount and come from any person, corporate or individual. They shall be forthwith transmitted to the said bank, which shall hold them for the association's account, subject to check or otherwise, without interest, and shall invest them in such bonds or in farm mortgages. Some contend that the convertibility of the certificates is optional, and that the association may pay them off in cash, since the power to issue such evidences of debt implies the power to redeem them unless expressly forbidden. They also contend that, if certificates are not desired, the association may arrange in any other usual way for the withdrawal and compensation of the depositor's money; the argument being that the power granted to accept deposits is a general one and includes both savings and ordinary deposits, since the act is not specific, exclusive, or prohibitive in respect to either kind, but leaves the matter for contract or for the by-laws which an association may make for regulating the exercise or enjoyment of any of its privileges. The whole question, however, has very little practical importance, because the bonds into which the certificates are convertible may be paid off and retired before maturity, while enormous amounts of them, in denominations of \$25 or more, will eventually be constantly maturing. This will afford the banks and the associations ample means of paying off and retiring the certificates even on demand, should they wish to do so.

III

There is much ambiguity regarding the loan methods of an association, as the act does not specify whether the mortgages shall be executed to it or directly to the land bank. If the former is the case, then nothing would prevent an association from holding mortgages as an investment until repaid. It would have to resort to the services of the bank in investing deposits, but it could handle any other funds itself and use all profits for reserves and dividends. With regard to the federal land bank, however, the act clearly says that it cannot lend on farm mortgages, except through national farm-loan associations of its district, until July 17, 1917. After that it may also lend through banks, trust or mortgage companies, or savings institutions incorporated under state laws and approved as agents by the Federal Farm Loan Board. But the only loans lawful for it to take are of the kind already described, and, after the Board decides that its district has become organized, it shall again confine itself to the associations. Hence, the position of the agents will always be precarious. Moreover, other troubles might confront them, since they must guarantee the mortgages, while their borrowers must contribute five per cent of their loans to the federal land bank's capital stock, without right to vote the shares or to demand their repayment. Such conditions would not be generally practicable for any class of agents mentioned, especially because of the long-term character intended for the loans. The outstanding guaranties of an agent may equal ten times its capital and surplus. They could not be made by savings banks or perhaps by ordinary banks, and would be illegal for all unless permitted by state laws.

So, if the system should need aid in addition to that of the twelve federal

land banks and their associations, probably it may be supplied by the so-called joint-stock land banks. These are bond and mortgage companies, each with \$250,000 or more of capital stock, which may be formed under the act by private investors with a view to profit. Nevertheless, they enjoy important special privileges. They may circulate bonds up to fifteen times the capital stock and surplus, at interest not exceeding five per cent a year. They may lend directly on farm land within their respective territories, without restriction as to purpose, use, or individual amount, and regardless of whether the owner be farmer or cultivator. It seems, however, that he must become a stockholder. In all but a few other respects, they must observe the rules for lending laid down for a federal land bank, except that the interest rate will be governed by their own bonds. But the act is vague in its provisions on joint-stock land banks; it will have to be amended before they can be considered as parts of the system.

Each of the federal land banks has a capital stock of \$750,000, of which the government is required to supply any portion not taken by other parties. The shares are of five dollars each and non-assessable, with times and conditions of payment fixed by the Federal Farm Loan Board. They may be held by any individual, firm, or corporation, or by the government of any state or of the United States; but only the latter and national farm-loan associations may vote. Dividends cannot be paid on shares held by the United States. The bank is temporarily managed by five directors appointed by the Board. When the subscriptions of the associations equal \$100,000, they shall elect six directors and the Board shall appoint three directors. These nine shall then take over the management. When their subscriptions amount to \$750,000

the bank shall apply semi-annually one fourth of all subsequent subscriptions to the retirement of shares representing the original capitalization. The bank shall by its articles of agreement permit issues of new shares for the obligatory subscriptions of associations and borrowers. In addition, the Board may at its discretion authorize the capital stock to be increased for any reason it sees fit, or decreased to any amount above five per cent of outstanding bonds. Consequently the capital stock is variable, and the shares of investors are practically deposit certificates that may be paid for by installments and paid off at specified dates, if the Board so desires.

Such shares could alone supply every financial need, but they are not the sole dependence. A federal land bank may open branches within its district. It may receive deposits in any amount from the holder of just one of its five-dollar shares. Some say that the deposits cannot draw interest; but even were this so, the machinery is there and the doubt could be easily removed by a very slight change in the act. It may borrow money, free of any regulation as to amount, interest, or period. It may be allowed the temporary use of any funds in the United States Treasury not otherwise appropriated, provided the amounts which the Secretary of the Treasury may thus deposit shall not exceed \$6,000,000 at any one time. Nobody seems to know what this remarkable clause means. It may issue certificates against such amounts, bearing a rate not to exceed the current rate for other government deposits, redeemable at the Secretary's discretion. It may also issue bonds, equal to the full face-value of their collateral, bearing interest at any rate up to five per cent per annum, running for any period above five years, redeemable by their terms in gold or any lawful money, and

without any limit as to the total amount so long as the capital stock is maintained at five per cent of the circulation. Each federal land bank shall guarantee, and it may buy, sell, or pay off at or before maturity, the bonds of the eleven others. Thus it may divert funds from its own to any other district.

The farm mortgages used as collateral for the bonds shall be valued by the government's appraisers and deposited with the government's registrar as trustee. The bonds may be issued in series of \$50,000 or more, on authority of the Farm Loan Board. They must bear the certificate of its executive officer, or Farm Loan Commissioner. The bonds and the mortgages are expressly declared to be 'instrumentalities of the Government of the United States.' Consequently they are not based on land values or the farmer's credit. They are based on the credit, good faith, and honor of the United States, and are the ultimate, if not the direct, obligations of the government. This is also the case with private joint-stock land banks, the only important difference being that their bonds shall not be certified by the Farm Loan Commissioner. The bonds of both kinds of land bank may be bought and sold by member banks and, with certain limitations, by reserve banks of the Federal Reserve system; and are lawful as security for public deposits and as investment for fiduciary and trust funds. The bonds and mortgages and all federal land banks and national farm-loan associations, including capital and reserve or surplus and income derived therefrom, are exempt from national, state, municipal, and local taxation, except taxes on real estate. The government must pay all the expenses of the bureau and the salaries of all its appointees and employees, and even the outlays for advertising. Nothing is omitted but the salaries of appraisers and the costs of preparing

and delivering the bonds. The cost of the bonds will not be heavy, since they are to be engraved by the Secretary of the Treasury.

The Federal Farm Loan Board has been given judicial as well as executive powers over the system, with the right to settle debts or claims of any of its units, in the event of dissolution. The Board may call upon the Attorney-General, the Secretary of the Treasury, and the Secret Service, for free advice, counsel, and assistance. Finally, by making an initial appropriation of \$100,000, Congress has adopted the policy of supplying the Board with any money needed for establishing and organizing land banks and associations.

IV

Thus every source of funds, public and private, has been opened and every special privilege and other known method of extending government aid has been accorded. If there be an exception, it is that the Board has not yet the power to confiscate titles and forcibly to acquire lands for allotment and sale on credit to its beneficiaries. But agrarianism and the redistribution by law of all kinds of landed properties are not improbable outcomes of this extraordinary system, in view of the pressure which the millions of trade unionists, combined with influential colonization societies, have now resolved to exert upon Congress. The farmers did not ask for this system, nor was there any general demand for it. They were on the way toward organizing and mobilizing their own resources, when this blow was struck against private enterprise and coöperation. They would have been satisfied simply by facilities for enabling them to utilize their own abundant and substantial credit. But after a feeble attempt at doing the right

thing through a national law for bond and mortgage companies, politics seems to have prevailed and the solution of the problem fell into the hands of radicals and persons seeking to distribute immigrant aliens in rural sections at the government's risk and expense. They accomplished their ulterior motives, in disregard of the correct principles of land credit and to the detriment of the average farmer of native stock.

The result is this system, which is neither coöperative nor purely agricultural, and which must inevitably have the extension foreshadowed by the resolutions of the American Federation of Labor. It is governmental, because, aside from other reasons, no bond can be issued except through the Federal Farm Loan Board, the Farm Loan Commissioner, and the government's registrars and because no loan can be made except with the consent of the government's appraisers and examiners. The right granted to the borrowers to elect the officers of the associations and the majority of the directors of the federal land banks amounts to nothing, for the reason that they could not manage the business even if they elected every director. So the only effect of the stock subscription is to impose a liability on each borrower for all the loans in a sum equal to ten per cent of his own.

The lack of promised coöperative features might be pardonable if the act had provided only for farm-mortgaging. But such is not the case. The federal and joint-stock land banks may use United States bonds, instead of farm mortgages, as collateral for their bonds; invest all their funds in United States bonds; or deposit all their securities and current funds subject to check with member banks of the Federal Reserve system at any agreed interest. The farm mortgages that the federal land banks may take are of a very restricted

kind indeed. In brief, the act has established a tax-exempted and highly privileged government banking system for disposing of government securities and for aiding industrial and commercial enterprises. With its district banks, regional branches, and local agencies, it will place all banks and associations operating under state charters at a disadvantage; and yet, as a matter of law, it need not lend one dollar to a farmer.

Nobody can foretell what will constitute the major part of its business in the years to come; but a great proportion of its funds, on account of their withdrawable nature, can never be invested in long-term loans to individuals. The acceptance of deposits is not a proper function of a land-mortgage bank. The issuance of bonds and the pyramiding of debts against deposits or assets are dangerous rights for a savings institution. The purchase of United States bonds and the amassing of credits in the Federal Reserve system can serve no agricultural purpose. Subsidizing special interests is an injustice to the public. The mixing of government intervention with individual initiative and private enterprise is an absurdity because no private individual can compete, much less coöperate, with the United States. The system is a hodge-podge of blunders — wrong from any angle of vision. The wisdom and honesty of the Board, clothed with arbitrary powers, will be no more capable of avoiding its pernicious possibilities than was the common-sense of Congress effective in preventing its establishment.

This combination of government finance and farm finance defies every construction of the Constitution save the broadest. Congress cannot exempt a corporation from the taxing powers of the states or of their political divisions, except for discharging a federal govern-

ment function. Farm-mortgaging is not such a function. The framers of the system, however, declare that this will be its chief object, and they pretend that the land banks were authorized to be designated as depositaries and financial agents of the government, and that their bonds and mortgages were made the government's instrumentalities, simply with the view of getting around constitutional objections. But the Supreme Court has said in regard to subterfuges of this kind and their use for a private corporation that 'The casual circumstance of its being employed by the government in the transaction of its fiscal affairs would no more exempt its private business from the operation of that power [of the state to tax] than it would exempt the private business of any individual employed in the same manner.' Moreover, the Court has even doubted that Congress has a right to establish or to privilege a company in any way 'having private trade and private profit for its great end and principal object,' or to delegate the power which it possesses under the Constitution, 'to borrow money on the credit of the United States.'

The system is liable to attack on all these points. The government cannot realize any pecuniary advantage from it directly. Although the government must pay all its overhead expenses and advance public funds to it at the lowest interest rates in any amounts deemed advisable by the Secretary of the Treasury, the government is expressly forbidden dividends on shares. On the other hand, the system may admit any qualified individual as a borrower or investor, and allow him to participate in all the profits, increased, as they will be, through the government's management and bounties. The bonds and mortgages are means for borrowing money. Since they are declared to be 'instrumentalities of the Government

of the United States,' they are not only morally, but legally, backed by the government's credit. Consequently Congress ought at least to have specified the total that could be made. But, contrary to sanity if not to the Constitution, Congress has delegated to a bureau in the Treasury Department and to private individuals the power, not only to make these government instrumentalities, but also to involve the government's credit thereby in unlimited amounts for long periods, without any restriction as to interest rate except five per cent per annum for the bonds and six per cent per annum for mortgages.

Furthermore, little groups of ten or more farmers, seeking cheap money for purely private purposes, may issue cer-

tificates at four per cent per annum which, although they are to be neither certified nor authenticated by public officers, must upon request of the holders, be converted into instrumentalities of the Government of the United States. Joint-stock land banks will be merely profit-making companies for private investors. This may also be said of the twelve federal land banks, since their stockholders and the majority of their directors are eventually to be private individuals. So nothing justifies the use of the free services, money, and credit of the government or the other special privileges made available for the system. Congress has sowed the wind; the country must reap the whirlwind now set brewing by the American Federation of Labor.

A SONG

BY FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD

AND if your shoes were curly-gold,
And if your cap were a sea-gull's feather,
You could not fly more bright and bold
Through the blue sunshine-sprinkled weather.

But if your heart were a jade-green stone,
And if your soul were a gray smoke-quiver,
You could not leave me more alone
To hug cold dreams and to wake a-shiver.

Oh, not my prayers, though they ache like wounds,
Can call you down from your frosty flying.
You hear in heaven wild lovely sounds,
While I — hear only my heart's long crying.

CONTEMPORARY NOVELISTS: JOSEPH CONRAD

BY HELEN THOMAS FOLLETT AND WILSON FOLLETT

I

IF Mr. Joseph Conrad appears at first glimpse as a romancer, — and it is certain that to many readers he does, — the explanation is simply that he is a deeper realist than is commonly perceived. There is a truth outside of truth which is romance; there is a truth within truth which is the living heart of truth. Romance is a vision; but this heart of truth, the objective of the greatest realists, of whom Mr. Conrad is one, is a patient discovery.

These matters can be made clear if we regard each living organism, from the individual life up to the mass of collective lives, as being an affair of circles within circles, spheres within spheres, from an outermost layer of superficial reality to an innermost core or principle of reality in which all that envelops it is implied, explained, and justified. The truth about life is like (shall we say?) a series of Chinese dolls, each fitting inside a larger until a largest one contains them all. The romancer looks at the outermost one and imagines still another outside that; his truth is in the similitude of life viewed in the large, but grander, more free in perspective, fitting reality as a garment fits the body, not as a glove the hand. But the realist's quest is inward. His inspection of the single life takes him beneath the outer husk of act and habit, expression and gesture, to the stratum of emotion and fancy where these have their root; and, perhaps, under that to the substratum, made up of heredity and environ-

ment and pure accident, which we call character. But he has not really acquitted himself until, beneath the last wrapping of all, he has uncovered some inmost kernel of truth, some such secret dream or frozen despair as obscurely rules every life, giving to all the outward manifestations a logic and a legibility not otherwise theirs. And if he confront the medley of lives which make up the general spectacle of life, his concern is still with its hidden centre, the secret aspiration of all mankind — the dream of brotherhood.

As a result of the inward bent of Mr. Conrad's mind and interest, it follows that no one else has written with so profound a sense of the awful privacy of the soul, the intense, palpitating secrecy which underlies even the most placid and composed phenomena of the everyday world. Every one of his stories, properly understood, is a story of mystery, though with hardly anything of the conventional machinery of mystery. Readers will have noticed the extraordinary number of passages in his work which involve the physical presence of somebody or something hidden: evidently the bare fact of concealment fascinates this author. But the whispering intensity of such passages is only the reflex of Mr. Conrad's general feeling that everything in the world is in thrall to secrecy, that secrecy is almost the law of life. Every being is at bottom inexpressible and trying to express itself, every truth is in essence a paradox and struggling for consistency. The 'secret sharer' haunts the cap-

tain's cabin and the captain's thoughts until he seems to have become the captain's other self; but the unearthly and dreamlike reality of the whispered consultations of those two is as nothing to the reality of secrets buried in the consciousness too deep for even whispered consultations. That young rebel stow-away is the negation of tranquillity in a stolid and respectable ship's company; it is an outrage upon all fitness that he should be there and they innocently not know. But he is only an obscure symbol of rebel man precariously living on his pin-prick of lighted dust in space, a negation of the serene immensity of the cosmos which mocks him.

It is important to understand this about Mr. Conrad, for it is the heart and marrow of his kind of irony. Even his verbal irony is only a way of reminding us of the paradox of outer and inner, the incredible gap between the appearance and the reality. In *Nostromo*, his account of the horrible scene of Señor Hirsch's tortured and violent end is sprinkled with reminders of the utterly commonplace character of Hirsch's previous life and occupation. The tragedy of an old man whose world has dropped to pieces round him is described in these terms: 'The enthusiastic and severe soul of Giorgio Viola, sailor, champion of oppressed humanity, enemy of kings and, by the grace of Mrs. Gould, hotel-keeper of the Sulaco harbor, had descended into the open abyss of desolation among the shattered vestiges of his past.' Thus, even as a stylist, Mr. Conrad is occupied with the ironic or tragic unfitness of things. He reminds us by a system of allusions that the strange and sinister things that people do are never so strange as what people are; and he makes the secret inner reality throw a sombre or a shimmering light outward over the plain coarse texture of the duller lives and occupations.

This primary interest of Mr. Conrad in the inmost verity of things, and the secondary quality of his interest in their external appearances, are the prevailing notes in all that he has to say of his own art. 'Art itself,' he says, 'may be defined as a single-minded attempt to render the highest kind of justice to the visible universe by bringing to light the truth, manifold and one, underlying its every aspect.' The artist must 'reveal the substance of its truth—disclose its inspiring secret: the stress and passion within the core of each convincing moment.' If he succeed, 'you shall find there . . . all you demand and, perhaps, also, that glimpse of truth for which you have forgotten to ask.' The emotional side of life will not suffice for him, as it does for the sentimentalist in fiction: 'His aim is to reach the very fount of laughter and tears.'

Mr. Conrad has no lack of the modern realist-reporter's facility in transcribing minute surface aspects of life; indeed, his notation of them is singularly firm and sharp. But he transcribes them only as indices of the moral life which at once implies and transcends them; and he penetrates further into the dusky hinterland of character and motive than any other modern 'historian of hearts'—the more remarkably because quite without the apparatus of the psychological novelist.

To be a historian of hearts, in the sense of feeling the isolation and secret mysterious beauty of each individual adventure, is to be almost necessarily a historian of the lonely. Mr. Conrad speaks somewhere of 'the indestructible loneliness that surrounds, envelops, clothes every human soul from the cradle to the grave, and, perhaps, beyond.' And instinctively he chooses from the medley of lives those that are most detached from 'the community of hopes and fears,' most cut off, by some agency of race, of inheritance, of charac-

ter, or simply of chance, from participation in the life of civilized and social man. In the earlier stage of his work his bent was toward the man cut off by his own act; in the later stage, it has been toward the man cut off by his own nature. But whether he writes about a disgraced man outlawed from society, or about a profoundly individual and solitary man locked in the unlighted cell of his own temperament, the meaning is always that there is a tragic beauty in our secret process of being ourselves; that the indestructible barriers of self are the most inexorable thing in the world. And so, not only does he become very definitely and specially the spokesman of the outcast, but he also perceives that, in some intangible and spiritual sense, every one in the world is an outcast.

The first barrier that Mr. Conrad studied was that of race. The central character of *Almayer's Folly* is the isolated white man stranded in a backwater of life, among brown men. *An Outcast of the Islands* presents the sharper issue, the more relentless tragedy, of the white man's infatuation for the brown woman. In the two novels about revolutionists, *The Secret Agent* and *Under Western Eyes*, Mr. Conrad comes a step nearer to Western civilization. Haldin, the anarchist murderer in *Under Western Eyes*, condenses in one laconic utterance the whole burden of the anti-social life and conscience — 'Men like me leave no posterity.' Here again the theme is fundamentally racial. The characters, both anarchist and autocrat, are alike victims of the deep unconscious irony of political Russia; that irony which expresses itself in the sterile violence of anarchist and autocrat against each other, while between them the real Russia is gored and trampled.

But neither of these types of fiction, where the action turns on tragic mis-

chances of inter-racial contact, is the true quintessence of Conrad. For he is most himself where he explores the purely individual solitude, probing, not the mystery of racial difference, but the intricate laws of the individual variation. In this latter case, it is to be observed, he comes still closer to the meaning of spiritual solitude as a universal reality; because he studies solitude, not through the nature of race, a tragic accident, but through the nature of the soul itself, or through some physical event that has left its impress indelibly on the soul.

The soul that was born aloof may be represented by Captain MacWhirr, the stolid and unimaginative master mariner of *Typhoon*. The clue to Captain MacWhirr's identity, his unspeakable remoteness from the hearts and lives of common men, is his utter incapacity for fear, even for ordinary caution. It is not that he has courage: it has simply never occurred to him that there is anything to be afraid of. Fear itself is actually more social than his kind of immunity from fear, for fear at least rests on the constructive imagination of things to be shunned, and such imagination drives men together. But MacWhirr 'was unable to discover the message of a prophecy till the fulfillment had brought it home to his very door.' He had 'just enough imagination to carry him through each successive day, and no more.' Similarly, Lord Jim is rendered solitary by his romantic self-loathing, 'Il Conde' by his instinctive horror of all human brutality, Nostromo by his colossal vanity, Mr. X. in *The Informer* by his skepticism, Heyst in *Victory* by his incapacity for spontaneous action, and a dozen other characters by a dozen other such qualities as make every individual soul unique and incommunicable.

The soul that has become unapproachable through the effect of some-

thing accidental in its own past may be studied in Falk, who has become monstrous and inhuman in his own eyes because he has once eaten human flesh; or in Dr. Monygham, who has lashed himself into misanthropy by constant self-torture with the thought of his ancient betrayal of a trust; or in Captain Whalley, in *The End of the Tether*, who has severed himself from the tradition of seamen's honor by sailing his ship after his eyesight has dimmed. All these are so near to being ordinary folk that we see ourselves reflected in them; and this nearness to common life is half at least of Conrad's strength in treatment of character. The other half is his perception of the strangeness that underlies the familiarity; the strangeness which comes from the something inexplicable and nameless at the centre of every soul, which makes it eternally foreign to every other.

Thus Mr. Conrad reproduces in the individual the mystery of race. He deals, not only with a world in which East is East and West is West, but also with a world in which every man is a foreigner to his neighbor. The secret and invisible thing that renders us alien to each other is the thing that Mr. Conrad is always trying to disentangle; nothing less will suffice for his insistently humane and tender curiosity. When he has traced that thing to its source, and shown how it expresses itself in all the groping and baffled actions of the outward life, he has done his task. What we do and say and strive for may be the necessary means and materials of his search; but its end is always the tragic beauty of what we are. The outward wrappings, however grotesque or trivial in themselves, are suffused with this light from within — a light other than the glamour of romance as we commonly understand romance, because that glamour is an illusory flicker thrown from without over the mixed spectacle

of reality, while this inner glow is the radiation of the deepest reality itself.

II

It is legitimate and helpful to indicate at this point that Mr. Conrad himself is, for one inescapable reason and another, the loneliest of mortals, and that underneath his inspired and almost unprecedented gift of comradeship there exists a melancholy sense of his own isolation — legitimate, because to this extent Mr. Conrad has generously violated his own privacy, in *The Mirror of the Sea* and *A Personal Record*; helpful, because that fact puts us at once in touch with his largest aspiration, the meaning that he draws even out of the things that make for despair. If he writes about the man fallen out of his racial background, or cut off from his safe and sheltered past, or rendered inscrutable even to those nearest his sympathy by passions or memories that they cannot share, the reader may be very sure that he is only writing about a fraction of his own experience.

Racially, his position is anomalous. Of the language in which his books are written he learned his first words in his twentieth year; and there is a dumb eloquence in the simple fact that in the twenty years of his following the sea he never encountered a man of his own nationality. To every faculty except faith, his Poland is now more than ever a lost cause; and there is a species of irony in the fact that the soldiers of the autocracy which hunted his parents into exile are now the allies of the nation which has received his fervent loyalty. How wistfully his memory reaches out toward the scenes, the happenings, the personal presences of his lost past, only the chapters of *A Personal Record* can adequately unfold; but it is clear that all these things are most vividly pre-

sent in the hinterland of his imaginative life. If a great-uncle of Mr. Conrad had not helped devour a Lithuanian dog in the retreat from Moscow, Falk might never have eaten his grotesque meal of human flesh. Upon all the great women of Mr. Conrad's books falls the shadow of his mother, tenderly pictured for us in *A Personal Record*.

These earliest things are beautiful, and they are beyond recalling. The second of Mr. Conrad's three lives, his score of years filled with 'the voices of rough men now no more, the strong voice of the everlasting winds, and the whisper of a mysterious spell' — that life of the sea, too, is irrevocably gone. These losses — each of them the loss of an immense slice of physical existence without any corresponding loss in the accompanying mental and emotional life — account for the vague melancholy of everything that Conrad writes, the melancholy of a man whose worlds crumble away round him and leave him to construct other worlds from the remnants. In one sense he has had everything, in another sense he has lost everything. It is the paradox of these two facts, the physical loss and the spiritual retention, that leaves him alone, in a world where the immediate realities are only seemings, and the true realities are things that have all but 'perished out of mind.'

It is through this paradox of Mr. Conrad's life and character that we can understand the full moral import of his work. He has lost and he has retained; in the midst of crumbling and disintegration he has achieved continuity; he has found the way to turn every kind of failure into some kind of success. He stresses the solitariness of his own heart only in order that he may prove how the faculties of hope, of courage, of imagination struggle against it and, reaching beyond barriers of time and space and nationality, recover old con-

tacts or replace them by new ones. And in his tales, similarly, he stresses the solitariness of men and women, with a kind of inverted emphasis, only to show the desperate ardor of their struggle for fraternity. In other words, his mode of arguing the supreme worth of human solidarity as an ideal is to exhibit the whole array of difficulties which tragically interfere with that ideal, sometimes turning the pursuit of it into appalling tragedy. Writing about the terrible loneliness of expatriates, he is really celebrating the indispensable security of home and country. In fact, his consistent way of affirming anything is to deny its opposite. His outlaws and anarchists prove the beauty of law and of the civilized conventions; his impractical dreamers exist for praise of the practical life; his skeptics and men of lost honor imply the need of faith and of fidelity. And always, while he portrays directly the forces of dissolution, the forces that sunder lives, his insistence remains indirectly on the ideal of brotherhood — 'the latent feeling of fellowship with all creation — . . . the solidarity in dreams, in joy, in sorrow, in aspirations, in illusions, in hope, in fear, which binds men to each other, which binds together all humanity — the dead to the living and the living to the unborn.'

So vivid is Mr. Conrad's sense of 'the latent feeling of fellowship with all creation' that if he were to make a formal definition of his personal system of ethics he would probably make it in some such phrase as Royce's 'Loyalty to Loyalty' — devotion to whatever fosters the idea and the practice of loyalty in men's lives, hatred of whatever defeats the idea and the practice. Not being given to formal definitions, Mr. Conrad phrases his ideal in a few words that recur with unconscious frequency throughout his books, such words as Conscience, Service, Fidelity, Honor,

Solidarity — Loyalty itself among them. These are all intensely social words; no one of them means anything except to the individual whose imagination gets outside the crevice of individual sufficiency and becomes aware of the mass of mankind. The ideas in such words are necessarily the basis of society; and any group of lives largely ruled by them is a society in the most intelligible sense.

It is probably because the life of the sea rests on such simple and unshakable ideas, and is in fact a brotherhood of unwritten law stronger than law itself, that Mr. Conrad finds on the decks of ships so much to affirm his faith in solidarity and so little to deny it. It is only in his tales of the sea that tragedy does not predominate. The life of sailors is a life of invisible loyalties. They feel, not only the obvious loyalty to each other, to their officers, to their code of honor, but also, obscurely and beautifully, to ships, 'the creatures of their hands and the objects of their care,' and to the tradition of the sea as it has come to them from remote and forgotten generations — generations of sailors that were, Mr. Conrad says, 'like stone caryatides that hold up in the night the lighted halls of a resplendent and glorious edifice.'

III

If we have measurably succeeded in expressing the reality and the intensity of Mr. Conrad's valuation of the social instinct in man, and the obstinacy of its fight against the forces of dissolution and anarchy in man's own nature, we have expressed what is by all odds his supreme claim as a social philosopher addressing the modern social conscience. But there is another conflict of the social will, against another and larger opponent, not inside but outside man; and this still remains to

be described before we can deal with our author simply as the artist speaking to 'our capacity for delight and wonder.'

Briefly, man triumphs over his individual differences so far as to conclude that fellowship must be the supreme logic of creation. Then, having to that extent learned the lesson of brotherhood, man looks outside the immediate world of his own kind, and discovers that fellowship is not the logic of creation at all — that in the chaos of warring species and mute constellations there is no decipherable logic. And again he despairs of the frail human sodality. If the universe is framed for lawlessness, if disaster is as natural in it as triumph, and war as inevitable as peace, why should man take the trouble to invent loyalties and organize brotherhoods? Why should he not assert the separateness of his identity and get what he can for himself out of a precarious existence, let what may happen to others?

These are, of course, the questions raised by such pessimism as that of Heyst in *Victory*, or by the despair of such disappointed optimism as that of Martin Decoud in *Nostromo*. One logical outcome of a desperate world is despair in the individual; and to a temperament such as Hardy's, despair is the only possible outcome. But there is another logic, the logic of a different temperament, which answers that, if the universal affair is desperate, it is so much the more necessary for the human affair to be hopeful, and that men's standing together against the universal threat is one way to cheat adverse destiny. This is in fact Mr. Conrad's answer. And it is characteristic of his inexorable love of truth that he draws the answer, by another of his paradoxes, out of a dark view of the world-purpose — a view which is dark because it is negative, blank, entirely non-ethical.

'The ethical view of the universe involves us at last,' he says, 'in so many cruel and absurd contradictions, where the last vestiges of faith, hope, charity, and even of reason itself, seem ready to perish, that I have come to suspect that the aim of creation cannot be ethical at all. I would fondly believe that its object is purely spectacular.' The cosmos is 'a spectacle for awe, love, adoration, or hate, if you like, but in this view . . . never for despair! Those visions, delicious or poignant, are a moral end in themselves. . . . The unwearied self-forgetful attention to every phase of the living universe reflected in our consciousness may be our appointed task on this earth—a task in which fate has perhaps engaged nothing of us except our conscience, gifted with a voice in order to bear true testimony to the visible wonder, the haunting terror, the infinite passion, and the illimitable serenity; to the supreme law and the abiding mystery of the sublime spectacle.'

In other and less eloquent words, the fact that the world has no meaning does not prove that what we feel about it has no meaning; and it is futile folly to renounce the natural and spontaneous emotions in order to hope exorbitantly or to despair about a mere assumption. This is the logic that drives us back to the soluble problems of our own tangled world, the microcosm of purposes which do exist and in accordance with which we do act—the world in which the various private dreams and the collective dream of brotherhood are sufficient moral ends.

This, too, is the logic, expressed as usual by indirection, which comes out of Mr. Conrad's tragedies of intellectual men. Heyst, in *Victory*, is the modern man who asks so little of creation that he does not even reach out his hand for what life offers him. He has schooled himself to 'a full and

equable contempt.' To a really lucid mind, action, from whatever motive, is a defilement; and love is only a stragem 'to bring out of the lightless void the shoals of unnumbered generations.' Men and women are the least substantial part of the general nightmare: Heyst sees them as 'figures cut out of cork, and weighted with lead just sufficiently to keep them in their proudly upright posture.' But, through a temperamental accident which contradicts his deliberate choice, he commits himself to life, to love; and when he suffers the normal human loss, having only the negation of his abnormal philosophy to help him to resignation and readjustment, he can but cry in despair, 'Ah, Davidson, woe to the man whose heart has not learned while young to hope, to love—and to put its trust in life.'

Thus, as in other stories of Mr. Conrad, the meaning of failure is less tragic than the physical fact. Heyst dies, but in the moment of his death his heart beats for the first time with the heart of humanity. The story ends with a dead woman's triumph over his paralyzing skepticism.

Against such a negative case as this of Heyst, one may set Mr. Conrad's affirmation of a robust working philosophy of life. That affirmation comes to us, as from an artist it should, in the form of an image: the little ship's company in the forecabin of the *Narcissus* on her interminable and timeless voyage from Bombay round the Cape of Storms and homeward to a port of England. In that forecabin there is no forgetting of either nature or man. Round the ship is the unchanging circular emptiness of the horizon, never free from the veiled menace which is part of the life of the sea; within the ship is the vivid realization of the only practical answer to the menace, a comradeship of choice cemented by necessity and the hostility of the common

foe. The pressure of the immense nothingness outside is only a pressure of men *together*. It is a pleasure to think that in this first of his pictures of the working partnership of a few lives regulated by a common bond of service, and strong in a conscious fidelity, Mr. Conrad may have intended a half-symbolic image of man's place in his world of space and time.

Mr. Conrad's use of conscious artifice in his writing is so exclusively determined by his general ideas — especially by this general idea of man's relation to the universe of which he must be, for art, the focal point — that it is exceedingly difficult to separate the novelist from the thinker. That Mr. Conrad is indeed the conscious artist one may deduce from his style, which in every phase, from its somewhat too flushed and rhapsodic beginnings to its carefully disciplined later developments, is marked by care for the magic of the fitly chosen word, the rhythm and cadence of sentences. Or, if other proof is needed, let it be sought in the arrangement of the effects of light and shadow in the story *Youth*, or in the purely decorative opening and closing formula of *The Brute*. These considerations are all important, and they have something to do with Mr. Galsworthy's professed belief that Conrad's work is likely to 'enrich the English language.'

But it is more immediately desirable to point out the exact and inevitable correspondence between art as this author defines it and his account of the relation of man's consciousness to 'every phase of the living universe.' We find him declaring that the truth of the objective world is in the emotions evoked by it; that the moral worth of a phase of the cosmos is in direct ratio to the moral or social feelings stirred in the beholder. And art he defines through exactly the same relation of the phase of reality to the mood in

which the artist receives it. In his own words, 'To snatch in a moment of courage, from the remorseless rush of time, a passing phase of life, is only the beginning of the task. The task approached in tenderness and faith is to hold up unquestioningly, without choice and without fear, the rescued fragment before all eyes and in the light of a sincere mood.'

If we accept his definition as sincere — and there is no evidence to show that he has ever followed any other — we find him taking in the presence of an artistic 'subject' the same posture he recommends us to take toward the incomprehensible whole of things, and cherishing no purpose beyond the moral sensations evoked by his lesser spectacle; there being, in fact, between the greater cosmic affair and the lesser artistic, no difference at all except the artist's necessary care for communication of what he has perceived. It is worth while to note in passing that this is among the most acceptable definitions of art that have ever been framed, in that it falls between the acceptance of art as purely decorative and unmoral, and the opposite requirement of a didactic and utilitarian value.

One or the other half of this general definition, or the combination of both halves, will be found to account in minute detail for Mr. Conrad's artistic process. If the value of a phase of life is to be defined in terms of the emotions evoked by it, then there can be no curtailment of the phase by arbitrary 'technique,' with its different, its unmoral and abstract notion of relevance. As a fact, Mr. Conrad's practice of inclusion and exclusion is based on the moral values of the given case, quite in the sense of his definition. He leaves out ruthlessly, even to the sacrifice of just the type of narration he executes with most overwhelming effect, wherever exclusion prospers his larger pur-

poses. And he rounds out his 'phase of life' by inclusion of much that the most rigid economy would discountenance. *The End of the Tether*, his story of the master mariner going blind, begins, on the orthodox formula, 'near the crisis'; but it loops backward and still backward until it has become the comprehensive story of a life. And, like most of its author's work, it achieves its crisis in such fashion as to shed relevance backward upon all that momentarily seemed irrelevant. There is ultimately no irrelevance in Conrad, because everything that he admits into the chosen subject is fused at last in the heat of his unifying purpose, the evocation of a special mood.

An interesting extension of the novelist's art, so defined, occurs in *Chance*, where even the duality of phase and mood breaks down and the two coalesce. There is more than a casual fitness in Henry James's comment on *Chance*: 'The whole clutch of eggs, and these withal of the freshest, in that one basket.' Briefly, Mr. Conrad presented the mood of the beholder as an integral part of the subject itself; he put it explicitly into the story, instead of merely so organizing the story as to conjure it into being. *Chance*, it will be remembered, is the story of a romantic love-affair which a first person singular, the author presumably, pieces together from Marlow's account, after Marlow has pieced it together from several other accounts. It is not grossly inaccurate to say that *Chance* is the author's reëdited version of Marlow's interpretation of Fyne's and Powell's not too skillful summaries of what happened. Now, on the supposition that Mr. Conrad wanted only to tell the story of Flora de Barral, her convict father, and her quixotic and impetuous lover, his machinery is cumbersome and formidable. But there is every reason to suppose that what most inter-

ested him was the sight of Marlow's eager and humane inquisitiveness at work upon the complex materials of that story. In other words, *Chance* is a sort of apotheosized detective story, in which Marlow is the detective, and the thing detected is the exquisite and incredible happiness of two people whose understanding love triumphs over every obstacle. It is no more the history of the love-affair exclusively than a detective story is the history of a crime exclusively. *Chance* is primarily the account of a beautiful if somewhat inquisitive sympathy at work upon a phase of life which invites sympathy; and, considered as such, it adds a cubit to the stature of that Marlow whom we know in *Lord Jim*, in *Heart of Darkness*, in *Youth*, and probably, though by no name, in *Falk*. Also, it adds a cubit to Mr. Conrad's stature as a disciple of Henry James, for it obviously practices Henry James's favorite device of tincturing each story with the finest, most responsive consciousness present or available.

IV

We have seen that Mr. Conrad sacrifices economy and swiftness of movement to mood: it remains to add that he sacrifices chronology to the same governing principle. Mood and chronology cannot both be supreme, for to enforce mood any given piece of material must appear where it weighs most in terms of character, not merely where it serves a narrow constructive expediency. Whence innumerable events in the remote past, suppressed only to be revealed at present crises; whence the looping, intersecting construction of *Lord Jim*; whence the odd lapsus in *Under Western Eyes*, so contrived that Part IV shall begin where Part I leaves off. It is relatively unimportant, except as one of several evidences of a purely

technical ambidexterity, that these affairs set themselves right by the calendar once the book is laid down; so that, however sure one may be that the tale is incoherent as Mr. Conrad tells it, one invariably recalls the events in strictly chronological sequence.

Nostromo utilizes more than any other of the tales, and to a greater end, this device of chronology thwarted in the service of a higher coherence. What this novel develops, so far as a very succinct statement will suffice, is the idea of avarice as a force dominant over a large community of lives, until at last it crushes out the few lives in which we have invested most of our sympathy, including the one life, that of *Nostromo*, which we had thought of as most immune from the corrosion of greed. The story rambles in wide loops and circles over a stretch of years; but through it, from the opening chapter, in which two legendary gringos perish in a vain search for gold, until the closing page, in which Linda Viola throws herself into the sea for a lost love, the idea of avarice sweeps evenly on to its sinister triumph, drawing after it with a powerful suction the litter of individual lives, wills, and acts. At the outset we see that idea of avarice embodied in Charles Gould's silver mine, the pivot of the economic and political life of Costaguana, a semi-tropical state of South America. Presently, avarice takes the concrete shape of a particular quarterly load of the mine's output, a single hoard of silver ingots which *Nostromo*, the captain of the Navigation Company's longshoremen, and the young patriot Decoud receive into a cargo-lighter and secrete in an island ravine, to save it from the hands of revolutionists. At last, when the revolution has been put down and Decoud has gone mad and killed himself on his island, *Nostromo*, who alone knows that the treasure is still accessible,

resolves to 'grow rich slowly,' and abstracts the ingots one by one, under cover of night. Thus avarice lays its shriveling finger on him, the selected victim of its irony; and thus the design is rounded out.

It is here, for the only time on a large scale, that Mr. Conrad begins, not with the struggle of the isolated outcast, but with the whole panorama of civilization, the background from which he falls. The rôle of outcast here is played by avarice itself, the *proscrit* of moral qualities, rather than by any individual. Costaguana, the imagined sea-board country of the tale, a republic lying between mountain and gulf, is of course the modern world in little. It is complete enough as Mr. Conrad depicts it to revolutionize, among other things, one's idea of South American revolutions. It furnishes successive pictures of civilization in different eras, from the old days of free-handed governmental cessions down to the modern days of exploitation by foreign capital and increasing industrial unrest. After the civil conflict is over and the incalculable wealth of the Gould Concession is preserved intact to its owner, one whose vision is of the clearest says to Mrs. Gould, 'There is no peace and rest in the development of material interests. They have their law and their justice. But it is founded on expediency, and it is inhuman; it is without rectitude, without the continuity and the force that can be found only in a moral principle. Mrs. Gould, the time approaches when all that the Gould Concession stands for shall weigh as heavily upon the people as the barbarism, cruelty, and misrule of a few years back.'

And reverberating through the book, literally from the first page to the last, haunting every chapter like the wandering echo of some lost truth, is the suggestion that the world's problems are more than economic, that national

identities must not be tampered with from outside in the name of progress.

This tale of lives ruled by a precious metal is winning unstinted praise from more and more authoritative voices. It remains thus far, to our thinking, the one work by which Mr. Conrad stands or falls. There is certainly nothing else in English like it; indeed it is obvious that its author (except in so far as he is profoundly original) has worked here, as everywhere, under Continental influences — those of the French and Russian masters, with whom we must

include Henry James, whose avowed discipleship is to Balzac and Turgeneff. But from whatever quarter Mr. Conrad's own influence a half-century hence shall appear to come, one feels more strongly with every re-reading that it must come *as* an influence, acknowledged and far-reaching; for he is one of the three or four enduring beacons of our generation. Both as man and as artist he is too great to be comprehended in any one glimpse. And his service, to letters as to life, has been unfalteringly good service.

ECONOMIC PROGRAMMES AFTER THE WAR

BY FRANCIS W. HIRST

It must be difficult for those who have lived in the United States since the beginning of the war to realize how mightily the waves of passion and indignation have beaten against the minds and hearts of the peoples of Great Britain and Ireland, or how many sand-built edifices have been swept away by this unprecedented hurricane. But unless I can convey to you this impression at the very outset, what I have to write about the probabilities of the future will seem to you disappointingly wanting in dogmatic precision. It is now mid-November. For more than two years this desperate conflict has continued, and the losses have been so frightful that the ideas, even of statesmen and professors hitherto distinguished for consistency, have suffered derangement. The few who refused to budge from their old moorings have been held up to obloquy or ridicule by

the nocturnal scribes of Fleet Street; and in Parliament *principles* (unsupported since the Coalition by *party*) have almost faded away.

In fact, there is now such a political and economic chaos as has not been seen since the introduction of representative democracy in 1832. There was something a little like it in 1846, when Sir Robert Peel, the leader of the Protectionist party, suddenly announced his conversion to free trade in corn. There was something like it again in 1867, when Disraeli, the leader of the Anti-Reform party, introduced a democratic suffrage. Yet another period of political confusion began in 1886, when Mr. Gladstone split British Liberalism by suddenly abandoning coercion and embracing the policy of Home Rule for Ireland. Liberalism, let us remind ourselves, is not to be confused with democracy. Gladstone's definition of it as

'trust in the People' is, with all deference to that great man, mere electioneering claptrap. A democracy may be illiberal; an oligarchy may be liberal. A liberal is certainly not a person who allows his opinions to be swayed, or his principles decided, by the majority. He may be, probably is, ready to recognize the majority's right to decide; but it is his right to say that the majority is wrong, and (if he is a man of public spirit) to endeavor to bring it round.

British liberalism — I spell it with a small *l* in order to disconnect it from the official Liberalism of the Liberal Caucus — rests upon the doctrine of individual liberty, which again may be described under three main heads — free service, free speech, and free trade. All these existed before the war. Under the stress and strain of this great war all three have in a greater or less degree disappeared, though the same Liberal Prime Minister has remained in office.

I am concerned here only with the third form of liberty — the right of the individual to trade freely with any other individual in any other part of the world. With this right we associate the doctrine of free trade in the narrow and technical sense. That doctrine is sometimes described as the doctrine of free imports. But, in fact, the exigencies of the revenue have never permitted free imports. What we mean by free trade is, not the absence of a tariff, but the absence from our tariff of any protective duties. Before the war our tariff was a tariff for revenue. It was laid mainly upon articles like tea, sugar, and tobacco, which are not produced in this country. And where duties were laid upon articles like beer, which are produced in this country, an excise duty roughly corresponding with the customs duty was imposed.

In 1904 Mr. Chamberlain started a protectionist movement, and for the first time since the middle of the nine-

teenth century free trade was seriously challenged. The protectionists however were decisively defeated, and, thanks mainly to free trade, the Liberal party succeeded in winning three general elections, with the result that the Unionist party had already reconsidered the fiscal question, and was practically ready before the war to put its tariff reformers on the shelf.

But the outbreak of war suspended at a blow our trade with Germany and Austria, and afterwards also with Turkey and Bulgaria. Moreover, owing to the closing of the Baltic and Black seas, the bulk of our ordinary trade with Russia has likewise ceased. In addition to this, under restrictions and prohibitions of the Board of Trade, almost every branch of commerce has lost its old freedom of movement. And finally, a year ago, Mr. McKenna in his budget imposed several highly protective duties for the purpose, he said, of reducing the consumption of luxuries. I do not inquire how far all these regulations of trade were unavoidable. I merely emphasize the fact that British trade is no longer free; and although many of us would like to remove now a great number of the restrictions which (in our view) have been erroneously imposed, no serious person supposes that anything like absolute freedom of trade can be restored so long as the war lasts.

But what will happen when the war ends? That is the question of questions, upon the answer to which the economic future of the British Empire and of the whole world depends. During the fiscal controversy Mr. Asquith once said there were only two systems — free trade and protection: 'All the rest was fudge.' He meant, of course, that the real fight was between consumers, on the one hand, who wanted cheapness and plenty, and producers on the other, each of whom wants the article he grows or manufactures to be dear in the

home market. In most countries the producers, being better organized, usually contrive to defeat the consumers; and the richest producers get a tariff specially favorable to their own commodities. The chief reason why free trade has been established and maintained in the United Kingdom is that to many of our manufacturers the foreign customer is more important than the home buyer. Thus, the Lancashire cotton trade exports about three quarters of its total output. The supreme interest of our cotton manufactures is cheapness of production. If food, timber, machinery, raw cotton, and so forth, were taxed, the cost of production would of necessity rise, and exports would necessarily fall. An increased price in the home market would not compensate for a great reduction in exports. Thus it comes about that in England and Scotland many manufacturers are free traders. Moreover, a vast multitude of people are associated with the transport trades; and if a shipper or a ship-owner is a protectionist, it is a proof that he is either ignorant of his own interests, or strangely unselfish.

During the last two years many manufacturers, merchants, and ship-owners have made huge war profits (out of the National Debt), which profits will not last after the war. They have also incurred heavy taxation, which will last long after the war. Obviously, when the war ends there will be a conflict between interest and passion. The other day a simple and ingenuous rubber-trader announced that he would have no dealings with Germans: that is, he would not buy anything from Germany, but would sell her as much as he could!

The old protectionist party has been galvanized into new life, and is endeavoring to represent protection as a form of patriotism. For this purpose it has invented various battle-cries. The first

was, 'Capture German trade.' The second was, 'Protect key industries.' The latest policy is a protectionist tariff, which is to be given a patriotic appearance by the setting up of walls of varying heights: a high and almost prohibitive one against the goods and products of Germany, Austria, Bulgaria, and Turkey; a lower one against neutral goods; a lower one still for our allies — France, Russia, Italy, Japan, Roumania, Servia, Montenegro, and Portugal; finally, the lowest one of all for British colonies and possessions. As a matter of fact the driving force behind this scheme is protection pure and simple. That much came out clearly in a resolution unanimously passed not long ago by the glass-manufacturers, who demanded a tariff of from thirty to fifty per cent on foreign goods — Belgian glass being their most severe competitor in the home market.

Over against these advocates of an elaborate post-war tariff stand the free traders, led by Sir Hugh Bell and others, in battle-array. Between these two hosts of stalwarts an official party of compromise exists, or seems to exist. It attaches itself to the Paris Resolutions. They are so nebulous that they may be interpreted to mean anything or nothing. It is generally supposed that they represent the mutual concessions of office-holders, made to one another by free traders and protectionists who are serving together in the Coalition government. That the Paris Resolutions were intended to strike at neutrals has been emphatically denied by the Prime Minister himself in his speech at the Guildhall on November 9. He denounced as a 'childish fiction' the suggestion that it is the intention of the Allies to erect an impenetrable stone wall against neutral trade. That, he said, would mean economic suicide. After the war self-interest would impel us to establish and maintain the best

economic and financial relations with the neutral powers. This appeal by Mr. Asquith to self-interest as the key to trade-policy after the war is significant of a cooling down of sentiment — a process which will become more and more rapid as the war nears its end.

Thus, one effect of prohibiting direct trade with Germany and Austria after the war would be that an important and profitable part of London's financial business would be parceled out between Copenhagen, Amsterdam, and Zurich. Again, the imposition of a moderate tariff on French silks, wines, hats, cheese, vegetables, fruit, and butter would cause consternation in Paris, Lyons, and Brittany. The reflection that a higher tariff was imposed on American motor-cars or German electrical machinery would be no consolation to the sufferers.

To my mind the complications in-

troduced into the philosophy of tariff reform by the war will make the framing of a practical policy more difficult than ever, both for the pure protectionists and for the Imperialistic preferentialists. I admit that at the moment free traders seem to be in evil plight. But then so are the tariff reformers. They are quite as angry with Mr. Bonar Law as the free traders are with Mr. Asquith. The *régime* of governmental regulations is a form of protection exasperating to all business men. Many of our leading Socialists are thoroughly disgusted with bureaucracy. It is quite possible that in the reaction and rebound after the war *laissez-faire* may again become popular. Whatever happens, one may be certain that in the scramble for employment during demobilization it will go hard with any government which proposes to close up important avenues of trade.

A PRISONER IN WITTENBERG

THE JOURNAL OF PRIVATE HUTCHINSON, NO. 5475
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I

I WAS wounded and taken prisoner near La Bassée on the 21st December, 1914, and was well caked-up in mud, blood, and water. On being taken through the German trenches they gave us a right German welcome. 'Och, Engländer, swinehund! You use dum-dum [which I may say is a lie, one of a good many] and fight for money.' And then again we would hear, 'Swinehund' and 'Swine' something else. Then up

with their rifles as if to blow our brains out. They drew their fingers across their throats, meaning, I suppose, that they would like to cut our throats, which I would not have cared if they had at the time. I confess I had the satisfaction of seeing plenty of dead Huns in their own trenches, and I was glad to think that they had not been having all their own way.

I could not help smiling at one young German, who had got his just as we were coming along. He would weigh

about twelve stone, and he was having his hand wrapped up, and squealing like a stuck pig. He was then sent along with us on to La Bassée. The Germans would not bandage my wounds up, so I had to wait while we got to La Bassée, which might have been about four miles off. I should think we walked all over La Bassée, first up one street and then down another, until I was properly done up with the loss of blood and the fatigue of walking with my bruised shin. I tried to make one of the escort understand that I wanted my wounds wrapped up, as my arm was paining me very much. And at last, after a bit of arguing, I was taken into a house where there were six more Germans. After a bit of wrestling, they got my jacket off (it had stuck to my jersey and shirt-sleeves, and my arm had gone quite stiff). They then cut my jersey and shirt-sleeve off, a quicker and less painful way. That lot over, and my arm in a sling, we set off again to find the house they were taking us to.

After another hour or so we found the place, which looked like a hospital full of wounded men. We had to go through an archway and across a big yard to the house where a little red-haired German officer was staying. He could speak English, but the first words were, 'Ah, Englishers, swiners,' and then in English he asked us for our pay-books, so as to take our names and particulars. As soon as he got them, he said something in German to one of the escort, who then marched us off to another place across the yard, with two or three kicks to help us along, and roused us up some steps into a room, and made us stand with our faces turned towards the wall, by being knocked round. We were kept like that for about half an hour, and if we looked round there was a kick for us and a grunt. Then up came one of the escort, and roused us out of it again, and with kicks from the

young German soldiers and a few blows across the back as we were passing through the archway on our way to La Bassée station.

When we arrived at the station, I had no sooner got into the waiting-room when I saw some more of our regiment and French soldiers and some Sikhs and Gurkhas. Here I was knocked round about six times, with a German big enough to eat me, who then robbed me of three francs, which was all I had, and I was very glad I did not have any more. After about one and a half hours waiting, we were all bundled into some cattle-trucks. One end of our truck had some straw on the floor, and the other end had some water thrown on to it. And because I could not get in fast enough to please them, having one arm slung up, and feeling the pain of my shin, also being very tired, as I had practically no sleep from about 5 A.M. the 20th to late on the night of the 21st before getting into the truck, they almost threw me in. They put the Frenchmen, twenty of them, on the straw end, and Englishers, fifteen of us, on the wet end. The escort, I am sure, had had a drop too much from the way they carried on, and of course the spite fell on to us crouched on the bottom of the wet truck. They would pat the French on the back and say, 'Good comrade,' then they would come to our end and say, 'Englander, swine-hunds,' etc.

After this, they searched and turned us over four times on our journey to a big railway shed about six or seven miles from La Bassée. It was plain the engine-driver knew all about us being behind his engine, for he gave us a good few jolts before he parted with us at this little station. I was very glad when they hustled us out of the truck into this shed. But I had no sooner got on to the platform before one of the Germans was going to give me one with the

butt end of his rifle. But the timely aid of a German officer stayed his hand and prevented the blow, for which I thanked him very much in my mind, not knowing how to thank him in his own language.

We got into the shed all right and I was very thankful when I saw a lot of straw laid out ready for us, which they told us we could lie down on for the remainder of the night. They then brought us a drink of coffee and a slice of black bread. I was very thankful to get under the straw, as I was nearly starved to death with the cold, and being wet through with coming straight out of the trenches. With cold, pain, and a heavy heart, I was not long before I was underneath a bit of straw. And I thanked God that the day was over, which up till then had been the worst in all my life. And little thinking I had worse to follow, I fell asleep.

We were roused very early the next morning (the 22d) and I knew that I felt very stiff. My arm had swollen to about twice its size. Then we fell in, and had to write our names and our regiment. They then started to question us, but the only thing they got out of me was that I belonged to the Manchester Regiment. To the other questions I answered, 'I do not know.' 'Och,' he says, 'you do not seem to know anything.' He then asked me what I was fighting for, so I told him for my country. 'Och,' he says, 'I know what you fight for. You fight for money, for Mr. Churchill and Mr. Grey.' So I said to him, 'Why do you ask me if you know all about it?' 'Och,' he then said, 'you will not fight any more. You finish, you will go to Germany.' And with that, he left me to try his hand on some one else. I was not sorry, for I felt very sore and hungry after the strain of the day before. After they had finished with the taking of the names and putting the most ridiculous questions, they bun-

dled us into the trucks again, and after a few jeers and 'Swinehunds' from the soldiers, we set off for Lille, which we reached, I think, about noon, when we were roused out of the truck and fell in on the platform. There were either two or three French officers, I forget which, so they were put in front. The English next, then the natives, and the French soldiers last.

Then we set off on the march through the town of Lille, which I thought a very fine place. There was an escort along each side of us, and it brought tears to my eyes to see the poor French women crying and wanting to give us chocolate, cigarettes, and other bits of comforts, some of them even emptying their purses to give us money. But the escort would not let them give us anything when they could help it. I was the right-hand man of the front section of fours so I had a German close to me all the way. Still I managed to get a bit of something right under his nose. I had no hat, as I had lost mine in the scuffle in the trenches, and a lady was going to give me a cap; but as she tried to give it to me, the Hun gave her a nasty blow across the arm, which was enough to break it. I felt very sorry for her getting the blow through me, but I had not then learned the Hun's ways, else I would not have offered to accept her gift. Another lady, however, had the sense to throw a muffler at me, I should say about six feet long, and through a bit of luck the muffler fell round my neck, for which I shall always thank her as it came in very useful to me a long time after, during the severe winter we had to face.

Then, as we went on a bit farther, four young women shouted out as loud as they could, 'Good old England! Cheer up!' I can say that was the last and sweetest bit of music I heard for a long time to come. Then two of them came as close to us as they dared, the

one nearest with her arms folded, and just peeping out, a packet of cigarettes. She looked at me and drew my attention to the cigarettes. I nodded my head to say that I would like them, so, like a flash our hands met, and the cigarettes had changed their ownership. The German made a hit at her arm, but he was a bit too late that time, and before he had time to look round, the cigarettes were in my pocket. And six of us enjoyed a whiff after we got to our destination, where we arrived shortly after.

I do not know what they called the place, but it looked to me like a barracks and a magazine. We were taken into this place, and put in some arched places, which looked like tunnels, and maybe about 25 to 30 yards long, and 4 yards wide across the floor. There were three of them, so they put the English in one, the natives in another, and the French in the other; and when we got to our places I was surprised to see some Highland Light Infantry inside, I should say about 200 or so all told. When we got in and after we had got settled down a bit, they brought us some coffee and some German biscuits in a small linen bag. I was not long before I had eaten mine as I was very hungry. Then we wounded were taken to have our wounds dressed, which made us feel a little easier, after which we were sent back to our tunnels again.

After a chat amongst ourselves talking about our troubles, and enjoying those cigarettes I had given to me on our journey through Lille, we all straightened a bit of straw and lay down to sleep. But before I fell asleep I got to wondering if my dear wife would be able to get to know where I was, and that I was alive. This was a great worry to me for a long time after, and will come into my story later on. At last I fell asleep. We were roused early the next morning (the 23rd) when, after a

bit of cleaning, we smartened ourselves up a bit, as well as we could. I was however a few days before I managed to get all the mud and blood off my clothes. About 7 A.M. they brought us some coffee, and another small bag of biscuits, and as one man of the Highland Light Infantry did not get any, I gave him a half of mine. His name is Wilson. He and I got to be chums, and he helped me a lot afterwards, as I was not able to do much for myself for a while.

Then after coffee we were paraded outside, and they gave us one wash-hand-bowl between two men to eat our meals out of. Several of us drank the coffee out of a sardine tin. They also gave us a spoon, which was not a great deal of use to us, as we could drink the soup better without the spoon. If you had a knife of any sort on you, you had to give it up, for if they found one on you, you were severely punished. I had a very small penknife, one which my brother William gave to me before I left dear old England, and I wanted to preserve it as a keepsake. I had managed to dodge five searchings, but the sixth time a German, a bit sharper than the others, found it in my field-dressing pocket, and then he put his fist up to my face, and growled 'Swiner' for not giving it up. I thanked my lucky stars he let it stop at that.

After they had finished searching and issuing the utensils, they sent us back to our tunnels, where we were at liberty to talk among ourselves, with two sentries with fixed bayonets walking amongst us. About 12 noon, they brought up the soup, with the aid of those of our men who were strong enough to carry it. The soup was very thin, but it was hot, and it helped to fill a vacant place in my 'little Mary,' which was beginning to wonder if it had to keep going on wind and water. After soup (I will not say dinner, as it would

be an insult to the name of dinner), we had nothing to do, so I had a sleep, which is the best ease for an empty stomach, as I found out by experience later on. I woke up after about four hours' good sleep, so I had not long to wait to see what the next meal was like. About 6 P.M., up came soup again, like that we had at dinner-time, and I may say there was a rush for it, as the boys were beginning to feel the pangs of hunger, which has a very sharp thorn, and I was very pleased to see my new-found chum come along with some for both of us. After we drank it, and he had washed the bowl out, we all set to telling yarns, when there came word that we were going away early the following morning, and had to be in Lille station by about 5 A.M. before the townspeople were up. That set us all wondering where they were going to send us, but we all dropped off to sleep, about as wise as before we started thinking.

II

We were roused about 3.30 A.M., the 24th, and fell in on the parade-ground, and I should say that we were counted at least a dozen times before they knew how many they had on parade. At last we got on the move, and reached the station about 5.30 A.M.; then we were told off to our trucks and we were not long before we left Lille on our way to Hell, as we found out a few days after. It was the worst railway journey I ever had in all my life. The weather was very cold. It was snowing and freezing. Hungry and cold, we crouched on the bottom of the truck, and made ourselves as comfortable as possible, and passed the time away by having a few songs and telling yarns of what we had seen and done. About 3 P.M. we had a slice of bread and a drink of water. The names of the stations I cannot remember, but at each station we stopped at,

the doors of the trucks were opened so that the people on the platforms could see us, and then we would hear 'Swiner,' from the youngest to the oldest of them. We were on view like a lot of wild animals. We passed the night away shivering with the cold, and trying to have a snooze, but we could not sleep for the shaking of the train. The driver was well up in the way of giving you a good jolt now and again, and so on through the night and the next day (Christmas day, the 25th).

What a Christmas day that was! I remember I dropped off to sleep once, and I was having cake and jam-tarts, and fairly enjoying myself. I fancy I can see them now, as I write this, but alas, I woke up with a start, the train having stopped with a sudden jerk, and set my arm on the go again. But the worst disappointment was, I could not see any cake or jam-tarts around. It was only a dream. After a short time on view, we set off again. About 10 P.M. the train stopped, when we were shunted onto a siding, where we had to get out, and then were marched into a shed with a lot of tables and forms in it. I began to wonder if my dream was coming true, for on some of the tables there were some small Christmas trees with a few bright things on them; but I had no need to wonder long, for in they came with some soup for which I was very thankful, and then after soup we had some coffee and a bit of bread. And then we were marched back to our trucks again. I confess I felt a bit more comfortable in my little Mary after that feed. Off we go again, all of us a little brighter. First one and then another would have a pull at a fag-end, as they were very scarce, and we passed the remainder of the night and up to about 1 P.M. the next day (26th), in talking and snoozing. We had given up wondering where they were taking us to. And we did not know until we got

to a station and we saw *Klein Wittenberg* — a hell on earth, as we found out.

It was about 1 P.M., December 26, when we arrived. We were hustled out of the trucks and marched straight into the camp. It is close to the station, and as the trains run right along the top end of the camp, we were able to see the trains pass. We were then told off to our barrack-rooms in No. 1 compound. There were eight compounds, and in each one there are six huts, and two rooms to each hut. They are numbered A I, A II, B I, B II, and so on. I was sent to A II. We had 150 men in our room. They then issued us out a bowl and spoon, and then we had soup. I must say this soup was not as bad as the other; it was the best basin of soup I ever did have from them whilst I was in Germany. After we had finished soup they gave us two blankets a man and two sacks with a bit of straw in between 3 and 4 men. Then we had lectures to tell us what we were to do, and not to do, and who we had to salute. But we did not know a sergeant from a private, and of course we made several mistakes as regards the saluting. We would sometimes salute a private and not a sergeant. Then he would come and give us a kick or a blow with his fist. Of course the private we had saluted would have a laugh at us. So we thought it best to give them all a salute and be on the safe side. At 6 P.M. soup again, but we did not want our spoon this time, as you could read a copy of the *Daily Mirror* through a bucketful. It was nothing but hot water with a bit of grease floating on the top. After we had drunk it, we made our bed down on the floor, and got underneath the blankets, as it was practically dark at that time, and we only had one stable-lamp to light the whole room up for 150 men. Being very tired after our long and horrible journey, all of us were soon fast asleep.

We were roused about 6 A.M. (27th),

when we had coffee up, but we did not get any bread till about 9.30 A.M. And when we did get it, I was not long before I had eaten mine, as I was so hungry. And I can safely say that the remainder had seen theirs off as well. Then we all set to to clean ourselves as well as we could. But it was hard work without any soap, and I could not wash myself very well with one hand, as it was so frosty. I never witnessed such a cold winter in all my life. Then we wounded had to attend hospital to have our wounds dressed. And I may say that I never had a drop of warm water all through the winter to wash my wounds with, and I was not allowed to wash them in the barrack-room. We had about 150 yards or more to go to the tap and wash, and very often it was snowing, and the water almost froze as it ran out of the tap. Very often we could not walk about, as it was so slippery. I know I had several nasty falls myself, and I have had many a good laugh at some of the other chaps' legs giving way under them. Our dinner that day consisted of sourkrout, which some of the boys could not manage to eat, but I got mine down after a hard struggle. I was so hungry I could have eaten a horse, and then gone back for the man that rode it.

The smoking was very restricted too, as there were not so many of the boys who had any money. So we who had none had to get the fag-ends off them that had some. I had a little short pipe, and every morning, I and a chum, Private Lew, of the Highland Light Infantry, used to be on the hunt for fag-ends or anything that we could make a smoke out of. I had got separated from my Lille chum, as the wounded were put in one section, 15 of us, which was called No 5 section. (The boys used to call us the crippled section.) Lew's right hand was wounded, and my left hand was useless through the wound in

my arm, so the two of us made one pair of good hands. He would go down one side of the room and I the other; then when we met, and if we had been successful in our hunt, we would put the fag-ends in the old pipe. He and I would then have a pull in our turns. But the cigarette-ends got the same as everything else, 'very scarce,' for the boys who used to throw them down would put them in a little tin box and make them up afresh with a bit of paper. We had to look out for something else, so we saved the coffee-grounds and dried them. Then we found some peat, so we used to mix the coffee and peat together, and get a draw that way. Sometimes we would drop in very lucky and come across a good Samaritan who would give us a pull out of his cigarette-end. I have seen as many as eight men have a draw out of a cigarette-end not half an inch long, and then the little bit of wet end would be put away to help towards making another.

I can tell you that nothing whatever was wasted. I have longed for some of those half-cigarettes I had thrown away before I was captured, and also some of the biscuits that were left in the trenches. But the coffee and peat got the same as the cigarette-ends, if you put a bit to dry. You would have to do guard over it, or else it would walk. So we had to find something else for a smoke, for a smoke we must have, no matter what it was. I think the hunger must have had a great deal to do with the craving for a smoke, so as a last resort we used to get the bark off the posts around the camp and cut that up and smoke it. I do not know what we should have had to fly to next for a smoke if it had not been for the packages coming from dear old England and Switzerland. But they came a long time after we started to smoke the bark, and the posts were getting very bare before they came to our rescue.

I have explained the smoking part, as it would take me too long to mix it up with the remainder of the story, so you will have an idea what our mind-soother was before our parcels came. I will therefore get back to the afternoon of the 27th. The sick and wounded were allowed to lie down in the afternoon, so I passed the time away sleeping, and I can tell you I could sleep. I think I could have slept on a clothes-line. At 6 P.M. we had tea up, in the way of a change, but it was so weak it had not the strength to run out of the ladle. It was the color of whiskey, so you may guess how they make tea in Germany; but we drank it all the same. I began to wish that I had saved a bit of my bread from the morning, as my little Mary was troubling me a great deal. The front part was knocking at the back, but it got no answer up to 7 A.M. the next morning; so after we drank the weasel water, we all got down to sleep.

The next day at 7 A.M. we had what they call porridge, but it was more like bird-seed and water. It would settle to the bottom, and when we had drunk the water off, there would be about two spoonfuls of this seed at the bottom of our bowl. At 8 A.M. we would have to go to hospital, and we would be back about 9.30, ready for the bit of bread which would weigh from 8 to 10 ounces, and the best part of that would consist of potatoes, and some of it used to be so sad! You would have thought that it had had a fit through the night. It was like a lump of dough, just the same as if you had mixed some meal to feed the ducks with. It reminded me of the days when my mother used to feed our ducks at home. When we had eaten it, it would lie on the bottom of our stomachs like a bag of cement. We were getting filthy with lice by then, but what could you expect with so many men in one room; and I did not have a wash

with soap from the time I left Bethune on the 20th December, 1914, until the 5th of March, 1915, nor even a bath. And you may guess what we were like. I would have my shirt off for an hour in the morning, and an hour in the afternoon, and so you see the lice found us a bit of something to do. But I can tell you it was difficult work hunting lice and killing them, with one hand numb with the cold, and the other useless through the wound. It was like trying to catch a flea with a pair of boxing gloves on. But I managed to bag a few of the tormentors, and there were some big ones too. Some of them when you cracked them made so much noise that some of the boys who heard them would say, 'Look out! There's another Jack Johnson gone off.'

It did not matter how much we cleaned our shirt, it would be as bad again in the night. We would be rubbing and scratching ourselves nearly all the day and night through. After we had finished looking our shirts over, we would have a brisk walk up and down the room to warm ourselves up a bit. This is where the muffler which the kind lady threw around my neck in Lille came in very useful. I would put the middle across my head and wrap the ends around my neck, but I was not long before I found the means of getting a cap. I tore a bit off one of the ends of the blankets, and got one of the boys to make it into a cap for me, as he happened to have a needle. We got the cotton from the end of the blanket, which is sewn across to stop the ends from fraying. I am afraid a great many suffered in that way. If they (the Germans) had been sensible and given us some clothes to keep ourselves warm, their blankets would not have suffered as much as they did. The Russians were very good at making suits and even slippers out of them. When the cotton had run short from off the ends of the blankets,

the towels came to the rescue. They would pull the strands off one by one, and then twist two together to make it stronger. They were very clever fellows at making anything you could mention. They would make knives and scissors out of hoop-iron and large nails, and they would sharpen the spoon-handle so that it would shave you. I have had many a shave with one of them. The Germans would not allow us knives, so we had to put these out of sight when they were knocking around.

The men that were fit did all the fatigues in camp. One day they did not turn out sharp enough for the Germans, so they stopped the bread for that day. They gave all the N.C.O.'s theirs, but we sick and wounded had to go without, the same as the remainder, so we were without bread for 48 hours, as we used to eat it as soon as they gave it to us. I have tried many a time to save a bit for my soup, but my little Mary was continually asking for it, so I could not refuse it while I had a bit left and down it went. We would be without bread practically every 23 or 24 hours. You see the soup that they gave us was not nourishing at all. I have gone as long as six weeks and never had a bit of meat. The only comfort we got out of the soup was that we would feel full as soon as we had drunk it, but an hour after we would feel worse than we did before we had it. I was always ready for the next issue five hours before it came up.

I think the time was against us as well as the Germans, for every minute was like an hour and an hour like a day. I never felt time hang so heavy before. When I had been there a month, I felt as if I had been there six. We managed to have a song on New Year's eve, and the old carol was sung with a vengeance. ('The Log was Burning Brightly' sounded grand, but none of us felt very warm from the heat of it, as the stove fire had gone out early in the

day.) And another favorite song that night was, 'Oh where is my wandering boy to-night?' and then some one would shout out, 'In Wittenberg, d—— nigh frozen to death.' So after we had finished our singing, we all turned in wondering what the new year would bring forth.

III

We started new year very well, as news came that we could write home and I can say that we all were very glad. So we wrote, and every one of us sent word for some bread and a few shillings to buy something to eat, as they had a canteen open at that time. We all felt a lot happier when we handed them in, and each one of us looking forward for an answer in about a month's time, but we kept waiting and speculating and saying they might come next week. But never an answer came, and not likely; because they never sent them our cards and we were made to believe that they had sent them. I felt like giving way when I got to know, as I had been hoping and trusting that my wife and children had got my card telling them that I was all right, and I may say it made me off color for a long time after.

Early in January, typhus broke out, and no wonder, for the condition we were in was terrible; so the first thing they did was to close the canteen and the next thing was they left us to it. We could not see a German anywhere only well outside the wires. But they did not forget to torment us. They kept having an alarm. The sentries would blow a whistle, and we were supposed to be allowed ten minutes to get inside the barrack-room. But if we were outside two minutes after the whistle blew there would be a shot sent after us, and if we looked through the door or window we would be shot. I remember when the alarm went the first time, we all fell

in, in the middle of the room, and the color-sergeant, named Brisbane, of the Highland Light Infantry, went to open the window. But he had no sooner got to it when one of the sentries came up to the present to shoot him and he had to get back quick. We had heard several shots fired whilst we were fell in, so we passed the remark that they were only firing blank ammunition to frighten us; but after we were allowed to go out again, we very soon found out that it was ball instead of blank as we thought, for one of the bullets had gone right through one of the rooms. I think they rather liked to see us running like a lot of rabbits to our burrows, for they very often blew the alarm when we would least expect it; then there would be a race for it, as I do not think any of us wanted to be shot like that. But I am sorry to say some were, some fatally and some wounded.

The men were beginning to go in hospital and dying very fast now. I have stood against the wires and seen as many as 15 being carried to their last resting place, and the sentries laugh and jeer as the coffins went by. The same thing happened not only once but many times. Things were beginning to look very serious for us, as the disease was spreading very rapidly, especially in our compound, No. 1. They would be carrying them away on tables at all times of the day. It made me wonder if I should get it, for it is no joke standing there against the wires, with your eyes sunk right in your head and the skin of your stomach that loose that you could almost wipe your nose with it, from starvation, watching the sick going one way and the dead the other.

I can tell you it was a great relief to us when those six brave English doctors came, as we were in a fine mess then. When they saw the condition we were in, it was a bit too much for one of them; but when he could talk to

us a bit he told us to cheer up and keep a good heart, and that the Germans would shake hands with us before we left that place; and I can safely say his words came true for us who came to Switzerland. I am sorry to say that the poor fellow did not live to see it. He died with the disease about a month after he came to us. We had the misfortune to lose three of them in about five weeks, so it threw a lot of work on the shoulders of the three that were left; and I am proud to say that they fought hard and won through, and I hope are having a good time in dear old England to make up for the hard work they did for us.

When our doctors got to work they were not long in making things hum. If you had the least signs of the disease about you, away you went, which ought to have been done before. I have known men to lie in their rooms over a week before they were sent to hospital. They sent as many as thirty-six out of one room in a day. What would have happened in that room if our doctors had not come? The biggest part of them would have died, but by catching them in time, before the disease had got proper hold of them, the most of them got over it, so not only myself have to thank them for being alive but a great many of the camp, both English, French and Russians and Belgians. They have earned all the praise and thanks they get and more besides, as it was far worse than being in the trenches. A German doctor got the Iron Cross for leaving us to die, and then comes along the wires once, and is padded up as if he were going to meet a mad dog.

On the 28th of February there were some plum pudding and some dried grapes came, and was issued to us. Some got a bit and some did not. I was lucky, as I was one of four to share in a one-pound pudding and a few dried

grapes, and there were also one pair of socks and a New Testament between the four of us; so we put four pieces of paper into a cap, one marked socks, one marked testament, and two blank, and drew for them. My chum Lew got the socks and I got the testament which I have now, and I have passed many an hour away reading it.

On the 3rd March my chum went as orderly to the sick in hospital, his hand having nicely healed up. My wound had also healed up, but it had left my hand quite useless and painful, and it has never been free from pain since the day I was wounded. The bruise on my shin had not quite healed up then, and there were six great big sores in different places on my leg, but it was not long after I came out of the hospital from having typhus before it was better and has never troubled me since. On the 4th I had severe pains in my head. I did not report sick as I thought it would be better after I had a sleep, but it was no better when I got up. On the 5th I had my first bath, and a small bit of soft soap and some clean underclothing for the first time since I was captured.

My head got so bad that on the morning of the 6th I reported it to the doctor, so he had a look at my ribs, then said, 'Hospital,' so I went with my blankets, and the first one I saw when I got to hospital was my chum (Lew). His greeting was, 'Hello, what's to do with you?' So I told him about my head. He then made me a bed on the floor. I got in and made myself comfortable. Lying next to me was a Frenchman dying, who died early the same night, and that was the last thing I remember before I fell asleep myself. When I woke up on the 23rd March, the doctor was injecting something into my arm. I did not know but that it was the next morning, after I had gone into hospital, for I remembered the Frenchman

dying and asked if they had taken him out. They were puzzled as to what I meant, so I began to think a bit, for I found myself in a wooden bed and in a fresh room with only English in, while the room that I went to sleep in had French and Russians as well. So one of the men that was getting better came over to me after the doctor had gone and explained a few things to me. When he told me the date, I asked him if he were trying to pull my leg, but I soon found out that it was all true, so I said I must have had a long-sleep. 'Yes,' he said, 'you are very lucky to wake up again, as you have been very bad.'

When I had finished talking to him, I had another sleep, about two hours this time, and I felt a lot better after that. Then he came over to have another talk with me, and he told me this time that my chum Lew was in bed with the typhus; and there he was, fast asleep the same as I had been, and he laid just in front of me. The corporal injected some more stuff into my arm, and he told me that I had plenty of that whilst I was asleep. So the next day I managed to have a drop of soup and I could have done with some more, but they told me too much was not good for me. I then passed the remainder of the day away collecting my senses together and wondering what all the black specks were that were always dancing in front of my eyes. It was the same as if I had a veil in front of me, and it was about two months before they disappeared. The next day I had another drop of soup brought me and there were two nice little bits of meat in it. I thought I would enjoy them, but I had no sooner had two spoonsful of the soup when severe pains came across

my stomach and I could not eat any more, so with a longing look at those two bits of meat I gave it away to the man that came to have a chat with me the day before. After the pains left me I had stomach trouble bad for five days. It then left me as sudden as it came, and it left me very thin too. I do not think I weighed more than five stone.

I wanted then to be up and about, so I chanced it out of bed; but I had no sooner got on my feet than down I went between the two beds. I was then lifted back into bed again and told not to get out any more, but I wanted to be out of it; I knew that if I kept lying in bed, my legs would get weaker instead of stronger; so the next day I chanced it again. I took good care this time not to leave hold of the beds, and I managed to hobble alongside of the beds, and I very soon found my feet again with a little practice.

I crawled out of hospital on the first of April. I insisted on going out, as I hated to be in the place. When I got to the compound I was done up. There is a step about six inches high and for the life of me I could not get both my feet up, so a Russian came and lifted me into the room. I was very glad to be down again. It was a good job I had nothing to carry, or else it would have been all up before I had come half way. One of the other men brought my blankets for me. There was snow on the ground then, and I just had my two blankets and an empty sack for a bed for nine days before I got any straw to lie on, and there were some men who came out with me were even longer. And there I walked about like a drunken man for weeks, not caring whether I died or lived, I was so weak and weary.

(To be concluded)

HOW ENGLAND FEELS TOWARD AMERICA

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

I

WHEN the Great War broke out and Germany's invasion of Belgium made British participation in it inevitable, Englishmen instantly and instinctively looked across the Atlantic for sympathy and understanding. It could not have been otherwise. For us in Great Britain it is impossible to feel or affect indifference to American opinion upon our actions and policies in any part of the globe. American approval is frankly valued. American hostility or criticism is as frankly deplored. Not for nothing have the two great communities, politically separated, preserved the surer bonds of a common tongue, identical ideals and aspirations, and a kindred form of government. They are bound to influence and react upon each other with lightning decisiveness and through a thousand impalpable channels. Their judgment of each other's doings, whether favorable or unfavorable, cannot help having weight. Each nation, at more than one crisis of its history, in more than one phase of its development, has been stimulated by the other's example and support, has been disheartened, checked, or bewildered by the other's disapproval.

There could, therefore, be no question of England's not caring to know what Americans were saying and thinking about the tremendous decision of the British Government two and a half years ago, and all the subsequent events in which Great Britain has played a part. England did care and does care.

Indifferent as we are, and as every strong, assured, and rather unimaginative people must be, to foreign opinion, we have for many decades got into the habit of making an exception in favor of America. The serene nobility of temper with which the British people gathered itself together to redeem a pledge of honor and to repel the most dastardly assault that has yet been perpetrated upon the fabric of civilization, could not, of course, have been damped down, but it might easily have been chilled and depressed, had we felt that America was against us or alienated from our cause.

We never felt that. We never had any reason to feel it. Every test which it was possible for us to apply showed the popular sentiment of America to be overwhelmingly on the side of the Allies and ungrudging in its commendation of the course pursued and the spirit displayed by the British Government and people. We saw an America sharing to the full our own passionate indignation over the bloody rape of Belgium, revolted by the atrocities that accompanied it, and appalled by the spectacle of Teutonic power and ruthlessness. We had no need to ask where the American people 'stood.' Their whole history answered the question before there was any need to frame it. We in England simply took it for granted that Americans would have ceased to be Americans if they did not regard Germany's pounce upon Belgium with an almost frenzied detestation, and if they did not recognize that that act of unspeakable

treachery had transformed Germany into an enemy of the human race. We could not detect, we could not even imagine, one single ground of sympathy between the people of the United States and the military clique at Potsdam that had precipitated this measureless cataclysm. 'Necessity knows no law' is not a maxim of American statecraft. The violation of treaties and pledges and of the rights of smaller nations is not a proceeding they applaud. It never even occurred to us, that with the record before them, Americans would hesitate for a moment in making up their minds as to who brought on the war and who went to the uttermost limits to avert it; on which side it was a war of conquest and on which a war in defense of civilization. Nor did we even for an instant entertain the preposterous notion that between democratic America and the German ideal of jack-booted force there could be anything other than a fundamental antagonism. Not only, therefore, did we assume that the vast majority of Americans were ranged in hope and sympathy on the side of the Allies, but we dismissed from our minds the thought of any other attitude on their part as utterly incredible.

In this, I think, we were quite right. The average Englishman does not know much about America, but he showed in 1914 that he at least knew enough to scout the idea that America was or could be pro-German. He trusted his instinct, and very soon had proof that the trust was not misplaced. In the opening months of the war the American people justified by their expressions of goodwill all that their friends in Europe had ever claimed for them. To us in England the innumerable demonstrations of American partiality came with a peculiarly bracing effect. They cemented anew that sense of racial kinship of which the Englishman is always con-

scious, and to which no doubt he attaches a quite excessive importance, whenever he thinks of England and America together. At a time when half the world was writhing in the agony of a ferocious war, it may have seemed absurd and even sentimental to set so high a value on mere words and feelings. But that is the English way. No Englishman with any vision at all but felt strengthened and encouraged by the reflection that in this ghastly struggle the moral force of American sympathies was by an easy preponderance behind the Allies. That at least was a stimulating fact, and though it has often in the past thirty months seemed to have been obscured, or to have lacked adequate expression, or even to have been partially counterbalanced by other emotions, Englishmen believe it to be a fact still. They find even now a certain comfort in the conviction that America by a huge majority is with them, not because she is pro-French or pro-British, but because she recognizes in a German triumph a menace to her own ideals and her own interests. They do not, however, read into the American attitude any special political significance. They do not expect it to bear fruit in overt and national action. It is simply that they are glad to know that a people whom they persist in regarding as kinsmen are wishing them well and backing them up in a tough struggle.

There has never, that I know of, been any disposition in England to quarrel with or to criticize the official policy of neutrality adopted at Washington. We accepted it as a matter of course that America would be neutral. At the beginning of the war neutrality was the obviously proper and sensible line for the United States to follow. Every one in Great Britain admitted as much. No one expected anything else. There was, it is true, some good-

humored surprise when the President attempted to expand national neutrality into a rule of private thought and sentiment; but to neutrality itself, as the policy of the United States Government, nobody took or could take the slightest exception. The war was not an American war; the issues at stake were not specifically American issues; there seemed every reason to hope that the United States could hold honorably aloof from it.

Nor even at this time would any Englishman desire to see America drawn into the war except under the constraint of purely American interests and in order to fulfill her own conception of what her self-respect and her duty as one of the great pillars of democracy demand. Were the United States, of her own initiative, to throw in her lot with the Allies, then, indeed, every Briton would feel that his dearest political wish had been realized in the mere fact of a working coöperation between all the English-speaking peoples; would say — and would be right in saying — that now at last the only possible foundations of a lasting peace had been well and truly laid. But that, as every one in Great Britain recognizes, is a matter for Americans to decide in their own way, at their own time, and in the light of exclusively American considerations. From first to last in this war I do not think you will be able to point to a single line in the British press or a single utterance of any British statesman that savored of the impertinence of urging the United States to abandon her neutrality or that tendered any advice whatever on the subject.

If America is satisfied to remain outside, we in England are well content to have her do so. While we most passionately believe that we are fighting for every sound principle of right-dealing between nations, for everything that

makes democracy possible, and for the protection of freedom itself against the assaults of a panoplied absolutism, we do not expect America to go crusading on behalf of these causes unless and until her own national honor or security is involved in their maintenance. We are not quite so foolish as to look for an exhibition of international knight-errantry from the American or any other government. Still less do we stand in any need of either the naval or the military assistance of the United States. The war of European liberty will be won even if America remains neutral to the end. We can, and we shall, save civilization, if we have to, without her. For themselves the Allies want nothing from the United States beyond what their command of the sea enables them at this moment to receive — arms, food, raw material, equipment of all kinds; and in regard to some at least of these necessities they will before long be independent of any source of supply but their own.

Many Englishmen have even argued that the belligerent interests of the Allies are better served by American neutrality than they would be by American intervention. That also is a favorite American contention and unquestionably there is a great deal to be said for it. But no Englishman, or none at least of any consequence, has been guilty of attempting to force either that opinion or its opposite upon the attention of the United States. Most emphatically we do not seek and have never sought American intervention; we are perfectly confident that we can dispense with it; at the same time, if it came, as of course it could only come, under the compulsion of American honor and American interests, we in Great Britain would welcome it, not so much for its effect on the present war, as because it would powerfully reinforce the guaranties of future peace.

II

But there are different kinds of neutrality, and I am not going to pretend that the kind adopted by the United States Government has commended itself to British opinion. I suppose that it must always and necessarily be the fate of neutrals to incur the dislike of both sets of belligerents. I suppose, too, that in England, as in every country that is fighting for what it most highly values, we do not see quite straight, have lost something of our sense of proportion, and find it unusually difficult to get away from our own point of view. One must allow for this. One must particularly allow for it in a war that reduces all other wars to the dimensions of a street brawl. But after every discount has been made, there is still a large and sober body of British opinion, friendly to the United States by instinct and conviction, that has found American diplomacy during the past two years a hard pill to swallow. It must even be said that disappointment with the figure America has been made to cut throughout the war is most acute precisely among those Englishmen who know America best and are most warmly disposed towards her.

What is it that they feel? They feel, first, that the authentic voice of the American people, whose accents they have caught occasionally in the speeches of private citizens, has hardly once found official expression. They feel, secondly, that the United States Government abdicated something of its old high position when it passed over in silence one of the most nefarious crimes in human history — the savage trampling down of Belgium in the interests of German militarism. How the American people regarded that execrable atrocity we in England knew well enough. But the one voice that could speak for them collectively, as a nation,

as a community that had inherited unique traditions of liberty-loving independence, was silent. Not a word from the President, not a resolution in Congress, not a dispatch from the State Department, has even now placed on the record the judgment of the American nation. Americans by the score and hundred have spoken out in their old free and fearless fashion. But the United States has been dumb.

I imagine that had Mr. Wilson uttered but one sentence of reprobation all Americans to-day would have an easier conscience and would be holding their heads a little stiffer; and I am certain that, had that sentence been spoken, the moral standing of the United States throughout the world would be immeasurably higher than it is. A law of civilization, a main bulwark of international right, had been broken and cast down; and the United States looked on and said nothing. From that false start America has not yet recovered; that lost opportunity she has not yet retrieved; and the shock of her acquiescent silence and inaction still rumbles in the British consciousness like an aching nerve. Whenever Mr. Lansing talks of the sacred rights of neutrals, or the President dilates upon America's championship of humanity and her mission to serve the world, the average Englishman irrepressibly brings these admirable phrases to the test of Belgium; and except in the welcome protest against the deportations, he has never once found that they could stand the test. We never felt that America owed it to the Allies to pass a public and emphatic verdict on Germany's invasion of Belgium. We did feel, and feel acutely, that she owed it supremely to herself.

Remember that we in England take, or used to take, an exalted, possibly even an exaggerated, view of the influence and beneficent potentialities of the United States in the sphere of inter-

national relationships. It is because so little has been made of that influence and those potentialities that American diplomacy has disheartened us. It has seemed to us anæmic, immersed in legalism, lacking in nobility. If I were asked for a summary of what in British eyes have appeared to be its deficiencies, I should point to the speech delivered by Mr. Root on February 15 of last year — a speech in which a very great man rose to his full height of power and emotional intensity and political vision. Englishmen have rightly refrained from saying the things that Mr. Root as an American was free to say. Indeed, one of the pleasantest surprises that awaits an English visitor to the United States these days is to discover how mild is British dissatisfaction with the foreign policy of the Administration, and in what scrupulously temperate language it finds utterance, as compared with the full-blooded ferocity of American comment. But it seems to me clear that Mr. Root and the general run of Englishmen approach this question from approximately the same angle. Both feel that in what has been done and left undone at Washington there has been a failure to embody and interpret the best American sentiment. Both feel that it is the American people themselves and not the Allies who have the most cause to complain of, and to be chagrined by, the Administration's acts of commission and omission.

That certainly was the average British view in regard to America's passivity in the presence of the ruin of Belgium. It was still more definitely the British view in regard to Mr. Wilson's handling of the issues raised by the sinking of the *Lusitania*. What 'the man in the street' says is, roughly, that the United States Government announced that it would hold Germany to 'strict accountability' and that it

has not done so. From the interminable series of notes and the disputations over legal minutiae he has derived a final impression of uncertainty and irresolution, an impression that could not but be confirmed by that unfortunate — in its effect on foreign opinion, that quite disastrous — *obiter dictum* of the President about being 'too proud to fight.' Not even the German Chancellor's 'scrap of paper' has more indelibly stamped itself upon the mind of Europe than Mr. Wilson's too casual phrase. It has plastered on America a label that will not easily be removed.

How misleading that label is I, of course, after twenty years of acquaintanceship with American life, know well enough. But Englishmen who have had fewer opportunities, or none at all, to study the United States at first hand, and to whom it is largely an unknown and almost indeed an inconceivable land, — that is to say, the great body of my countrymen, — have fastened upon those four fatal words as accurately portraying the present spirit of America; and all that they have heard of American policy in Mexico and of the growth of American pacifism and of the American woman who did n't raise her son to be a soldier, and all that the seeming indecisiveness of American diplomacy during the past two and a half years has taught them, has done nothing to weaken their belief that the President's impromptu was and is a truthful representation of American sentiment. I have never had a more difficult task than in trying to convince my English friends and readers that America is not really 'too proud to fight.'

That used not to be the reputation that the United States enjoyed in Great Britain. There was a time, and a quite recent time, when the average Englishman thought of America as a land rather belligerently given to asserting her rights and resenting affronts.

Mr. Cleveland's Venezuela Message, the war with Spain, the plunge of the United States into a policy of Imperialism, the voyage of the American fleet round the world, the increasingly sharp intervention of the Government at Washington in the affairs of the more turbulent republics of the Caribbean and Central America, the dramatic stroke that made possible the building of the Panama Canal, the firm front that the United States always showed in its negotiations with Great Britain, the stir and spacious vigor of the Roosevelt administrations, the steadiness with which under Mr. Taft America made herself felt in the Far East — these were hardly the symptoms of a nation ossified in pacifism, unmindful of its interests, or slow to defend them.

The contrast between that America which he knew or thought he knew and the one that now confronts him frankly bewilders the ordinary Englishman. He has seen the United States in the past few years submitting with unexampled meekness to a series of unexampled outrages. He has seen its government in almost so many words renouncing its duty of protecting American citizens in Mexico. He has seen them murdered, their property destroyed, their flag insulted. He has seen the ugly spectre of racial schism rear itself on American soil. He has seen the agents of the Central Powers instigating in the United States one conspiracy after another against American industries, against the American State Department, against the American Congress, against the American President; abusing every privilege that their official position gave them; acting in a spirit of open and cynical disdain for the Government and the nation to which they were accredited; corrupting opinion, interfering with the domestic politics of the American people, fomenting strikes, organizing forgery and ar-

son, stopping, in short, at nothing that would serve the alien and wholly non-American aims of their own governments. And he has seen these activities tolerated by the Administration with a patience quite unparalleled in modern history.

What, he is inclined to ask, has come over America? Was that New York journal right which declared that the sentiment of the West was against entering on a war 'for the abstraction known as honor'? Was that other New York journal right which declared that prolonged and ineffective silence and inaction in the presence of the infamies that have filled Mexico for over four years and all Europe for over two have induced in the American people an insensitiveness, a callousness, that makes them accept any outrage, even when they are its chief victims, almost as a matter of course? And this amazing spread of pacifism in the United States — what lies at the bottom of it? How much of it is genuine idealism and how much equally genuine materialism, selfishness, or indifference? Is America really a nation, beyond the bare fact that one hundred million Americans live under a single government? Have its vast and tranquil spaces and its medley of unassimilated immigrants strangled the impulse toward that coherency and compactness of feeling and action which is the hall-mark of a veritable nationality? Or is the ultra-Christian forbearance of American diplomacy to be explained by the fact — if it be a fact — that the mass of the American people do not yet understand what is happening in Europe, and persist in denying that it touches them at all vitally, and in hugging to themselves the delusion that in any event their invulnerability is secure? Or should it be attributed to that avalanche of prosperity which the war has loosed upon the American people?

The average Englishman asks these questions, but without getting any very satisfactory reply. But on one point he is clear. He has been officially informed that there is such a thing as a nation being 'too proud to fight.' He has no evidence tending to show that the United States is not such a nation. Indeed, when he thinks of the Americans who were butchered in the Lusitania and who have been murdered in Mexico, he is more than half inclined to murmur with James Russell Lowell, —

Wut 'll make ye act like freemen?

Wut 'll git your dander riz?

III

I must again interject that the state of mind I am trying to portray is that of the ordinary untraveled Englishman who knows nothing of America at first hand, who judges her simply by what he hears or is told of her actions, and who, in the midst of such a war as this, has scant time for studying anything thoroughly. He has always had a strong bias of sentimental friendliness in favor of the American people; and he has had it on grounds that most Americans would instantly repudiate. He thinks of America as predominantly 'English,' and of the American as almost 'one of us.' He has a vivid sense, as an Imperial people ought to have, of racial pride and kinship; and he extends it to cover the United States. He does so quite simply and sincerely, without even suspecting the innumerable elements that in many ways make America more foreign to England than England is to Holland or France. He is proud, and justly proud, of the part played by Great Britain in preserving North America to the English-speaking peoples. He thinks that England and the United States ought always to work together; he regards a serious disagreement between them as proof of sheer

bad statesmanship, and he would look upon an Anglo-American war as something so unnatural, so fratricidal, as to be altogether impossible. Goodwill toward America and Americans has for many years, for four decades at least, been, not merely a fixed point of British policy, but an inseparable part of the British consciousness. And the 'man in the street,' in his delightful ignorance of the varied strains that enter into the composition of the America of to-day, is apt to assume that this instinctively friendly attitude is reciprocated by the 'man in the cars,' with equal heartiness.

That of course is where he makes his mistake. He cannot get it out of his head that the United States is essentially and in spirit, though not of course politically, a member of the English-speaking brotherhood, with very much the same cast of mind, and responsive to very much the same sort of appeal, as his own country. And what more than anything else has puzzled and disconcerted him in the American Government's attitude and temper and policies throughout the war is that they have struck him as singularly unlike the attitude, temper, and policies to be expected from 'one of the family.' Bewildering in themselves, they were still more so coming from the United States. The average Englishman felt as if a near relative had unaccountably failed to act in a crisis up to the family standard.

Another factor that has powerfully and unfavorably influenced British opinion has been the pertinacious stiffness with which the State Department has attacked the 'blockade' and our commercial use of sea-power. On the merits of the dispute and the endless and intricate technicalities involved in it, the ordinary man in Great Britain is, of course, wholly incompetent to pass judgment. But there are certain

broad aspects that have become pretty firmly fixed in his mind. He believes profoundly that in this struggle he is fighting for a cause and an ideal that deeply concern the security and welfare of the United States. He altogether agrees with those Americans who hold and who have openly proclaimed that the British fleet is at this moment safeguarding the interests of America as much as it is safeguarding the British Isles themselves. He sees without a particle of resentment or envy that the war has prodigiously enriched the American people and altered their whole position in the world of international commerce and finance. He is convinced that the policy of cutting off Germany's imports and exports is a sound policy and a legitimate one, and that our 'blockade,' while novel in form, was expressly devised to cause as little interference as possible with neutral trade. He is conscious also that, while the Central Powers have ruthlessly killed American citizens, no drop of innocent neutral blood has stained the ensign of the British Admiralty. He thought that under these circumstances American magnanimity and idealism, all that the two peoples have inherited in common, and the transcendent importance to every American interest that Germany should be defeated, would operate upon the United States Government and induce it, if not to overlook, at least to be patient under, the inevitable annoyances of any and every blockade.

In that hope he has been disappointed. Perhaps he should never have cherished it. But in these matters you cannot expect popular sentiment in war-time to be governed by the meticulous preciosity of the lawyer and the logician. The British people and British press have fully acknowledged the ability, frankness, and courtesy with which Mr. Lansing has pressed his case.

What has disquieted and discomfited them is that he should have thought it worth while to press it at all. They could not at any rate help contrasting the firm and almost severe tone of some of his dispatches with the halting inconclusiveness of the Administration's diplomacy in its dealings with Germany; and the contrast has made a rather bitter impression. The American Government seemed to be going as far as any government could go in its protests against interference with American trade, while it dallied with, or at least did nothing to avenge, the loss of American lives.

I said just now that I had never had a more difficult task than that of attempting to convince Englishmen that America was not in reality 'too proud to fight.' But it has been even more difficult to persuade them that American policy is not guided in the main by sordid considerations. Quite the most unpopular article I have written since the war began was one in which I bluntly stated that Americans care much less for money than we do in England; that the American Government is, if anything, rather less selfish and commercialized in its outlook and its actions than other governments; and that in no land is a leader who appeals to what is best and least material and most self-sacrificing in human nature more certain of a national response.

That, in my conviction, is still the truth about America; but I was quickly made aware that many of those who read the article could not understand it. They could not understand it because the official policy of the United States Government seemed so little to square with my estimate of the American character. To the average Englishman the American protests against the British 'blockade' and the British 'blacklist' and the British censorship of mails—all of them valid and neces-

sary measures, all of them measures that the United States will be forced to adopt if and when it finds itself at war with a first-class power — have appeared small — small when the very slight injury to American trade is compared with the immense prosperity that the war has brought in its train; smaller still when the damage done by British policy to a few scattered American merchants is weighed in the balance against the German policy of murder on the high seas; smallest of all when petty problems of imports and exports, delayed ships and seized cargoes, are haggled over in the midst of a tooth-and-claw fight for civilization itself.

American diplomacy, then, has succeeded in making on the British mind an impression of timidity, indecision, and commercialism, mingled with an incongruous obstinacy in applying to Armageddon the legal conventions of a world at peace. But it would be easy to exaggerate the extent to which British opinion has thereby been adversely affected. There is another side to the account, which we do not forget. We know how many thousands of Americans have enlisted in the Allied armies. We know of their work in succoring the wounded. We know of that unceasing stream of gifts in money and kind and service that flows eastward from the United States. And above all we know that the heart of America is with the Allies. Knowing all this, we do not allow trivial clashes of opinion between our respective governments to disturb us unduly. Rightly or wrongly, we distinguish between popular sentiment in the United States and official neutrality. We have not been blind to the President's difficulties. Some of us, I imagine, make even greater allowance for them than do his own countrymen. Nowhere at any rate in Great Britain, not even in the intimacy of the most private talk, will you hear anything

that approaches the indiscriminate virulence with which practically all Americans in Europe, and a good many Americans in the United States, assail the actions and attitude of the authorities at Washington. If at times those actions and that attitude have disappointed us, it has not been solely, or even mainly, on our own account. It has not been for any exclusively British reason. It has been because the actions and attitude of the American Government have struck us as falling below our ideal of what the United States is and stands for.

That America, not having entered the war, should yet have a voice in the terms of peace seems to most Englishmen incredible. Great Britain is not thinking of peace; she is thinking solely of victory. Nothing would more surely incense the British people than any proposals from a neutral power, opening up the possibility of an inconclusive settlement. That was clearly demonstrated by the reception accorded by British public opinion to the President's note of December 18. After the repeated and formal assurances of the past two and a half years that the United States has no part or interest in the origins of the war and is equally unconcerned with its causes and objects, it follows naturally that the conditions of peace lie outside the sphere of American diplomacy. On this point there is not likely to arise any divergence of opinion between the British and American governments. The functions of a channel of communication between the belligerents at the right hour, are, as we saw in December, within the American competence. But the functions of an arbitrator or umpire are beyond it; and one cannot, of course, too strongly emphasize the need for extreme tactfulness on the part of the United States, or any other neutral power, in choosing the means and moment of any move

toward peace. The temper of all the participants in this struggle is not a thing to be lightly trifled with.

But there is a bigger question than whether, and, if so, how and when, the United States will initiate negotiations for ending hostilities. There is a bigger question even than the still undetermined one, whether the United States will enter the war. That bigger question is, whether the United States will enter the world. There have been intimations, both specific and authoritative, that she will; that she recognizes that the days of seclusion are over, and that in the future she means to play her part as a working member of the family of nations. But Englishmen have hesitated to accept these intimations at their face-value. They have hesitated, first, because the impression of infirmity and instability of purpose wrought by American diplomacy during the past few years has not yet even begun to wear away; secondly, because they do not know what amount of popular backing, if any, these intimations command. At present they are no more than the *dicta* of a president. They will have to be the settled resolve and policy of a nation before they can be accepted as a permanent factor in the new scheme of *Weltpolitik*.

Do Americans realize the conditions on which alone their utility in the future ordering of the universe can be assured? It cannot be assured unless they for their part get rid of certain inveterate prepossessions, readjust their political focus, and accept responsibilities they have hitherto and deliberately declined to assume. However slight or however onerous the task of maintaining a lasting peace may hereafter prove, Americans can take no effective hand in it so long as they confine themselves to expressions of goodwill and pacific protestations, and, for the rest, wash their hands of Europe. If the United

States is to exert a genuine and first-hand influence in safeguarding and fortifying the peace of the world, there must be no more half-heartedness in American policy, no attempt to achieve by persuasion and exhortation what can be achieved only by force, no throwing out of suggestions accompanied by a refusal to guarantee their performance, but a resolute and definite entrance into the actual arena of world-politics and a willingness to undertake the inevitable commitments and run the inevitable risks.

If that is, indeed, the direction in which American statesmanship is tending, then it will be welcomed by no one more eagerly and more sincerely than by the people of the British Empire. It is what we have always hoped for. We have hoped for it because we know that, when America ceases to be a recluse among the nations, when she decides to coöperate on equal terms with the nationals and governments of other countries, to shoulder her part of the common liabilities and to contribute her due proportion of naval and military power to the general stock, no question is likely to separate, and a hundred questions are likely to bind together, the British and the American peoples. And it is on the close understanding of these two powerful, democratic and un-aggressive peoples that the well-being of humanity, the security of whatever dispensation is evolved from the turmoil of this war, and the best hope of a durable peace, must chiefly depend. We in Great Britain stand ready to work with any nation to prevent a recurrence of the awful cataclysm now pulverizing Europe and detonating throughout the entire world. But we would rather work with the American nation than with any other — if, but only if, America shall at length make up her mind to be judged, not by her aspirations or her protestations, but by her deeds.

THE FUTURE OF GERMANY

BY KUNO FRANCKE

THE following observations upon the course which the inner development of Germany is likely to take when peace has been restored are not mere day-dreams. They are based upon the concrete evidence of popular movements and public discussions now going on in Germany. The fundamental thought running through all these discussions is: The war has given us a new Germany; let us see to it that this new Germany be brought to its full realization in the days to come.

I

Whatever one's view may be about the underlying causes of the war, only ignorance or hatred can deny that the German people, in waging it, have presented a spectacle of consummate devotion and self-surrender. At its very outbreak, all petty class prejudices, all sectional jealousies, all sectarian rivalry, all industrial antagonisms seemed to be swept away. In a supreme moment the whole nation actually felt itself as one, ready to sacrifice everything for the maintenance of its common ideals.

The most striking manifestation of this suddenly awakened new national consciousness was the well-known declaration of the Socialist party in the Reichstag on August 4, 1914, that it would vote unanimously for the war-credit asked for by the Government. Less well known, but probably still more significant, is the part taken in the war organization by the Socialist

trade-unions throughout the Empire. The trade-unions had had in the months before the war particularly galling evidence of governmental ill-will; repeated efforts had been made to stamp them as political organizations and thereby place them under stricter police surveillance. They had fully made up their minds that with the declaration of martial law at the beginning of the war they would be dissolved. But instead of dissolving them, the Government, immediately after the granting of the war-credit, turned to the trade-unions for help and coöperation, and the unions, without a moment's hesitation, placed themselves at the service of the Government. They passed a vote that, during the war, contributions to strike funds be stopped, which was tantamount to the discontinuance of strikes during the war. They utilized their employment agencies for furnishing laborers for the gathering of the harvest, so vital to the national sustenance. They turned their coöperative societies — huge organizations which in the years before the war had been strictly confined to party membership — into centres for the distribution of food among the whole population. Persistently and methodically they employed their powerful and widely diffused party press to inspire their members, both at home and in the field, with the imperative necessity of standing together with the other parties in this crucial hour. In close collaboration with the government authorities, they worked out constructive plans for the care of the dependents of the men in the

field and for the employment of soldiers who had returned disabled.

In short, there is no doubt that the magnificent subordination of all individual forces to the one great need of the Fatherland, which has enabled Germany to withstand victoriously the onset of nearly the whole world, including the supplying of enormous quantities of ammunition and other war material to her enemies by neutral America — there is no doubt that this wonderful economic mobilization for national defense rests to a large extent upon the vast system of Socialist party organizations, voluntarily and unstintedly devoting themselves to the common cause. It is needless to add that all the other parties and classes have not remained behind the German workmen in this self-sacrificing devotion.

What is the outlook which this extraordinary exhibition of a common national will opens up for Germany's future? This is the main question which I shall try to answer. In doing so, I take it for granted that the war will not end with Germany's political and economic destruction. For even if, as seems happily improbable, the German arms should finally be overwhelmed by numbers and money, the German spirit will remain, and will press on toward the working out of national conditions worthy of a people that has stood so marvelously this unparalleled test of public efficiency and virtue.

It is not to be supposed that after the war German public life will be held together by the same undivided concentration of purpose that now dominates everything. The old party struggles will reawaken, the old class interests will reassert themselves, perhaps more vigorously than before. For it is certain that the millions who have fought this war will return from the years in trenches and submarines and aeroplanes with a heightened sense of the

rights of citizenship, and of what is the people's due. On the other hand, every war — successful or otherwise — has a tendency to increase the demands of the advocates of militarism and of class rule. Serious clashes of opinion, therefore, between liberals and conservatives, progressives and reactionaries, socialists and capitalists, appear inevitable in the near future. What may confidently be hoped for is that this party struggle of the future will not have the same virulence and bitterness that it so often had in the Germany before the war; that, on the contrary, all parties will recognize one another as fellow servants of a common cause, differing from each other only in ways and means, not in ultimate aims and ideals, and therefore mutually inclined to reasonable compromises.

Perhaps the most hopeful augury of the future is that even now, in the midst of the war and in the joyous consciousness of the undivided allegiance of the whole people to its supreme task, the best men of all parties clearly recognize that, if a new and better Germany is to arise from the fearful cataclysm of these days, there is need of unsparing self-scrutiny on all sides and of unshrinking determination to make the noble enthusiasm of the moment a permanent power for reform and readjustment of the very foundations of German life. I may be permitted to say that a recent letter from a friend of mine gives me the assurance — if such assurance were needed — that no one in Germany feels this more deeply and earnestly than the man who in this war has been to all his subjects a shining example of real greatness of character, William II. My friend had spent an evening alone with the Emperor at the front, and he writes that all evening the Emperor talked, ardently and full of hope, of the reconstructed, ennobled, spiritualized Germany of the future.

II

Probably no German institution seems so little in need of improvement as the German army. That the army is a truly popular institution and not something foisted upon the people by autocratic caprice, was once more demonstrated, and with particular emphasis, when in August, 1914, two million volunteers offered themselves for service by the side of the regular reserves and the men then under the colors. The army is, indeed, one of the principal training-schools of national manhood and public devotion, and a living demonstration of the equality of all classes before the fundamental demand of the country's self-preservation. It will remain so. For, unfortunately, there is little hope that after the war there will be less need of military preparedness. On the contrary, whatever may be the outcome of the present conflict, it will leave for many years to come such a vast accumulation of hatred, jealousy, and mutual fear among all European nations that any grouping of powers for the maintenance of peace will have to rely on the full military strength of each of its members. Germany, in particular, as the main butt of all these fears and hatreds, will agree to a reduction of armament only if she receives adequate pledges that disarmament will not be used as a weapon to cripple her permanently. And it is hard to see how such pledges can be given.

Under these circumstances, all that a German patriot and a friend of peace can hope for is that the army will become in a still fuller measure of reality what in principle it is now: the *people* in arms. Whether a complete reorganization after the pattern of the Swiss militia system — such as the Socialists have for years been advocating — would be compatible with fullest efficiency, is

a question I do not feel competent to answer. But that the reform must and will be in the direction of greater democratization of the army, cannot reasonably be doubted. Let us frankly admit it: in the Germany before the war there was too wide a gap between the soldier, particularly the officer, and the civilian. The officer, particularly of the junior lieutenant grade, had come to look upon himself as a sacrosanct being whose social status must be kept inviolate from contact with ordinary mortals. The exclusive jurisdiction of military courts in cases involving both civilians and soldiers had led to flagrant miscarriages of justice and striking infringements upon civil rights. The virtual exclusion of Jews and of any person suspected of Socialism, or even of Radicalism, from holding officers' commissions could not fail to arouse widespread indignation among right-minded people and to estrange them from a system that tolerated such intolerance.

All these evils have been swept aside by the comradeship of the war. And they will not be allowed to return after the war. Legislative steps will be taken to make their return impossible. The future German army will have room for any capable officer of whatever racial extraction and of whatever political creed. And the whole army will feel itself, not apart from the civilian population or superior to it, but identical with it and serving on the same level with any other organized body of public utility or public production.

III

The second change of vital importance which is likely to be brought about by this war affects the relation between government and parliament. Much has been written about the supposed ineffectiveness of the parliamen-

tary system in Germany, often without due consideration of what has actually been achieved by this system. It seems to me undeniable that the German system of a government standing above a great variety of parties and working through constantly shifting compromises with all the parties, has on the whole been very effective. It has, on the one hand, secured continuity and sustained vision of governmental policy, and on the other hand it has forced the government to steer a middle course between the conflicting interests of the different parties, thereby doing its part toward the harmonizing of these conflicts and the giving 'to each his own.'

But thus far, the final conclusion from this method of non-partisan government has not been drawn: the conclusion that all the great parliamentary parties, including the Socialist party, must be represented in the ministry. This inevitable demand for a genuine coalition ministry will, I am confident, be fulfilled after the war. It will not do to exclude from a seat in the ministry a party which in the moment of supreme national need has demonstrated beyond a shadow of doubt its unswerving loyalty to the country—which indeed, considering its numerical strength, its unmatched organization, and its hold upon the most intelligent part of the large masses, may be said to have saved Germany in the most portentous hour of her history. This assumption by a Socialist party leader of a seat in the government, by the side of representatives of the Conservative, Liberal, and Centrist parties, will be the crowning symbol of that complete unity into which Germany has been welded by the war; it will be a tacit acknowledgment that the Socialists have accepted the monarchy; it will rob German parliamentary life of the fierce and unprofitable party passion

which has embittered it so often in the past.

And with this there will come a revision of the electoral laws and regulations, with regard both to the Reichstag and to the legislatures of the individual states. As to the Reichstag, the long-deferred redistribution of electoral districts, taking at last into account the enormous growth of the city population, so inadequately represented on the basis of the present distribution, has become an imperative necessity, and will surely be instituted as soon as peace has come. As is well known, the suffrage for most of the state legislatures is different from that for the Reichstag. Whereas the Reichstag is elected on the basis of universal manhood suffrage, the suffrage for most of the state legislatures, particularly the two most important ones, the Prussian and the Saxon, is hemmed in by unreasonable and obsolete property gradations and restrictions. As a matter of fact, the legislative record of these state legislatures, based upon a restricted suffrage, has not been so markedly inferior to that of the Reichstag, based upon universal suffrage, as one would suppose. It has not been dominated by the desire for class monopoly; it has been freer than many American state legislatures from the insidious influences of selfish interests; it has on the whole stood for public welfare and popular improvement. Nevertheless, the anomalous difference between the constitutional make-up of these legislatures and that of the Reichstag is irritating and harmful. The necessity of reform has been openly acknowledged on all sides. In Prussia, a reform bill was introduced by the Government some years ago, but was defeated by the Conservatives. There is no doubt that after the war this reform will be undertaken anew, and that it will not be defeated this time.

IV

The third question of inner politics which during the last decades has agitated public opinion in Germany, and perhaps even more so the foreign interpreters of German public opinion, has to do with the position occupied by officialdom in German life.

On this point also a great deal of superficial and misleading criticism has been indulged in. No amount of high-sounding phrases about autocratic oppression and one-man rule can controvert the fact that German bureaucracy in its essential aspects is the rule of experts — experts, publicly trained and publicly controlled, endowed with far-reaching power and responsibility, taught within their chosen specialities to serve the common good. So long as human society has not yet learned to get along without any rule, — and it hardly seems as if it had, — the rule of experts is perhaps the most reasonable kind of rule to be had and certainly preferable to the rule of bosses, 'big business,' or the mob. One need only look at the splendid types of integrity, public foresight, conscientious workmanship, civic virtue, open-mindedness, energy, progressiveness, embodied in the burgomasters and other officials, high and low, of Frankfurt, Munich, Cologne, Berlin, Hamburg, Stettin, Danzig, and a host of other German cities, in order to realize what a boon officialdom has been for contemporary Germany, what a lesson German officialdom has taught, or ought to have taught, to the rest of the world. Nor does the quality of German state officials on the whole fall below that displayed by the public officials of the German cities. Expert training and objective consideration of the common welfare are the two fundamental requirements for appointment to administrative positions in the government

service of the states constituting the German Empire, in Prussia and Saxony no less than in Bavaria or Baden or Alsace-Lorraine.

It is a striking testimony to the high level of German public opinion that, in spite of all these undeniable and highly significant excellences of German officialdom, there should have been expressed during the last decades frequent criticism, both in the press and in Parliament, of certain defects and abuses that seem to be inherent in government by experts. The expert is apt to be a somewhat formidable person. He often assumes the tone and attitude of the superman. He is often swollen with authority. He is likely to frown upon the 'merely popular,' and to shun intercourse or confidence with the uninstructed many. He is not likely to win sympathies by his own personality. German officialdom has been liable in a good measure to all these defects. It has often appeared harsh and supercilious. While undoubtedly serving the whole people, it has often seemed to be an imperious master. While recruiting itself from all classes of the people, it has developed a class consciousness of its own and has frequently arrogated to itself an undue superiority over other classes. In a word, it often lacks conspicuously the human element. Furthermore, the prevailingly conservative temper of the central government has had the effect, that the political opinions of the official class have been almost wholly restricted to that creed; and there have been cases where able men of liberal or radical views, solely on account of these views, have been forced out of the government service. The extraordinary intelligence and efficiency that the large army of officials of the Socialist party has shown in business organization and administration, give one an idea of what has been lost to the government service by stifling

among its members that independence and variety of political convictions which are a necessary corollary of non-partisan principles of administration.

All this will be changed when, after the war, a true coalition ministry is at the helm of the Government, and when it is no longer possible to speak of the Socialists as 'men without a country,' or of the Centrists as 'enemies of the Empire,' or of the Liberals as 'impotent detractors.' The Government will seek its expert officials among men of all parties. It will make the most sparing use of its right of veto in the appointment of city burgomasters. It will allow the widest possible range in the political affiliations of the provincial governors. It will make concessions to provincial peculiarities and traditions in the selection of *Kreisdirektoren* and *Landräte*. It will infuse new life into the diplomatic service by calling into it more regularly than before prominent men of business and scholars of distinction. Officialdom, without losing its expert authority, will be humanized and popularized; and another foundation stone in the building of a new Germany will have been laid.

v

Like all German political parties and all social classes, the churches also, particularly the Catholic and the Protestant, have stood shoulder to shoulder in the great war. Let us hope that this union will last after the war. The year 1917 will afford an unusual opportunity for demonstrating mutual recognition and understanding, for it will bring the four-hundredth anniversary of the Reformation. It is inconceivable that this memorial celebration should be observed in the invidious spirit of clerical partisanship, that it should lead to excessive panegyrics of Protestantism or violent abuses of Catholicism,

and *vice versa*; it seems a foregone conclusion that it will be observed in the spirit of national rejoicing over the fact that at last the deep gap in the national body, torn by the Reformation and Counter-Reformation, has been filled; that millions of Catholics and Protestants have joyfully bled together for the same cause; and that there cannot be any difference hereafter in the feelings of either group for what the country demands of both.

But let us not conceal from ourselves a great danger and a great problem which the religious situation created by the war contains. The war has been fought by the German people in the spirit of 'Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott.' Millions and millions of so-called unbelievers discovered themselves as at bottom intensely religious. What had kept them from open religious professions was only righteous disdain of the lip-worship practiced so frequently in church circles. It is to be feared that this impressive demonstration of the fundamental religiousness of the whole German people will be used by the reactionaries as a chance for forcing (with the help of the State) the masses of religious independents back into the fold of the church. Nothing could be more harmful for the future development of Germany than if they succeeded in this. And nothing could be a greater blessing for Germany than if the State rose to the necessity of withdrawing its support from any organized religious bodies, while vouchsafing free competition and unhindered activity to them all.

I am not unmindful of the peculiar difficulties that disestablishment must face in Germany. It means the breaking away from genuinely intimate relations, cherished through the centuries, between the Protestant church and the Prussian monarchy. And it involves huge financial expenditures; for not only the Protestant church, but the

Catholic also, will have to be indemnified for the withdrawal of state support, since as a part of the wholesale secularization of Catholic church property during the Napoleonic era, the individual German states assumed more than a century ago the moral obligation of paying, in part at least, the salaries of the Catholic clergy. But now or never is the time for this truly reconstructive upheaval. Now or never can a successful appeal be made to the religious instinct of the masses to organize voluntarily to support the churches. Now or never is there hope for a new, truly popular religious life throughout the length and breadth of the Fatherland.

The time must irrevocably be past when the great majority of educated people had no inner relation to church life and maintained only an attitude of passive decorum towards its formal observances. The time must be past when the masses of industrial workers were filled with hatred of the church, because the church appeared to them only as a severe task-master and as a soulless and hypocritical upholder of obsolete formulas designed to perpetuate the power of riches and privilege. The time must be past when failure to have their children baptized or confirmed would subject honorable people to all sorts of social ostracism or official annoyances. The time must be past when the most enlightened and inspired among the Protestant clergy found themselves inevitably in opposition to the fundamental policy pursued by their own church, were tried as heretics, were forced to resign their ministry, and, owing to the lack of opportunity for independent church organization, were left without popular support. The time must come when every German will again be able to find comfort and inspiration in attending church, because it is the church of his own choice; when the greatest diversity of religious

convictions will have a chance for open expression and concrete embodiment in diverse and divergent church organizations; when the finest, the freest, the most active, and the most charitable minds of the nation will make the pulpit once more — as it was in Herder's time — a force of peaceful progress; when, in short, the great result of the war, generous tolerance and free coöperation of all the churches, will be made an instrument of the spiritual regeneration of the whole German people.

VI

Even the German school-system, unmatched as it is for thoroughness and fundamental soundness, offers ample opportunity for fruitful discussion of further improvements and reforms; and here again, as was the case with regard to the other public questions mentioned before, this opportunity has been eagerly seized upon by numerous writers and public speakers, even in the midst of the war. It would be instructive to analyze these pedagogical reform propositions, most of which culminate in the demand for one normal type of German schools, — the so-called *Einheitsschule*, — open to children from all strata of society, with greater unification of the lower grades and greater differentiation of the upper grades than now exist. But I shall not enter upon this subject here, because I would rather say a few words about a subject which is closely allied with the spiritual regeneration which we hope for from the new German church life.

Ever since Schiller's *Letters on the Aesthetic Education of Man*, it has been a popular maxim in Germany that literature and art have a national mission, that it is their office to hold up ideal types of character, and to inspire the people with the striving for a well-rounded, harmonious culture, for a free

and noble humanity. It is not only the great writers of the classic era of German literature who have lived up to these principles. Throughout the nineteenth century, down to our own days, this striving has been the main impulse in the best that German literature and art have contributed to the world's possessions. Heinrich von Kleist and Franz Grillparzer; Friedrich Hebbel and Otto Ludwig; Richard Wagner and Arnold Böcklin; Gottfried Keller, Theodor Storm and Rosegger; Friedrich Nietzsche and Gerhart Hauptmann — to mention only a few of the leading names: varied and contrasting as their endeavors and achievements have been, they are united by the common vision of an ideal existence, they all stimulate the very best in man, they all lead out of the confusion and turmoil of evanescent matter to the serene heights of the eternal.

May we not be confident that the war will bring out this idealistic tendency of German literature and art in still greater effulgence? Will not the supreme national tasks of literature and art now be recognized more clearly than ever before? The extraordinary strides taken by Germany during the last decades in material advance, the phenomenal development of the technical sciences, the sudden accumulation of great wealth, have recently led the artistic imagination in Germany, as nearly everywhere else, into different channels. It has been the day of technical skill rather than of spiritual earnestness, of startling rather than elevating effects, of the æsthetic gourmand rather than the moral enthusiast, of the fastidious few rather than the receptive many. It is to the credit of Emperor William — whatever one may think of his own artistic taste — that he has ardently and persistently combatted this art of the over-cultivated tricksters and perverted connoisseurs; that he has un-

equivocally proclaimed the need of an art which should speak to the people, which should unite high and low, rich and poor, in the common striving for highest national culture. This inspiring and truly national art, which in architecture at least had already announced itself before the war, is bound to come now, in a different shape, to be sure, from that of which the Emperor dreamed. It will not be the product of princely splendor; it will be born from bitter distress and nameless suffering. It will not be *given* to the people, but will grow out of the people. As the Homeric epic arose out of the conflict between Greek and Asiatic civilization; as the Apocalypse is a poetic reflex of the trials, the persecutions, and the hopes of early Christianity in its life-and-death struggle with the Roman Empire; as the Nibelungen lays came forth from the tremendous upheaval of the Migration epoch, so this gigantic war in which Germany is fighting for the innermost essence of her life, for everything for which her thinkers, her poets, her public men of the past have worked, suffered, and dreamed, this war of unspeakable woes and unparalleled grandeur surely must call forth voices of poets and visions of artists so deep, so clear, so overwhelmingly powerful as nothing else that has come from German literature and art. And in these poetic and artistic forms of the future the horrors and agonies of the present will live, purified and transfigured.

VII

I have reserved to the last what is probably Germany's most portentous problem of inner reconstruction, the question of the continuance and widening-out of the social and economic reform so auspiciously and comprehensively begun in the decades before the war. Well may one's courage falter at

the thought of the countless lives that have already been sacrificed and that still will be sacrificed in this monstrous slaughter of nations. Well may one feel staggered at the prospect of the necessity of continued preparations for war when at last peace has come. And yet the likelihood of this necessity has to be faced, and with it the necessity of superhuman efforts to make good as far as possible the enormous losses of manhood that have been incurred, and to secure a numerous and healthy progeny. It is therefore a fundamental demand of the very existence of Germany as a powerful and progressive nation that the social legislation, in which Germany has taken the lead among all nations, not only be kept intact, but that it be broadened and intensified. After the war it will be more than ever the task of German statesmen to provide for the masses of the people economic and social conditions which will lead to the raising of large and prosperous families. More than ever will there be a need of protecting the weak in the struggle for existence, so that they may become strong and serve. More than ever will it be the duty of every German to develop all that is in him, so that he may help to build. More than ever will it be the supreme aim of public life to preserve every resource, to foster every activity, stimulate every ambition, and find a place for every individual talent.

A multitude of specific problems suggest themselves here. The progressive income tax, well administered as it is at present, will have to be revised in such wise that the scale of progression will be adjusted, not only to the individual income, but also to the number of persons dependent on the individual taxpayer; so that in the future it will be impossible for a bachelor without any dependents to be taxed no more heavily than the father of a family of twelve. The maximum of a day's work and the

minimum of a day's pay will have to be regulated with increased regard for the maintenance of a working population physically strong and mentally active. The housing laws will have to do away with the six-in-a-room conditions still prevailing too widely in large cities. Unemployment, which, after the war, will, it is to be feared, assume enormous proportions, must be checked, not only spasmodically, through the carrying out of large public works, — canals, subways, and the like, — but principally through regular government contributions to the unemployment insurance instituted by the trade-unions. Nationalization of the largest industries, such as coal-mining, will after the war become an unavoidable financial necessity in order to enable the government to carry on its business; the gains from these nationalized industries will therefore help to meet great public needs and will benefit all classes of the people.

Woman after the war will be a social worker in an entirely new sense; for the war has discovered her genius for helpfulness in a manner never dreamed of before. From many different quarters there has come the suggestion that the social activity of women hereafter take the form of something analogous to the universal military service of men, — that is, that some kinds of regular civic duties, graded in proportion to the position and means of the individual, be hereafter made obligatory for all women — a universal, though differentiated, service which would undoubtedly carry with it a universal, though differentiated, political vote. In short, economically and socially no less than in military, parliamentary, governmental, religious, educational, and artistic life, there will arise a new Germany; not a Germany repentantly abjuring her past — nothing could be more uncalled for than that — but a Germany following to their ultimate

conclusion the principles that have guided her past and that are upholding her now, in her hour of greatest need and in the supreme test of her true worth.

I have purposely refrained from speaking of Germany's relation to other countries after the war. But I cannot close without expressing the belief that the war will bring a new life to *all* the nations engaged in it. They all stand in need, in many ways in greater need than Germany, of inner regeneration. They all have found in this war a source of moral quickening and public inspiration. The German Chancellor has recently declared that, if a fair and

equitable adjustment of legitimate national claims can be found at the end of this war, Germany will be willing to join a league of all nations to maintain that peace. May we not hope that the universal striving for inner reconstruction, the newly awakened longing for a higher civic consciousness, the ideal of a national life devoted to the cultivation of the highest physical, intellectual, and spiritual powers of the individual, will finally quench the blind passions and violent hatreds inflamed by the war, so that a regenerated *Europe* will once more, and more firmly than ever before, believe in international brotherhood?

THE LIEUTENANT'S STORY. II

BY LIEUTENANT R. N. OF THE FRENCH ARMY¹

March 17. Off duty at last! I was determined to be clean before I went to bed. A soldier employed at the bath-house was obliged to scrub me all over with a stiff brush. Not a spot on my body escaped the treacherous mud. We had two days to rest and clean up and put our clothing and arms in order. The men were allowed entire freedom. I have a comfortable billet. I even have a real bed — a bed with sheets — that I share with my friend. Joy and delight, to be able to take one's clothes off and crawl into bed between sheets — a luxury we have not tasted for a month. And such a month!

This morning there was drill. Not very interesting, but according to the-

¹ Translated from the author's manuscript diary by Miss Katharine Babbitt.

ory the men must not be left idle. I suggested that we organize games and the idea was approved.

Our mess is very jolly. We officers get together and chat, play cards, or have music. I often go and play the little organ in the church. A priest who is on the hospital nursing staff has asked me to play during services; I consented with great pleasure. There is a service every evening which many soldiers attend. They sing the hymns of the liturgy. I accompany, and I amuse myself playing some fugue of Bach or of my beloved César Franck. The organ is nothing to boast of, but I get a good deal of satisfaction out of it.

March 18. We start to-night for Cabane-Puits, which forms the fourth line of our positions. We are not to go to

the trenches, it seems, but will remain four or five days in reserve. Furthermore, we shall be assigned fatigue duty. My company is escort of the flag.

Evening. We left B——le-Château toward noon. The ceremony of departure was beautiful. The third battalion had the flag, and my company was chosen to escort it. The battalion was massed in a deployed line, my company being posted directly in front of the colonel's house. At noon, bayonets were fixed, and at the moment the flag appeared on the threshold the band and the buglers saluted and played the Marseillaise, while every man presented arms. We defiled through the village with the flag in the middle of the company, just behind my section. Then the flag was folded into its black sheath and we began the march.

Cabane-Puits is very curious — a village of primitive tribesmen with its half-buried huts of earth and branches. These dwellings are very comfortable, however, with their fireplaces and thick beds of straw. There are also dug-outs for each section. As for me, I have a private apartment which has been comfortably arranged by my predecessor. There is a bed made of woven wire hung like a hammock about twenty inches from the ground, a rough table, shelves, and a fireplace of big stones. The baggage-wagons of the regiment have come with us this far, so I have my chest and can profit by my books. Rabelais and Montaigne have promptly been given the place of honor on the shelves.

There is a shanty for everything here. The infirmary is very well installed; the offices of the various companies have packing-boxes for desks. The kitchens are in the open air. Above the fires, hanging on a stick, great kettles boil and bubble everlastingly. We had tea this evening, but, sad to say, there was n't enough sugar. Letters

come through with more or less regularity. I have made friends with the baggage-master, who scolds me all the time for being one of those who give him the most trouble. For I have a correspondence of almost ministerial dimensions. Take it all in all, this is better than the trenches.

March 19. A delightful existence. Weather fine. Nothing to do.

I read a little, write a little, chat a great deal with my friend H., or with the Red Cross priest, a man of extraordinary intelligence and a heart of gold. Last evening after going to bed, H. and I lay awake a long time and talked, with the splendor of the spring flooding in upon us. The cannon in the distance were raging, and in spite of ourselves we rejoiced in our comparative security. *Suave mari magno* —¹ Perhaps Lucretius was not so far wrong. But this kind of selfishness is conceivable when one thinks of the sufferings of the week just past.

March 20. A very busy night. My section was detailed to clean out the communication trenches near Perthes. The mud had dried and filled them in so that they were no longer deep enough. We started at nine P.M. along Hill 181. At the entrance to the communication trenches, sheltered behind a hillock, are the headquarters of the commander of the sector, also a tool-house. Picks and shovels were piled up waiting for us. We took an equal number of each alternately, and made our way to the trenches. A guide showed us the way. They were in a very bad state from the point of view of protection, but oh, so easy to walk in! The sector we were to put in order was about two hundred metres long. With the aid of my sergeants and corporals, I measured off the exact space for each pair of men;

¹ Sweet it is when the winds are ruffling the mighty surface of the deep to witness the grievous peril of another from the shore. — LUCRETIVS.

every one set to work with a will, and at the end of two hours the job was finished. Partly to keep warm and partly to set the example, I took a pick and worked here and there. We deepened and broadened the trench and put bomb-shields every twenty-five or thirty metres, so that a bursting shell could be effective over only a limited area. Moreover, the trench was wide at the bottom, and the walls were near enough at the top to give less purchase to shrapnel. I had the satisfaction of feeling that the work had been done rapidly and well. At one A.M. we arrived at quarters. I gave the men a swig of brandy to warm them up, and we all turned in.

An enemy aviator was brought down this morning. He ventured near our lines and was subjected to a lively bombardment. Swarms of white tufts circled and unfolded around the plane, which made a yellow spot in the lens of my field-glass. Suddenly I saw it dip, nose downward, and dart like an arrow to the ground. Meanwhile the smoke of the shell that did the deed spread majestically through the sky as if content with its handiwork. The aviator fell too far away for us to go to him.

I find myself yielding to the charm of our life here. It is indeed the return to nature and simplicity; it is physical, almost animal. The primitive instincts of the race have full sway: eating, drinking, sleeping, fighting — everything but loving. Lacking this, Rousseau would have found his idyl complete. But however much we are sunk in savagery, memory still is living. As well ask the spring not to be green as keep one's thoughts from wandering among cherished images, kept fresh by almost daily letters. Beloved little god-mothers, precious are your letters and welcome your delicate gifts to those who fight. We are glad to fight for you. But at times, the thought of you makes

the chains of war very hard to bear. However, I am determined not to let my mind grow rusty. I read a great deal, write quantities of letters, and have two or three friends with whom I can converse intimately. What is more, I have a most interesting study in psychology always close at hand — the study of my *poilus*. I think I am beginning to know them better and to be their friend; they tell me their secrets and their adventures, their little family affairs, and their love-affairs. Some of them want me to read their letters, or show me photographs. All this makes it easier for me to approach each one of them in the right way to make him do his best. I have grown very fond of them, for they are fine fellows; they can even be heroes when duty requires.

I passed the evening out of doors, lying sprawled in the grass, smoking my old pipe, companion of all my warlike adventures, and chatting with my friends. The sound of the cannon was scarcely audible, and over the unruffled air came whiffs of music. We recognized the Russian Hymn and the Marseillaise and 'God save the King.' It is late. I have loitered outside in the marvelous night, keeping company with the spring. The air is laden with perfume as I write, but *sat prata biberunt* [the meadows have drunk their fill].

March 21. Sunday. This morning mass was said in the open air behind a great rock, a soldier priest officiating. Stones served for an altar. On it were two candles without candlesticks — an old-time simplicity. The gathering was large, and we sang canticles to the deep accompaniment of the distant cannon.

Nothing has happened to-day, except that a few prisoners filed by. This evening several men of the company go on fatigue duty, to carry wire and shells to the trenches. I examined the shells. They have tiny wings and are fired from a cannon in the trench itself, and

are very deadly, it seems. Our *poilus* call them *choux-fleurs*.

My section is on duty, for of course we have to take turns keeping guard. The service is very simple. Three sentries suffice — one near the station and store-houses, one near the colonel's cabin where the flag is, and the third near the carriages.

March 22. Another uneventful day. The battalion had manœuvres in the woods. If only this gives promise of the fight in the open! A little alarm — several shells fell on our position. A kitchen was destroyed and a cook wounded. It is very unpleasant to be bombarded when you are in repose. In the trenches, it is part of the day's work, and, by that token, swallowed down cheerfully. Besides, the trench is a protection; but in cantonment, where by the very definition of the word one has a right to feel secure, it is very annoying. Those Boches have no manners.

March 23. Last night I was detailed with half my section to bury the dead. The task was not a pleasant one, but it was accomplished without reluctance or hesitation. Having to do the work at night made it a shade more lugubrious. A guide conducted us to a little thicket all laid bare by grape-shot, to the south of Perthes and about three kilometres from the first lines. There was no moon, and it was very nearly pitch-dark. Trench-rockets streaked the sky here and there, and from the distance came the crack of musketry. Shells went laboring by with the heavy breathing of wild beasts in a rage. A little trench was made into a large one to receive the bodies, and then we had to set out in search of them. They had been lying there for a very long time, and it was only the recent advance of our lines that made it possible to bury them. With some difficulty we managed to make out these motionless heaps on the ground. It was necessary

to search the pockets and take out papers, money, etc.; also to unfasten the identification badges that are worn on the arm like a bracelet. It was not an easy thing to do. In this, also, I was obliged to set the example. I had to put my gloved hand into the pockets of a foul mass that fell to pieces at a touch. I found nothing but a pocket-book and diary. The men then took courage and overcame their aversion. The bodies were not offensive until they were disturbed, but the least jar brought forth an odor that choked you and took you by the throat. There were three Germans among them. They were all carried in a tent-sheet to the trench and laid side by side. The articles found on them were kept carefully in separate packets. Out of twenty-seven, we identified all but three.

When our task was finished, the *abbé-infirmier* who had accompanied us of his own accord, stepped to the edge of the grave and said a blessing. And that priest, standing out against the darkness, lifting his voice above the noise of battle in a last solemn duty to those pitiful fragments, was very fine. Every man of us, whether moved by religious conviction or not, felt the solemnity of the moment, and knelt to hear the words of forgiveness and of life.

This evening I went to S. S. by the little train to have the death-certificates made out. The tiny mementoes had to be sent to the families — letters, purses, note-books, watches. On one of the bodies was a letter bearing the inscription: 'Will the person who finds my body have the kindness to send this letter, together with the exact description of my grave to the following address.' I took the letter, and wrote a few words to the family. I did my best to make a drawing of the spot where the poor wretch was buried, and told them about the blessing that had been said over his grave. And into the same en-

velope with mine I put that sacred letter, bloody, smeared with mud, ill-smelling — a letter from the dead.

March 24. An artillery officer who was at the village with me yesterday invited me to go and see his battery. After the daily muster of the company I started out. I had marked on my map the exact position of the battery and found it without difficulty.

The captain received me in his dug-out, a regular palace compared to the squalid quarters of us poor infantrymen. Twenty feet under ground, well supported by planks, it contained all sorts of modern comforts — a real bed, a table, chairs, besides a quantity of knick-knacks that indicated a prolonged stay. Pinned up on the walls were the charming women of Fabiano, of Nam, and of Préjelan, taken from *La Vie Parisienne*; a violin was hanging in one corner, and on a table lay the sonatas of Bach. There were a number of little objects on the shelves, made from fragments of shells. My host gave me tea in china cups.

All this luxury enchanted me. A telephone on the table connected the dug-out with the battery, the first line, and the colonel's headquarters. I could not resist asking him to play, and this pupil of the Polytechnic executed for me, and executed well, the famous *Sarabande*. 'Now, after the chamber-music,' said he, 'I'm going to let you hear the grand orchestra.' And he conducted me to his battery.

The four pieces, all draped in foliage and well covered with earth, were silent. But they remained fixedly aimed at their invisible objective, a trench some three kilometres ahead. The captain explained to me (as I already knew) that, thanks to the hydro-pneumatic brake, the 75 did not need to be re-aimed after firing. To please me, he ordered three shells fired from each piece. He also explained the timing

mechanism, which makes it possible to explode the shell at any desired distance according to the adjustment of the fuse. I even fired a shot myself. Finally I saw the little valve that has only to be manipulated in a certain way to render the piece useless if it falls into the hands of the enemy. The gunners are under orders to attend to this.

I took leave, with many thanks to my host for his kindness. I was glad to have penetrated a little into the sumptuous domain of the artillery. On arriving in camp I was told that the captain had sent in my name for promotion to the rank of second lieutenant, because of my conduct last week. I am greatly pleased.

March 25. This morning, to our great surprise, we were told to return to S. S. We reached there toward six o'clock. Same quarters as before. I noticed in passing how rapidly the cemetery has been growing of late.

March 26. Review of our brigade this morning. The two regiments assembled by sections in columns of four with flags and music. The general passed along our front at a gallop. Then we defiled. The impression of strength is immense when one feels one's self in the midst of all these glittering bayonets, above which float the bright colors of our flags — the wall of steel that is holding back the enemy and will be able to crush him when the hour strikes. With it all comes the consciousness of one's own rôle, which is humble and yet great. For that wall of steel is made of glittering, separate points, and I am one of them. It is joy untold to be able to say to one's self, 'All my struggles and all my sufferings count for something in the great action of the whole.'

The general then went along by the different companies. He stopped and spoke to me, and told me that from today I shall rank in the army as second

lieutenant. Naturally, this event had to be celebrated. I treated my colleagues to champagne. Just as festivities were well under way, orders came to start for the trenches. Here is the programme for the next few days:—

Two days in the first line.

Two days in reserve, Hill 181.

Two days in the second line.

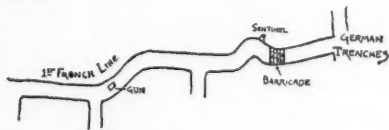
It is rumored that this army corps is to be laid off a whole month to recuperate. Lots of rumors float about, fantastic and otherwise. It's what they call 'kitchen gossip.' Meanwhile, we are buckling on our things, and in two hours, off we go.

I am going to write to all my people to announce my promotion.

March 27. I am writing my journal in a big underground shelter, comfortably stretched out in a hammock that my predecessor ingeniously rigged up out of two old tent-sheets. We are in an ugly sector, and we are using the mine galleries as dug-outs, for grenades are pouring.

We are in the same trench as the enemy — next-door neighbors in fact, and not a bit civil. Nothing but a barricade of bags of earth separates us from the Boches. Near the barricade stand the sentries, attentive and silent. No sound is heard on either side except for the whizzing of grenades that are continually being tossed back and forth. But the sentries are well protected in the sides of the trench, and they defy the German 'turtles.'

The positions of the trenches are like this:—



So the first German and French lines are in immediate contact. The reason is that our side has not been able to

seize the whole of the trench, of which the enemy still occupies the eastern end. But this situation will not last, I think, and we shall increase our gains.

The trench is clean, except for bodies imperfectly buried here and there. We no longer pay any attention to them; but the really deplorable thing is that many corpses fall in the mud; the mud has hardened and the trench is less than five feet deep. It is impossible to make it deeper, for the least stroke of a pick brings up a piece of cloth or a bit of flesh. To circulate, we have to bend like hunchbacks. It is both painful and dangerous, so the men don't move around much but stay in the shelters.

There is something very amusing here — a trench-cannon, a little one such as people fire in popular celebrations. You put powder in it, then a 77 shell (German projectiles that get sent back to them), then a fuse that is lighted with a tinder: noise — smoke — the shell goes off in one direction, the cannon in the other. The little fiend ought to take lessons of the 75's, to cure it of going on its little dance after each shot. But there is plenty of time to remain, and a man especially detailed for the work takes charge of it. Of course, I could n't resist firing it a few times. The pedestal is gruesome. It is a corpse, well encased in mud, except that the feet are sticking out. It is a Boche. The soles of his shoes are shod with iron just like horse-shoes. This fact has caused a good deal of merriment.

The shells are sent to the trenches over opposite. For the German trench at our side we use hand-grenades, and not stingily, either. They too, of course, are making the best of their opportunities, though up to now we have not wounded. But we have had some unpleasant escapes from being overcome by gas. The Germans vary the monotony of the missiles that come over the

barricade by sending gas-bombs. These bombs in bursting emit an acrid smoke that smells of sulphur and fills the whole trench. We discovered that we could ward off the worst of the danger by putting handkerchiefs before our mouths. When these bombs burst against the trench-wall, they leave a yellow splotch.

I remain quiet very little in the trench. I have a horror of inactivity, and I don't seem to want to read, so I wander back and forth a good deal from one end of my sector to the other, keeping an eye on everything.

A little while ago one of my *poilus* came to me and said, 'I think, lieutenant, the Boches are busy mining our trench.' I listened but heard nothing. Then I went into his shelter and I did, for a fact, hear muffled blows, struck regularly. Evidently they were working underneath us. It is very disagreeable, when you are already underground, to feel this hidden, slow work, impossible to prevent, that may blow you up at any minute. And the tiresome part of it is that since that moment, every one is convinced that he hears the strokes that are digging the abyss underneath him. Such is the power of imagination, O Pascal! The captain was notified and telephoned in turn to headquarters. An officer of the engineering corps came and listened with a microphone, and said we were in no danger; in the trench beside us a French mine-gallery has already been pierced underneath that mine.

In front of all the network of trenches there are underground listening posts, where the sappers listen with their microphones and register the least sound. This officer told me that, two days before, he had blown up a Boche mine. In order to do that, the exact location of the enemy's gallery must be established; then a hole is bored toward it with a drill similar to the one

used in boring wells. When the right spot is reached, it is packed and blown up with a 'bickford.' The explosion chamber of the German mine goes into the air along with its inhabitants.

The same fate awaits the mine that we have been worrying about. In mine warfare, the essential thing in the conflict is just the opposite of the war in the air, where it is a question of getting above the enemy aviator. The counter mine, on the contrary, must go *beneath* the enemy mine; when it reaches it at the same height, they blow it up. It sometimes happens that the miners suddenly find themselves face to face with the enemy. Then they kill each other as best they can — with hammers if they have no revolvers.

It is not very edifying, this kind of warfare. I am going to console myself by inviting my sergeants to tea.

For the fun of it, I have concocted a letter and thrown it into the Boche trench beside us. In my most polite German I invited those who were tired of waging war to come and surrender. They would be well treated by the French. They would simply need to present themselves, *unarmed*, in front of the barricade of bags of earth and whistle the first measures of a tune known to all Germans: 'Ich hatt' ein Kameraden.'

In a little while the sentry brought me a paper. It was the answer. Here is the translation: 'We shall be relieved to-night toward one o'clock. We will take advantage of the confusion to come, three of us together, and surrender. At midnight we shall be on sentry duty near the barricade. We count on your promise to treat us well.' I carried this paper to the captain and translated it to him. The information as to changing troops was interesting; he is going to telephone it to headquarters.

March 28. What a riotous night!

And by the same token, what a good piece of work we did! We took all the trench beside us (about fifty metres), and a machine-gun.

The first part of the night was uneventful, except for an abominable shower of grenades the Boches kept basting at us. Three of my men were wounded — slightly I think, for they were able to walk to the dressing station. About half-past ten the captain came to look over the situation, and I suggested that it might be a good idea to attack the trench at the moment they were changing. The various possibilities were considered, and finally my superior officer told me to do as I saw fit, leaving me the entire initiative in the matter. All I asked of him was to forbid the second line to fire. I sent for my friend H. and intrusted to him the command of my section after carefully discussing the various contingencies. The most devoted and intelligent of my corporals was to go with me, and I called for volunteers from the squads to help me in an undertaking that might prove dangerous. Almost all of them offered. I chose six, who armed themselves with their bayonets, and took ten grenades apiece. Then I went to the barricade and with the aid of a periscope and trench-rockets, was able to get an exact idea of the German trench. One thing bothered me — a machine-gun placed not far from us. I ordered a score or so of grenades to be thrown at it. Men were hit, but the gun seemed intact.

Shortly after eleven o'clock I heard them whistling the popular air of the Uhlans. I whistled it in turn, when presently three great gawks appeared on the barricade, with their arms raised above their heads, and jumped into our trench. I put them under strong guard and questioned them. It seems that their comrades were leaving at that very moment; they were being

sent away before the arrival of the other troops. These three had managed to be put on sentry-duty and now no one was guarding the entrance to the trench. For a second the idea flashed through my head that this was a trap, and I threatened to have them shot if they were lying. But I went to the barricade and saw that the trench was for a fact empty, except for the machine-gunners who were on duty beside their gun. I quickly gave orders to tear down the barricade, and we ran into the Boche trench. The men of my section, according to my instructions, set up a furious fire in order to distract the attention of the enemy from the sector we were trying to take. As we ran, we threw several grenades at the machine-gunners, who sank down before they were able to turn their guns against us.

In a twinkling we reached the end of the trench, intersected at right angles by a communication trench. Several grenades went after the last Boches, who were going off to recuperate. Like lightning we piled up four or five bodies and rolled down several bags of earth from the parapet, brought up the machine-gun, and from behind the barricade of dead men and earth fired three rounds into the retreating Germans. They were thrown into a panic. A good many must have been killed, for daylight brought to our gaze the sight of that trench piled with dead. The whole thing had not lasted more than two minutes. We were deluged with grenades, a continuous *zip, zip*; one of our men was killed, three or four wounded. Everything was in a wild tumult — trench-rockets going up, guns firing at the double quick, a hasty report to the captain who came to shake hands with me. Barbed wire was rushed into place and the trench reversed — minutes of mad excitement and insane activity. We were without con-

sciousness of danger, hypnotized by the work to be done.

We expected a counter-attack, but the German machine-gun we had put at the entrance to the communication trench defended it too well for a Boche to be able to venture in that direction. Toward the trench opposite all the soldiers had their loopholes and were on the watch ready to fire.

We waited. There were false alarms. A man who is a little nervous begins to fire rapidly, his neighbor follows his example, then the squad, then the section, then the whole company gets on the rampage. The machine-guns begin to clatter, the second-line troops take alarm, the artillery steps in with a few shells and — the Boches over opposite, bewildered by the hubbub, send up into the sky large interrogation points in the shape of trench-rockets, whose rays illumine the grass growing green in the

spring, the tangle of wire, and several poor dead bodies lying with hands outstretched toward the opposite trench, as if pointing the path of duty to the one behind.

The counter-attack did not come, but shells upon shells were rained upon us. I gave my canteen of wine to my prisoners, for, after all, they were somewhat to be thanked for our success. It is nothing at all — fifty metres of trench; and yet, it is a few feet of France won back again.

I received my reward: two big packages and five letters. In one of the packages was a big April-Fool's-day fish of chocolate, all stuffed with candy. I divided the candy among my men, by way of thanks for their splendid conduct, and then I feasted on the letters. Oh, the comfort of letters and words of affection that come to find us out in the midst of our barbarous days!

(To be concluded)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

OUR ILLUSTRATORS

BLESSED be the magazine which does not illustrate its stories, but which allows the imagination — so much more potent than the brush of any painter — to do its own picture-making! This fervent exclamation comes from one who has suffered much, both as author and reader.

The scene of my first published story was laid at a blast-furnace. Having lived all my life in an iron-manufacturing section, I did not suspect that many persons must of necessity be ignorant

of the size and use of a cinder-ladle, and therefore I neglected to say that a cinder-ladle was a great car, holding many tons of molten cinder. But I did say that it was drawn by a locomotive and that its contents, poured out on the mountain-like cinder-bank, illuminated the country for half a mile. What was my distress, upon turning with excited hands to the first printed product of my ambitious brain, to discover that to the illustrator a cinder-ladle was little larger than the familiar cooking utensil, and no different in shape! My pictured hero held it in his hand; the

molten cinder was to him no more than so much apple-butter, as, with hands and body impervious to heat, he spooned it out!

Thus warned, I opened my stories with trepidation — with a trepidation which I have found, alas, almost invariably justified. I describe by word and deed a sturdy young countryman, and he becomes under the pencil of my illustrator a sentimental noodle with long hair. I tell of the extraordinary achievement of a very old or a very weak person in the rescuing of a drowning child, and my hero is pictured as a Hercules to whom the feat would have been no feat at all. I put upon my country heroine the sunbonnet which is her natural and suitable head-covering, and, sure as fate, she appears in a turban such as only an African mammy would wear. I describe a spotted dog, running as spotted dogs invariably run, under his master's carriage, and the artist makes him a solid black. A gentle protest to a friend produces the astonished and astonishing reply that the artist is the most famous delineator of animals in America and that I should be proud to have his name under mine on the title-page. If he is the most famous delineator of animals in America, why could he not draw my little spotted dog?

I do not suffer alone. Within a few years a leading American monthly published a story in which there were three characters — two men and a woman. Though one of the men appeared chiefly as *raconteur*, his sex was made plain, not only by many indirect allusions, but by a clear statement. Yet in the well-drawn, and no doubt very expensive full-page illustration, he was a woman.

An incident in an enormously popular and elaborately illustrated novel is the presentation to the heroine of a fur coat whose great value is an impor-

tant element in the story. Under the brush of the illustrator — the same magician who changed my spotted dog to a black one — the coat has shrunk to the tiniest of neck-pieces, even though the very words of the author under the picture describe a sable coat!

Once upon a time I had a thoroughly satisfactory illustrator, who combined with great artistic skill the finest consideration and common sense. Assigned a story whose scene was laid in a country with which he was not familiar, he went thither to see how people lived and how they looked. His combination of art and accuracy has made his pictures valuable for all time. Not only did he scrutinize my characters in real life, but, more wonderful still, he read my text carefully. When a costume I had described seemed to him to lack sufficient contrast of color, he did not remove the white 'fascinator' from my Mary's arm and substitute a dark shawl with entire indifference to me and my text. He telegraphed, 'May Mary carry a dark shawl?' thereby giving me one of the most bewildered moments of my life. Recovering as I slowly identified Mary, I changed the text gladly, and Mary stands, a joy forever, her shawl over her arm. Her portrait-painter is, alas! dead, and I fear I shall see his like no more.

It is far from my purpose to propose as a remedy that consultation with authors become a general habit of illustrators. Such a remedy would bring about a new set of evils more trying than those from which we suffer at the present time. I have in mind a story of my own in which the leading character committed a theft. Years later, after he had fled from village to village and from state to state, he is brought to a consciousness of his guilt and foolishness by a storm which so terrifies him that penitence, confession, and peace take the place of defiance and despair.

I quote from the appeal of the ill-strator: —

'I have been appointed to make the pictures for your interesting story. I can make the final picture much more effective if you will change the storm with which you close into a peaceful sunset.'

No; let it not be spread abroad that an appeal to the author is possible! Rather let us suffer pictures of black dogs when we have described spotted dogs, turbans when we have described sunbonnets, even women when we have said men, and we may still escape an entire change of plot. Meanwhile, let us write for and read the *Atlantic* when we can.

MADE-OVER MUSIC

X. THINKS that musical programmes and numbers should be radically rearranged. In the first place, instead of the usual sequence of Allegro, Andante, Scherzo, Finale (Presto), the Andante should always come at the end. This is simply because X. likes the Andantes best. His ideal programme would be all Andantes, but leaving them for the end seems to him a passable makeshift. He wants to be left in the deep quiet places rather than in the exalted helter-skelter of the Presto, where each instrument chases the others like boys playing leap-frog, and all at last land in a triumphant heap of outcry. The Andante, X. says, is like a great blue ocean of sun and serenity. The Scherzo is choppy, and the Presto sets a high sea running. X. does not like high seas.

It is only a natural corollary of this arrangement that X. desires every programme to end with Beethoven. It may race from Bach to Debussy, or far wilder harmonists than he, but it should end with Beethoven. Beethoven speaks the final word. He sees furthest and goes deepest. When he is sandwiched between somewhat frivolous dabblers

in the agonies of emotion and harmony, he is a demigod at a débutante's luncheon table, an eagle among chattering finches and jays. Let him speak last, and he will speak the truth and leave it deep in his hearers' hearts, says X.

X. has other notions as to the rearrangement of musical programmes for his own benefit, but one important change is not so much æsthetic as social. He wishes that all the audience at any musical performance — more especially at that intimate type of recital where everybody knows everybody else and an afternoon-tea sense of rose fragrance and white kid mingles subtly with the wonder of Brahms or Schubert — should be required to leave their voices in the ante-room before approaching the hall of entertainment. The voices might be checked, and hung on hooks with the hats and wraps, to be reclaimed after the performance. But during it they are, X. affirms, only a nuisance and an ugly impertinent interruption of the music.

Without them the recital could pass in utter peace. There would be no idle uproar between the numbers; no jerk from paradise to dull earth at your neighbor's well-meant comments; no stupid effort to 'think of something to say' and to look wise about some mad futurist mêlée. The echoes of the culminating Andantes might still pace like heavenly spirits through the arcades of the soul. And after Beethoven, there must be at least ten minutes before the cloak-room could be unlocked.

Meanwhile, how agreeable and illuminating it would be to slip out and examine the voices, hanging helpless till their owners' return. Here is a gray one, flat, lanky, stiff, somewhat fearfully like a switch of dull gray hair. Here is a little chirky voice, pink, baby blue, and pale lavender, with ribbons tied to its ridiculous little curves, and here and there a tinsel star or a silk

rosebud. Next it hangs a curious voice. It seems a long straight tube of bronze-like metal. But if you touch it, it reverberates with an echo of its vital self—deep, resonant, thrilling, like the bourdon of an organ.

There is a voice that looks like a blue-bird in an apple tree, and one, most pleasant, all sparkling with the topaz glamour of a forest brook. But its neighbor has the hairy ears and loose-lipped jaws of Bottom's Ass's head; and there are others like stones, like grease-spots, like wagon-wheels, like barking terriers, like over-ripe bananas, like pools of sad interminable rain; and certain weary ones that are glad to hang still, for they must commonly chug-chug day and night—restless motors driven by nervous spirit-chauffeurs.

While it is unfortunate for X. that he has not the liberty of arranging an evening of music altogether for himself, it may not be such hard luck for his guests. For I have no doubt that he would tip the check-room maid to be extraordinarily stupid, so that the beautiful ice-blue cold voice would angrily find itself exchanged for the magenta-feathered jet-buckled voice, and the shy Quaker would blush at taking the place of the opulent diamond tiara.

It is not hard to imagine a scene of shameless scrambling and grabbing, till every voice crept back to its own private boxes and passage-ways, and every owner departed, cursing X. in good set terms.

And then, where would be the profit of all the heavenly Andantes? And where, under the sun and moon, would be the final glory of Beethoven?

MAN'S LAST EMBELLISHMENT

THE necktie came into being when some savage, overpowered by political enemies and left gracefully swaying from the lower branches, was cut down

on the timely arrival of a man from his home town, sufficiently friendly to be of service. We can fancy the survivor now, the noose still dangling from his neck, returning *con moto* to his anxious spouse and celebrating the timeliness of the rescue in the light of his longevity. And we can see him, further, in a spirit of blatant conceit, wearing the very same noose for the rest of his life, as a child might display the first tooth extracted, or a cowboy a bullet-pierced sombrero: a proof, as it were, of a surviving something, a memento of a crisis passed.

And so throughout the ages it has endured until it has risen to the exalted position of being man's only embellishment. Often we have looked enviously at the male pheasant as an example of what we might have accomplished, had we started right. Often we gaze about ourselves at a social gathering and admit how utterly outclassed we are, ostentatiously and sartorially, by those whom we call the weaker sex. For weak as they are, they have preempted the one male distinction in the rest of the animal kingdom—beauty of covering. Here we are far advanced in the twentieth century, with no claim to splendor in garb save a small province of color, bounded on the north by sharp, rugged cliffs of stiff white linen, and on the south by the ever-advancing frontier of the waistcoat.

How valueless intrinsically it is; it serves no purpose whatever. Our hats and our suits tend to keep us warm. Our shoes cushion the shock between man and concrete. But the cravat neither warms nor protects. Time may have been when the collar was kept in its appointed place by its embrace. Now, *O mores!* the collar keeps the tie in its place and prevents its rising ever above its station. Sadly we see its usefulness wither until in those efficient creations worn by the lower classes we

see it entirely dependent upon the collar, clinging to it with atrophied lugs that are as valueless in their function of security as the feathered stumps of the cupid are for aviation. But dignity demands it. We men may remove our hats and coats and still be received and respected. But let us once appear *sans cravat* and we have lost our dominating position and prestige.

It requires a woman to appreciate her own hat or that of another woman. Similarly, no one but a man can fully enjoy a necktie. Every fabric has its meaning and value. The coy, delicate and ephemeral crêpe, the naïve and brilliantly conventional foulard, the joyous and single-minded poplin, the illusive and resplendent satin, the patient and long-enduring knit tie, — we love them all for their beauties and we coddle them in spite of their obvious deficiencies.

Only the wearer can select a scarf; this is an unbending rule. But how often is it disregarded! Imagine the smug self-sufficiency of the feminine mind which considers itself capable of selecting a man's necktie, the most exacting bit of silk in the world! Fancy the futility of such a mind passing judgment on it! Criticize, and with reason, the cut of our clothes and hair; advance theories upon gloves and footwear; but be silent if you cannot commend the neckwear of a man. There you have the artistic culmination of the male. Censure it, and you insult at the same time his judgment, pride, and sense of beauty.

Every morning we stand before the mirror, flap the large end over and around, push it behind and up and draw it carefully through. It becomes a habit, and yet, like dining, it has a certain fascination. The keen pleasure of a new and uncreased cravat helps to make a whole week brighter. And that

dread day when a white spot appears in the centre of the front of our favorite green one, or when the beloved brown parts internally, and, while appearing the same without, tells us that it is gone forever — that day our coffee is bitter and the mercury low.

But we never cruelly desert a faithful friend. For a couple of times after the white spot appears we try to tie it farther up or lower down, usually with pathetically ineffectual results. And then we pasture it back somewhere on the rack with the bow-ties that are not good taste any more and the selections made by a worthy aunt at a reduction sale, and let it enjoy a quiet old age. Somehow eventually it disappears. We do not know how. Perhaps a careless maid drops it in a waste-basket, or a plotting wife makes way with it. But most probably, like old watches and college textbooks, it has some unseen heaven of its own whither it is wafted after its life amongst us is over.

In the necktie, then, lingers our one surviving beauty of the past, our one hope of distinctiveness for the future. We have forsaken the ruffles and laces, we have abandoned the purple breeches and plum-colored coats. The fancy waistcoat is slinking out of sight. Deserted and alone, the cravat remains a tiny mirror reflecting the splendor of man's bygone ages, a rebel against the increasing usualness of male attire. Symbolic of the breaking away from the tightening noose of convention, it hangs about our necks a spot of happiness in the gathering gloom of sombre shades.

Curs'd be the fashion promoter who dares abolish the necktie; who would originate a scarfless garment, or a cravatless collar. He is not only a radical and an iconoclast: he is cutting at the last tenuous but enduring support of the glory of man himself.

